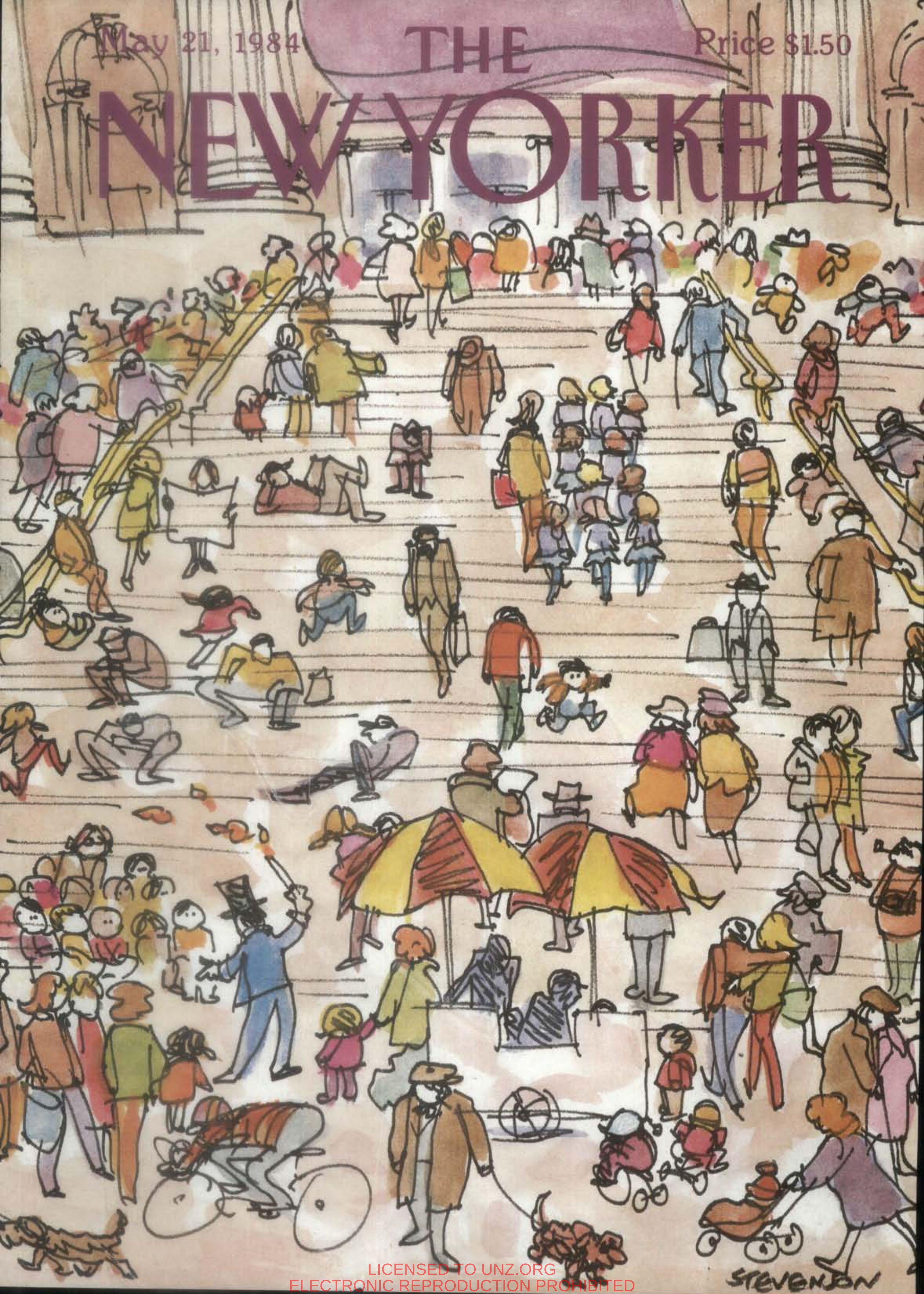
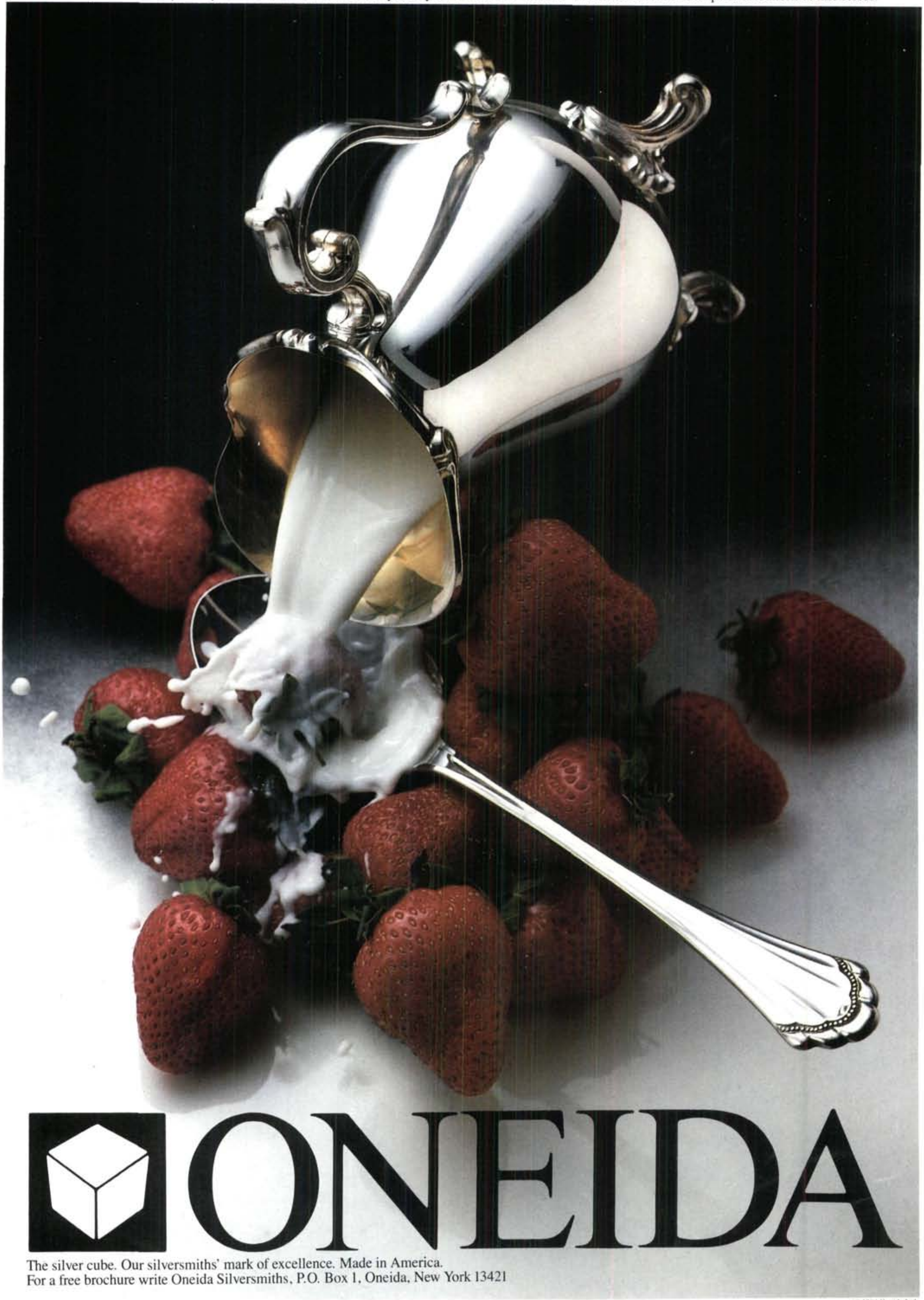
May 21, 1984

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.50



Classics. Always fresh. Marquette spoon in stainless. Joanne silverplated pitcher from the Webster Wilcox Collection. Complete selections at fine stores.



ONEIDA

The silver cube. Our silversmiths' mark of excellence. Made in America.
For a free brochure write Oneida Silversmiths, P.O. Box 1, Oneida, New York 13421

© 1984 Oneida Ltd

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

9 AM:
THE NEW
OFFICE
STRATEGY

Neo-basics for
the executive
fast lane!
Ours exclusively
by Irene Wallender,
for sizes from
12 to 20.
Multi-color stripes
on black ground.
Black-inset.
Cotton/polyester.
Crisp and composed.
125.00 in The
12/20 Shop

BONWIT
TELLER

Call toll-free 1-800-228-2028, Ext. 75. Use your Bonwit Teller Account Card. American Express, Visa or MasterCard also accepted. Deliveries within your Bonwit Teller local delivery zone, please add 2.00. Outside this zone, our established delivery rates will apply and will be added. Please add state and city tax, where applicable.

New York Manhasset Scarsdale Short Hills Boston Troy Beverly Hills Chicago Oakbrook Philadelphia Jenkintown Palm Beach Bal Harbour Palm Desert

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A...My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Babe—A play about Babe Ruth, by Bob and Ann Acosta, and starring Max Gail. Noam Pitlik is the director. Previews Wednesday, May 16. Opens officially on Thursday, May 17. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Baby—Everything you may not have wanted to ask about having a baby—a cheering musical for doctors if not for lay people. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/12/83.) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

La Cage aux Folles—A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two superb stars are George Hearn and Gene Barry. (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Death of a Salesman—Arthur Miller's thirty-five-year-old play about a sorry little failed salesman from Brooklyn remains as affecting as ever in this admirable production. The big cast is headed by Dustin Hoffman and, yes, he is just as memorable as Lee J. Cobb in the role of Willy Loman. (4/9/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Empress of China—A play by Ruth Wolff, with Tina Chen and Ernest Abuba. Tisa Chang is the director. (Pan Asian Repertory Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. 255-7293. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 20.)

End of the World—An ambitious and often successful attempt to dramatize the seemingly insoluble problem of what to do about nuclear weaponry and its threatened use throughout the world. With John Shea, Linda Hunt, and Barnard Hughes. The author is Arthur Kopit. (5/14/84) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—A festival of sixteen one-act plays. "Blood Bond," by Gina Barnett; "At Home," by Richard Dresser; "Fine Line," by Janice Van Horne; and "Slam," by Jane Willis: Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 16-17; Saturday evening, May 19; and Sunday matinée, May 20. . . . ¶ "House," by Danny Cahill; "Little Feet" and "Remember Crazy Zelda?," by Shel Silverstein; and "Bite the Hand," by Ara Watson: Friday evening, May 18; Saturday matinée, May 19; and Sunday and Monday evenings, May 20-21. . . . ¶ "Jazz," by Elizabeth Albrecht; "Been Taken," by Roger Hedden; "A Sense of Loss," by Mark Malone; and "Vermont Sketches," by David Mamet: Thursday and Friday evenings, May 24-25. . . . ¶ "Saxophone Music," by Bill Bozzone; "I Have a Dream," by the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.; "Ariel Bright," by Katherine Long; and "Raving," by Paul Rudnick: Saturday matinée and evening, May 26. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Closes Monday, June 18.)

Equity Library Theatre—The final production of the season is a revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical **PAL JOEY**, for which John O'Hara wrote the book. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 3. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A well-written, eloquently scatological melodrama about some unscrupulous real-estate salesmen in Chicago. David Mamet is the author and what he knows about Chicago must make Chicagoans nervous. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Hooch—A play by Charles Michael Moore, with Kevin Hooks. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 20.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited revival of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. The script has been somewhat revised and the production, under Gerald Gutierrez's direction, is much fuller than it was originally. With Barbara Barrie, Lisa Banes, Peg Murray, Jerry Lanning, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, and Steven Gilborn. (12/26/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Landscape of the Body—A somewhat tame revival of John Guare's wild, grisly comedy. Christine Lahti plays the woman who is accused of murdering her fourteen-year-old son. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 3. Closes Saturday, May 19.)

The Last Danceman—A play by Alan Foster Friedman. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 20.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Rudolf Friml's **THE VAGABOND KING**. (Eastside, 334 E.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 33
"FINE POINTS" . . . . *Andrea Lee* 38
"ONE THING FOLLOWING ANOTHER" (POEM) . . . . *Josephine Saunders* 40
"WHILE HOME" . . . . *Mary Robison* 42
"THE HYPOGEUM" (POEM) . . . . *Les A. Murray* 46
PROFILES (DAVID STEEL) . . . . *John Newhouse* 48
THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) . . . . *Edith Oliver* 98
JAZZ . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 100
DANCING . . . . *Arlene Croce* 104
AROUND CITY HALL . . . . *Andy Logan* 110
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 122
BOOKS . . . . *Helen Vendler* 124
BRIEFLY NOTED 131

RECEIVED
MAY 22
Ambassador College

COVER: *James Stevenson*

DRAWINGS: *Frank Modell, Edward Frascino, J. B. Handelsman, Jack Ziegler, Lee Lorenz, Robert Weber, James Stevenson, Warren Miller, William Steig, Dana Fradon, George Price, Burt Silverman, Charles Addams, Arnie Levin, Stuart Leeds, Stan Hunt, William Hamilton, Joseph Mirachi, Henry Martin, Richard Cline, Everett Opie*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

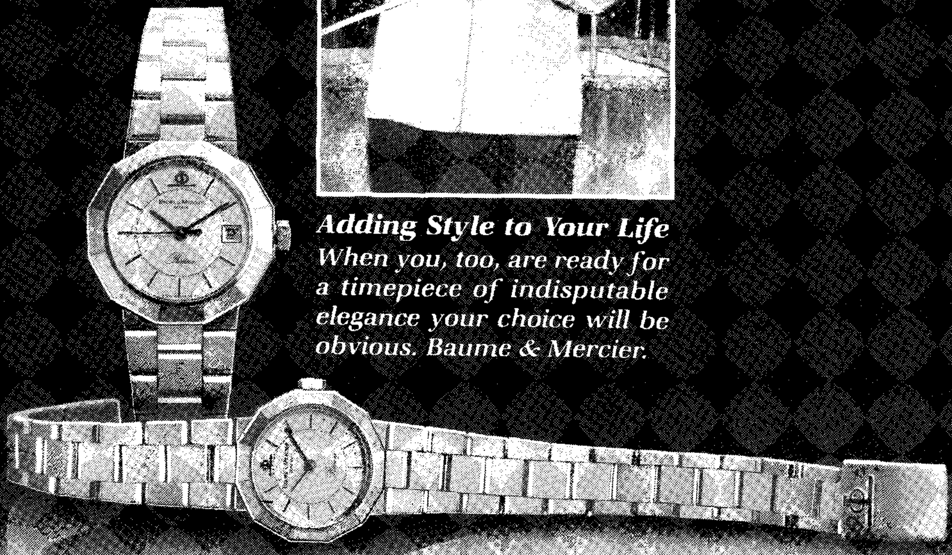
In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; J. Kennard Bosee, president; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, Robert F. Young, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, treasurer & secretary; Stuart H. Jason, comptroller. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LX, No. 14, May 21, 1984. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1984 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, $52.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Adding Style to Your Life

When you, too, are ready for a timepiece of indisputable elegance your choice will be obvious. Baume & Mercier.



Riviera™ Quartz in two distinctive sizes for women. The "Petite" adds functional elegance to the smallest wrist. Unique 12-sided ultra-slim case —water-resistant to 99 feet. Available in 18K gold, 18K gold and steel combination and all steel. With matching models for men—Riviera is obviously for elegant sports.

BAUME & MERCIER
GENEVE

For color brochures please send $1.50 to
Baume & Mercier, Dept. NY7, 555 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10017 or 9465 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, CA 90212

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Mirror Theatre Company—A season of revivals in alternating repertory: Susan Glaspell's **INHERITORS;** Clifford Odets' **PARADISE LOST,** starring Geraldine Page; John Colton and Clemence Randolph's **RAIN;** Henrik Ibsen's **GHOSTS,** translated by Eva Le Gallienne and starring Geraldine Page; and John Patrick's **THE HASTY HEART.** (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Mondays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—O'Neill wrote this ramshackle melodrama in the nineteen-forties, but it has the ring of a much earlier time. Kate Nelligan and Jerome Kilty make something of their awkward, stage-Irish roles, but Ian Bannen is miscast as poor, drunken James Tyrone, Jr. (5/14/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

'Night, Mother—A faultlessly written play by Marsha Norman, starring Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The subject matter is grim—a young woman's determination to commit suicide—but one is often amused as well as touched by the family verities that Miss Norman manages to bring to light as if for the first time. Tom Moore directed. (4/11/83) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Noises Off—The funniest, fastest-moving farce in many a long year, written by a Martian named Michael Frayn. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

On Approval—An acceptable, summer-stock kind of revival of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy of British high life in the nineteen-twenties. The four American actors of the company do pretty well under the brisk, capable direction of Daniel Gerroll. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

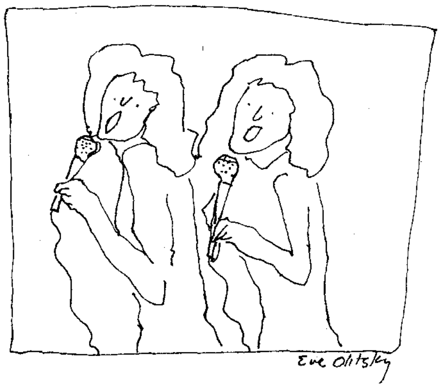
Other Places—A trio of one-acters by Harold Pinter. In the last and best of them, "A Kind of Alaska," Dianne Wiest portrays a middle-aged woman who awakens after twenty-nine years of sleeping sickness. That beautiful play glows in the dark; the other two don't come off quite so well, in spite of the good company. (5/7/84) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 20.)

Painting Churches—A disappointing revival of Tina Howe's beautiful play about an artist who goes to Boston to help her old parents close up their house on Beacon Hill, and to paint their portrait. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Real Thing—A very funny and yet unnerving comedy by Tom Stoppard. The fine cast is headed by Jeremy Irons and Glenn Close. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Rink—A lavishly produced musical that unwisely devotes itself not to its agreeable songs (by John Kander and Fred Ebb) but to the bickering of an estranged mother and daughter—Chita Rivera and Liza Minnelli—and the imminent destruction of an old roller-skating rink. Peter Larkin designed the superb scenery. (2/20/84) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Second City Company—There is a scattering of bright, clever moments and some evidence of talent, especially that of Meagen Fay, in this only so-so revue, imported from Chicago. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Sunday in the Park with George—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine have invented a highly entertaining musical about Georges Seurat and his celebrated painting of the island of La Grande Jatte. Mandy Patinkin is Seurat to the life and Bernadette Peters is lovable as Seurat's model and mistress. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Tap Dance Kid—An attractive cast does much to brighten what is otherwise a curiously gloomy musical about a black family making good. (1/2/84) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Wiz—A revival of the 1975 musical version of "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz," with a book by William F. Brown and music and lyrics by Charlie Smalls. This production will have the original star, Stephanie Mills, and director, Geoffrey Holder. Previews Friday through Wednesday, May 18-23. Opens officially on Thursday, May 24, at 7. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sunday, May 20, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Young Playwrights Festival—A program of five one-act plays. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 20.)

Zorba—Anthony Quinn and Lila Kedrova star in this revival of the 1968 musical. An oddly woebegone production. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,008 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838 Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Moira Harris have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful With Jerry Orbach and Anne Rogers. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesday through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays a 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and i speaks and sings in the menacing baritone o Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays a 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twiggy and Tommy Tune head the superb cast. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches tha purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ON YOUR TOES:** Not the least taint of patronizing mars this revival o the Rodgers and Hart classic musical o 1936. The director, George Abbott, helped to write the original book and, at ninety-six evidently has a tenacious recollection of how things were and how they ought to be. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 20.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental and witty—by Harvey Fierstein. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California, with Daniel Stern and Tim Matheson. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30 Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, back in town with their annual wingding. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 16: "Allegro Brillante," "Other Dances," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 17: "Moves," "Tar-

"I put my heart into it."

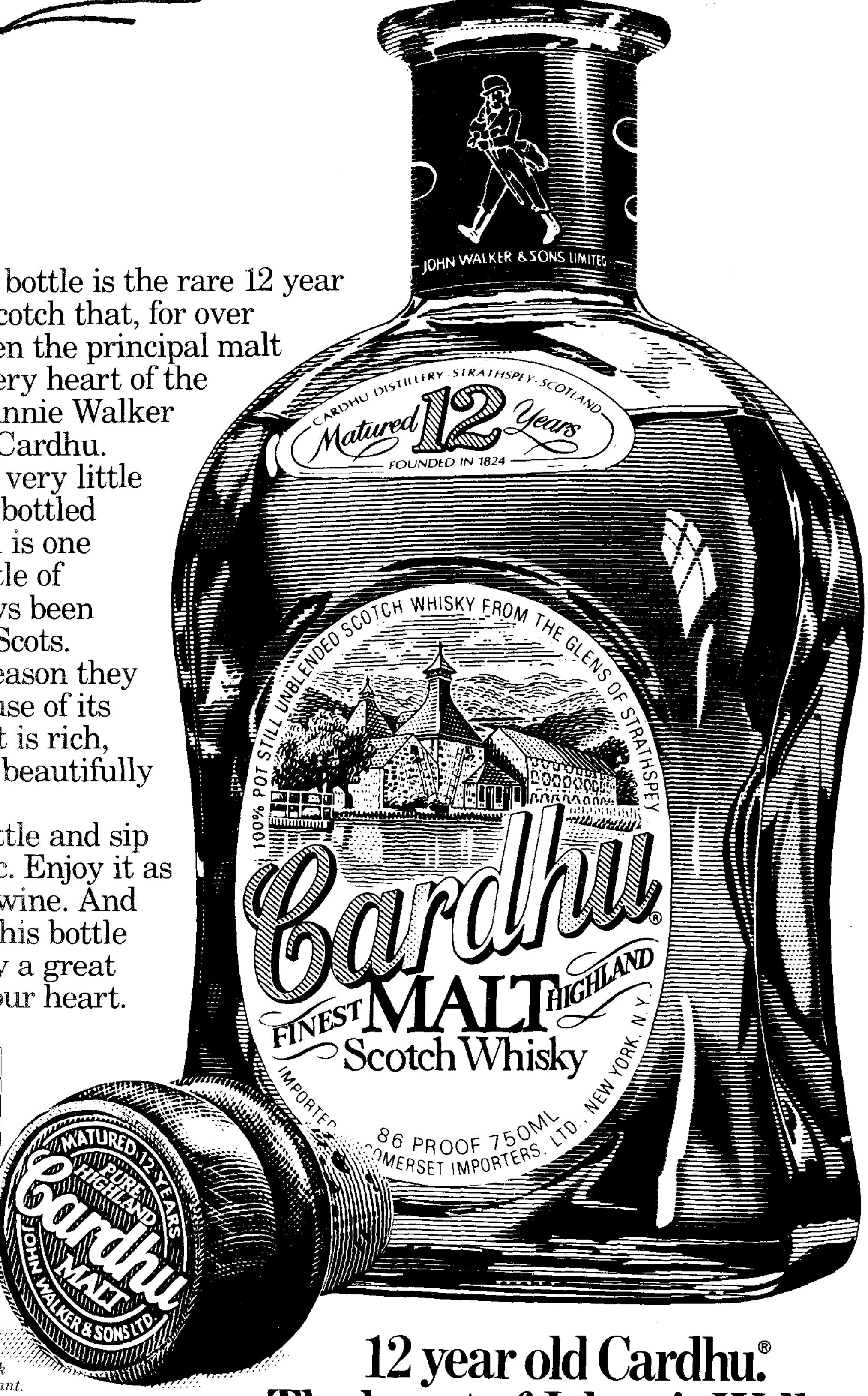
Johnnie Walker

Inside this bottle is the rare 12 year old Single Malt Scotch that, for over 150 years, has been the principal malt whisky and the very heart of the world-famous Johnnie Walker blend. It's called Cardhu.

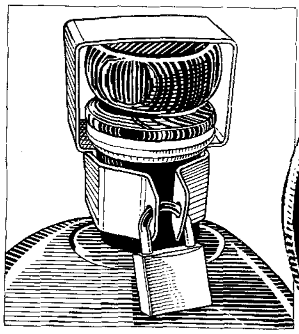
Until now, very little Cardhu has been bottled separately. Which is one reason why a bottle of Cardhu has always been cherished by the Scots.

Another reason they cherish it is because of its taste. A taste that is rich, full-flavored and beautifully balanced.

Open a bottle and sip it like rare cognac. Enjoy it as you would a fine wine. And realize that into this bottle we've put not only a great whisky, but also our heart.



JOHN WALKER & SONS LIMITED
CARDHU DISTILLERY · STRATHSPEY · SCOTLAND
Matured 12 Years
FOUNDED IN 1824
100% POT STILL UNBLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY FROM THE GLENS OF STRATHSPEY
Cardhu®
FINEST MALT HIGHLAND
Scotch Whisky
86 PROOF 750ML
IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.
MATURED 12 YEARS
PURE HIGHLAND MALT
Cardhu
JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD.



Protect your supply of precious Cardhu.
Ask about this special Cardhu lock and key at your local spirit merchant.
Void where prohibited.

Send a gift of Cardhu anywhere in the U.S.A.
Call 1-800-238-4373. Void where prohibited.

12 year old Cardhu.® The heart of Johnnie Walker.®

Cardhu Fine Highland Malt Scotch Whisky 12 years old 86 proof Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd, NY © 1984

antella," "Réjouissance" (première), and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 18: "Moves," "Sonatine," "Bugaku," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 19: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Tarantella," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 19: "Moves," "Sonatine," "Serenade," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 20: "Kammermusik No. 2," "Réjouissance," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 20: "Réjouissance," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 22: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 23: "Concerto Barocco," "A Schubertiad," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 24: "Scotch Symphony," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 25: "Réjouissance," "In G Major," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 26: "Scotch Symphony," "In G Major," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 26: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "A Schubertiad," and "Kammermusik No. 2" (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 24.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday matinée, May 16: "Paquita," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 16: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Miss Julie," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 17: "Concerto," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "Amnon V'Tamar" (New York première), and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 18: "The Little Ballet," "In a Country Garden" (company première), "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Bach Partita." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 19: "Symphonie Concertante," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 19: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Amnon V'Tamar," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday evenings, May 21-22, and Wednesday matinée and evening, May 23: "Cinderella." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 24: "Les Sylphides," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 25: "Raymonda," "Amnon V'Tamar," and "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 26: "Paquita," "Amnon V'Tamar," and "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 26: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera *House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at* 2. Through Saturday, June 16.)

MAY O'DONNELL CONCERT DANCE COMPANY—Programs of modern dance, each with a new work set to Ray Green's music. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Thursday, May 17, and Saturday, May 19, at 8, and Sunday, May 20, at 2.)

ANNABELLE GAMSON—A benefit program of *Isadora Duncan dances, with Garrick Ohlsson*, piano. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, May 23, at 8.)

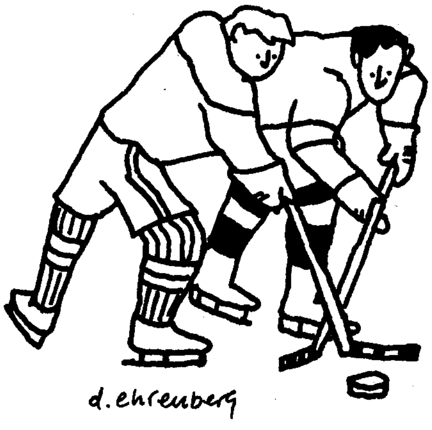
DOUGLAS DUNN AND DANCERS—Wednesday, May 23, and Saturday, May 26, at 8, and Sunday, May 27, at 2: Two New York premières—"Pulcinella" and "Elbow Room"—and "Coquina." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, May 24-25, at 8: "View," "Hitch," and "Skid." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

NANCY MEEHAN DANCE COMPANY—A program of modern dance. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 924-0077. Friday *through Sunday, May 18-20,* at 8.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by two companies. **TOMOV YUGOSLAV FOLKDANCE ENSEMBLE:** Wednesday, May 16, and Friday, May 18, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, May 19-20, at 2. . . . **BALLETFORE:** Thursday, May 24, and Saturday and Sunday, May 26-27, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** is at the piano, singing vintage American popular tunes in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one, and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. Drummer **VERNEL FOURNIER** and tenor *saxophonist* **CLIFFORD JORDAN** *hold forth on* Friday and Saturday, May 18-19; on Friday and Saturday, May 25-26, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** will head up his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

BITTER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Wednesday, May 16, Lunatune, Whirling Dervishes, and Lions & Ghosts; Thursday, May 17, Art, Hollywood Dick Doll Review, Kammer Musik, and Murch; Friday, May 18, Alert the Media, P.L. Courage, and Jetsonz; Saturday, May 19, Foreign Affair, Psychic Pets, and the Modulators; Sunday, May 20, Spanko and Tweed Schade & the In Crowd; Monday, May 21, the Rhythm Attacks and the Losers; Wednesday, May 23, Joanne Filips, Mark Manzo, and Holy War; Thursday, May 24, Paul Guzzone, Tryangle, and 4-Way King; and Friday and Saturday, May 25-26, comedian-violinist **HENNY YOUNGMAN.** Shows start at ten weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Flutists **HERBIE MANN** and **DAVE VALENTIN** are present along with saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** through Sunday, May 20; on Monday, May 21, the Carla White/Manny Duran band will drop in; and starting Tuesday, May 22, **BILLY ECKSTINE** will take over. Music from ten. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions every night but Monday.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A rock-and-roll presentation, "Leader of the Pack," with Ellie Greenwich, is scheduled nightly at the following times: Wednesday, May 16, at eight and eleven-thirty; Thursday, May 17, at eight-thirty; Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, at eight and eleven-thirty; Sunday, May 20, at eight-thirty; Tuesday through Thursday, May 22-24, at eight-thirty; and Friday and Saturday, May 25-26, at eight and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. **BILL MAYS** is on piano and **RED MITCHELL** is on bass through Sunday, May 20; on Monday, May 21, **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CECIL MCBEE** will start performing piano-bass duets. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON** plays piano here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, the exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** sings and plays with his trusty sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist and ballad singer **BARBARA CARROLL** will be found in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll: Wednesday, May 16, Ten Ten, On the Edge, and Point of View; Thursday, May 17, X-Davis, Action Faction, and the Invisible House; Friday, May 18, the Backbones, the Baxters, Soul Attack, and the Young Fossils; Saturday, May 19, Paleface, Service, Orthotonics, and the Silent Men; Sunday, May 20, the Moondogs and Lonesome Val & the Lonely Hearts; and Tuesday, May 22, Get Smart, Dawn Patrol, Most Normal Humans, and the Nude Bodies. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

EAGLE TAVERN, *355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave.* (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Wednesday, May 16, Martin Wyndham-Reade; Fridays, Conway & Ryan; Saturday, May 19, Bill Keith & Cindy Cashdollar and Frank Campbell & Friends; Wednesday, May 23, John Caulfield, John Dillon, Rick Epping, and Jerry O'Sullivan; and Saturday, May 26, Orin Star & Gary Mehalick, with Fess Moore. Music from eight on Wednesdays, and from nine Thursdays through Saturdays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house band swings it Wednesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two; **WILD BILL DAVISON** leads it through Saturday, May 19. *On Sunday, May 20, the Ray Alexander* quintet will perform; Mondays and Tuesdays are claimed by Ed Polcer's quintet; the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty; and on Fridays Danny D'Imperio's trio performs during the same hours. Dining.

EDWARDIAN ROOM, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Pianist and singer **LES MC CANN** leads his quartet through Sunday, May 20; on Monday, May 21, guitarist **LES PAUL** works with a trio; and on Tuesday, May 22, guitarists **HERB ELLIS, BARNEY KESSEL,** and **TAL FARLOW** will drop in for a week to play with bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** and drummer **AKIRA TANA.** Sets begin after eight-thirty. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, May 16, at nine and eleven, Sylvain Sylvain and the Hudson River Sloop Singers; Thursday, May 17, *at nine, Dean Landew and Ultraprov;* Friday, May 18, at eight and eleven, the Bermuda Triangle and Ultraprov; Saturday, May 19, comedians Scott Blakeman, Jim Morris, Phil Nee, and Bev Mickens; Tuesday, May 22, at nine, Poez, Karen Lorshbough, Peter Rose, and Herbie Leith; Wednesday, May 23, at nine and eleven, Lei Gwun Ngai & the Rockatonics and Jack Weber; Thursday, May 24, at nine, Bob Miles and Ultraprov; and Friday, May 25, at eight and eleven, Suzanne Vega and Paul Geremia. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—The schedule at this SoHo night club: pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS** through Thursday, May 17; Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, Kenny and Everett Brawner, with singer

Carol Townes; Sunday and Monday, May 20-21, bassist **STAFFORD JAMES**; and Tuesday through Saturday, May 22-26, guitarist **KEVIN EUBANKS**. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, Joe Derise sings at the piano with accompaniment from bassist Frank Tate; Mondays singer-pianist **BROOKS KERR** performs with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays are given over to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin after ten. Mondays through Fridays, pianist Don Golson plays from five until ten, and the same hours on Sundays are devoted to Mr. Kerr.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Cyril Haynes is here through Saturday, May 19, and on Tuesday, May 22, Henry Francis will move onto the piano bench. On Sundays, Keith MacDonald is at the keyboard, and Mondays are the property of **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to good piano-bass teams. The piano-bass teams: **ROLAND HANNA** and **PAUL WEST** work out through Saturday, May 19, and **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN** can be heard starting Tuesday, May 22. Music from ten. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday and Thursday, May 16-17, the San Francisco All-Stars and New Riders of the Purple Sage; Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, Cabin Fever and Soozie Tyrell & Great Balls of Fire; Sunday, May 20, the **COUNTRY GENTLEMEN** and the **JOHN HERALD** band; Monday and Tuesday, May 21-22, the San Francisco All-Stars and the New Riders of the Purple Sage; and Wednesday, May 23, T-Bone Burnett and Austin-based singer **MARCIA BALL.** Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A comfortable and first-rate jazz club. The current roster: pianist **MC COY TYNER'S** band through Sunday, May 20; on Monday, May 21, the Widespread Jazz Orchestra; and starting Tuesday, May 22, singer **ERNESTINE ANDERSON** with tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE** and his quartet. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JULIE WILSON,** a terrific and convincing performer, sings a tribute to Stephen Sondheim Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is this club, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. The lineup: Thursday, May 17, Joe Cool; Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll disguised as the Late Show: Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, the Cramps, and Saturday, May 26, La Dolce Vita. Live music from way past your bedtime. Dancing.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **SY OLIVER'S** bounce septet plays music to take it all in to, and to dance to as well. Singer **JACK LEONARD** is featured with the band in a simultaneous salute to Tommy Dorsey and Jimmie Lunceford. On Tuesday, May 22, **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** will come in with his band to salute Ray Noble. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935 when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, May 16, Eddie Money; Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, Dead or Alive; Monday, May 21, Strings of Sympathy; Friday, May 25, the Rockats; and Saturday, May 26, Wire Train. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. The roster: Wednesdays, Ronaldo; Thursday, May 17, the Bill Connors band; Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER;** Monday, May 21, Southern Exposure; Thursday, May 24, Spice and Funk Fusion; Friday and Saturday, May 25-26, Tiger's Baku. Sundays are claimed by the Errol Parker sextet, and Tuesdays by the Ed Palermo big band. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, May 16, La Troupe Makandal; Thursday, May 17, Gumbe Sounds; Friday, May 18, and Saturday, May 26, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Saturday, May 19, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Tuesday, May 22, flutist **LLOYD MC NEILL** & the Afro-Brazilian Sextet; Wednesday, May 23, trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI;** and Friday, May 25, Sweet Talks. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Trumpeter **TERUMASA HINO** heads up a quintet through Sunday, May 20, and Tuesday through Saturday, May 22-26, has been reserved for the **HENRY THREADGILL** sextet. On Mondays, saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY** heads a swinging, wonderful, up-to-date big band. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic, unposh blues hangout. Wednesdays, rock singer and guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY;** Thursdays through Saturdays, Buster Poindexter; Monday, May 21, Loup Gurou, a Cajun outfit; and Tuesday, May 22, the Drivers. Sundays, the Delancey Street Hawaiians are here. Music after ten.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room: on May 21, **TITO PUENTE & HIS LATIN-JAZZ ENSEMBLE, MACHITO'S BIG BAND,** and guest soloist **DANIEL PONCÉ** will all share the stage. . . . ¶ Meanwhile out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** and pianist **ALBERT DAILEY** work together through Sunday, May 20.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement. Hard-bopping tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN'S** quartet is here through Sunday, May 20; on Tuesday, May 22, the **MINGUS DYNASTY BAND** will arrive. Mondays are devoted to the music of composer, arranger, and tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** and his young, stirring **BIG BAND.** Music after ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays the pianist is Lee Musiker; Thursday through Sunday, May 17-20, Richard Schulman will be on hand; and Thursday through Sunday, May 24-27, will belong to Ted Chavis. Music nightly from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student foot, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH** performs through Saturday, May 19; Monday and Tuesday, May 21-22, will be claimed by pianist Ram Ramirez; and Wednesday through Saturday, May 23-26, saxophonist **BENNY WATERS** will take over the bandstand. Sundays belong to altoist **LEE KONITZ.** Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists and bassists in it. Tuesdays through Saturdays, **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** work out. The Sunday music consists of compelling duets by guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Mondays are reserved for pianist Jim Roberts. Music from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Shirley MacLaine on Broadway—Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Fridays and Saturday, May 26, at 8; Saturday, May 19, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. Special matinées Wednesday, May 23, and Saturday, May 26, at 2. Through Sunday, May 27.

Berlin—With Ebn-Ozn. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Thursday, May 17, at 8.)

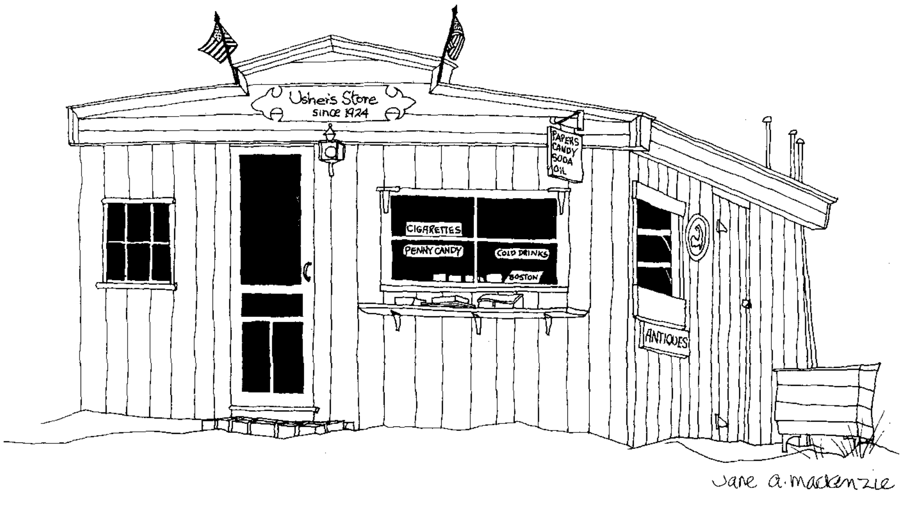
Lou Donaldson Quartet—Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 924-5026. Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, at 9 and 11.

Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, May 20, at 8.

David Gilmour—Beacon Theatre. Tuesday and Wednesday, May 22-23, at 8.

Willie Nelson and Family—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday through Sunday, May 24-27, at 8; Monday, May 28, at 3; and Tuesday, May 29, at 8.

Jaki Byard and the Apollo Stompers—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and

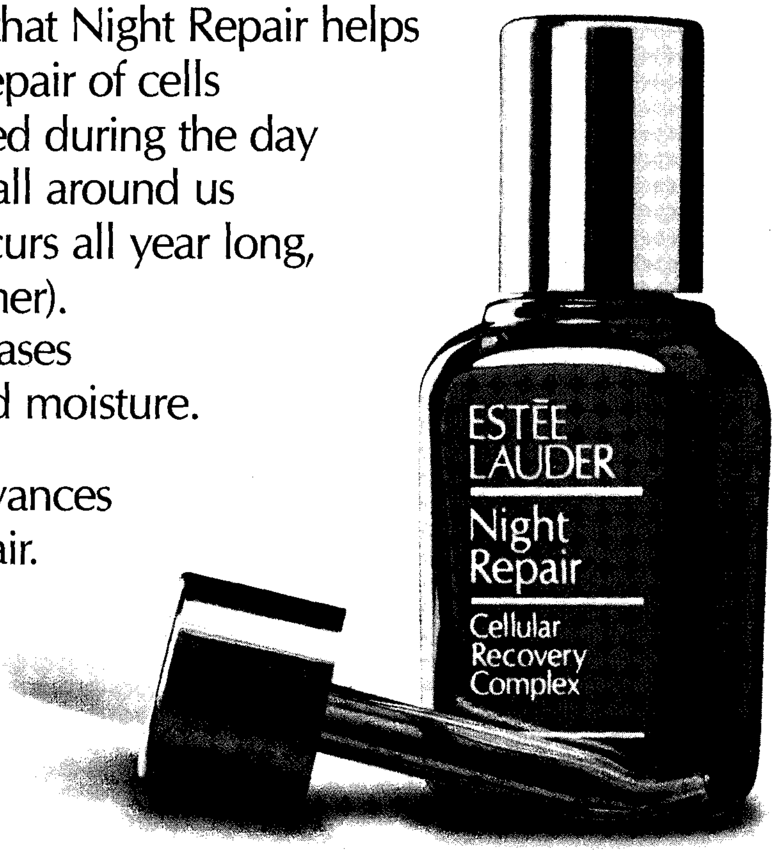


© 1984 Estée Lauder, Inc.   Photograph: Skrebneski   Shirt: Ora Feder

Now Estée Lauder helps
skin care become skin repair
with her
Night Repair Cellular Recovery Complex.
Its exclusive complex of ingredients*
is a beauty breakthrough
that cannot be duplicated,
formulated to do what no other
treatment can do.

Night Repair is a biological breakthrough that uses the night, the time your body is resting, to help your skin refresh and restore itself as you sleep. Laboratory tests show that Night Repair helps speed up the natural repair of cells that have been damaged during the day by the ultraviolet light all around us (which incidentally occurs all year long, winter as well as summer). Night Repair also increases the skin's ability to hold moisture.

Today Estée Lauder advances skin care to Night Repair. Use it tonight and every night and wake up to better looking skin.



ESTĒE LAUDER

*Patent pending on cellular extract.

FOR FLIGHTS OF FANCY...A BATH WORTH THE TRIP.

The Infinity∞Bath Whirlpool™ Your mother always told you sharing was a virtue, now Kohler makes it practical, relaxing and good clean fun.

Infinity∞Bath is the same length as a conventional bath but its extra width broadens bathing pleasures infinitely.

It's a luxurious, 20 inch deep, body-contoured whirlpool, with a control panel that eliminates spouts; making sharing comfortable as well as beautiful.

Your dreams of Infinity can be realized in Expresso or a variety of Kohler decorator colors. Whether you're interested in luxurious bathing, invigorating massage or just togetherness, the Infinity∞Bath Whirlpool offers more for one...or for two... than tea.

For a full spectrum of Kohler colors and products for kitchen, bath and powder room, check the Yellow Pages for a Kohler Showroom or send $2 for a 48-page color catalog of great ideas to Kohler Company, Department AU5, Kohler, Wisconsin 53044.

THE BOLD LOOK
OF **KOHLER**

Copyright 1984 Kohler Co.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday through Sunday, May 25-27, at 10 and midnight.

Simple Minds—With China Crisis. (Beacon Theatre. Friday, May 25, at 8.)

Benefit Concerts—The Spinners, Lou Rawls, Tito Puente, and Alan King performing on behalf of United Neighborhood Houses. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, May 18, at 7:30 and 11. For information about tickets, call 677-0300.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

James Bohary / Don De Mauro—Abstract paintings. / Portraits. Through June 1. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Judy Chicago—A benefit show of representative works in a variety of mediums from the past decade. Through Saturday, May 26. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Willem de Kooning—Recent paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Through June 23. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Tony DeLap—Abstract paintings, painted-wood sculptures, and works on paper. Through Saturday, May 19. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Richard Diebenkorn—Works on paper completed between 1982 and 1984. Through May 31. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Johannes Dörflinger—Abstract pastel drawings whose surfaces have a hard, almost ceramic quality. Through June 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Raoul Dufy (1877-1953)—Paintings and drawings. Through June 9. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Michio Ihara—Delicate sculptures with stainless-steel bases and movable brass or copper parts. Through June 1. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Walt Kuhn (1877-1949)—Still-lifes, landscapes, and, most of all, women in burlesque costumes. Through June 30. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Roger Mühl—Luminous paintings that evoke the tranquillity of the South of France. Through June 2. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Natkin—Abstractions, yes, but the colors are heightened and the usual grid nearly absent. Through June 9. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—A selection of springlike works, mostly watercolors, including several rapidly drawn heads and some particularly colorful groups of flowers. Through June 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Reeve Schley III—Landscapes in watercolors. Through June 8. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

William Steig and Jeanne Steig—Fifty-odd drawings by the former; and small wood constructions and figurative cloth-and-leather sculptures by the latter. Through Friday, May 25. (Schiller-Wapner, 36 E. 61st St.)

Michael Tetherow—Semi-abstract paintings of enormously elongated heads. Through June 2. (McCoy, a gallery newly opened to the public at 19 E. 71st St.)

Walasse Ting—New still-lifes in brilliant rainbow colors. Through Saturday, May 26. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Christopher White—Landscapes reduced to abstractions. Through June 9. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Tod Wizon—Surreal paintings indicating a kind of landscape. Through June 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.) . . . ¶ P.P.O.W., at 216 E. 10th St., is showing additional paintings. (Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

James Wyeth—New paintings and drawings depicting what are homely subjects for the artist—his dog, for example. Through Thursday, May 24. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Works on paper by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Europeans and Americans; van Gogh, Matisse, Klee, Picasso, Motherwell, and Pollock are just a few of the names. Through Saturday, May 19. . . . **COLNAGHI**, 26 E. 80th St.: Old Master drawings. Through June 9. (Open Mondays.) . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Eighteenth-to-twentieth-century drawings and watercolors by British artists, among them Constable, Gainsborough, and Rowlandson. Through June 8. . . . **DIAMOND**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: About sixty Americans (abstractionists, chiefly), among them George Ault, Elsie Driggs, I. Rice Pereira, and William Zorach, are represented by paintings and sculptures. Through June 16. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 70th St., and 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: A two-gallery exhibit of paintings and sculptures by forty-three artists who were awarded medals by the Skowhegan School during the years 1971-83. A partial list: Richard Diebenkorn, Robert Irwin, Willem de Kooning, Clyfford Still, Louise Nevelson, Georgia O'Keeffe, Saul Steinberg. Through May 31. . . . **HOFFELD**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Small-scale paintings by Calder, Chia, Albers, Matisse, and others. Through June 9. . . . **HUTTON**, 33 E. 74th St.: Paintings by Lyonel Feininger, Alexej Jawlensky, Wassily Kandinsky, and Paul Klee. Through Thursday, May 24. (Open Mondays.) . . . **MATHES**, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Watercolors and drawings, primarily by early twentieth-century Americans; included in the roster of twenty are Benton, Dove, Joseph Stella, and Marguerite Zorach. Through June 8. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A landscape by Milton Avery is in the company of works by other Americans and Europeans, among them Picasso (represented by a good number of paintings and works on paper) and Schwitters. Through June 2. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **SCHLESINGER-BOISANTÉ**, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: American paintings from the thirties, forties, and fifties, by artists then regarded as innovators, among them Diller, Castellon, Holty, and Matulka. Through Saturday, May 19.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Francis Bacon / James Rosati—Eleven recent paintings. Through June 5. / Monumental sculptures. Through July 6. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Edgar Buonagurio—Recent paintings. Through June 8. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ann Chernow / Henry Moore—Idealized studies of women observed in social settings popular about forty years ago. / Sculptures and prints. Through June 2. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Giorgio de Chirico (1888-1978) / **William Eggleston**—Paintings executed after 1920, a sort of epilogue to his 1982 retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. / Two dozen dye-transfer photographs of the interior of Elvis Presley's Memphis mansion, Graceland. Through Saturday, May 19. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.) . . . ¶ Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St., has a selection of late works by de Chirico. (Open Mondays.)

Dorothy Dehner—Abstract sculptures in Corten steel and cast bronze; drawings and watercolors. Through May 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Chuck Dugan—Large abstract paintings with small islands of recognizable objects—dishes and tableware, for instance, or a human heart, observed by the artist during a visit to a surgery. Through June 1. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Cornelia Foss—Delicately tinted paintings and drawings of female nudes. Through June 2. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Sam Francis—New large-scale monotypes. Through Saturday, May 19. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Sheila Gardner—This watercolorist specializes in large, closeup studies of plants, especially brookside weeds and ferns. Through May 31. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Arthur Gibbons—Painted cutout steel sculptures welded into curling abstract forms. Through Saturday, May 19. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Dimitri Hadzi—Bronze and stone sculptures. Through Saturday, May 26. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Lee Hall—Landscapes in New England and the Southwest are reduced almost to abstractions in these paintings, yet they are a good deal more representational than her previous works. Through June 2. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Douglas Higgins / Lester Van Winkle—Freehand paintings of Grecian urns, with collateral sketches and graffiti in the background. / Wood sculptures, painted in bright enamels, of highly imaginative objects and creatures, one of them based on Carmen Miranda. Through June 2. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

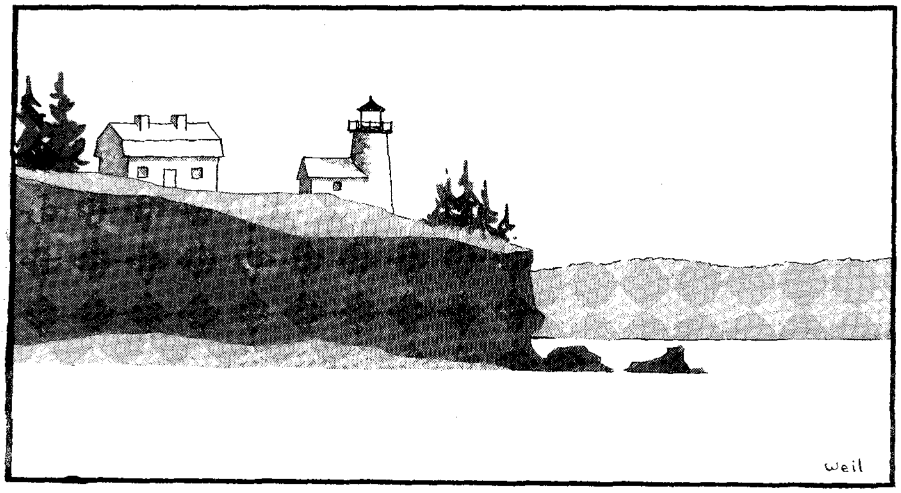
Georges Hugnet (1906-74)—Frisky Surrealist collages by a Parisian poet, critic, and artist, including a parody he did of the *Guide Michelin*. Through June 1. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Angelo Ippolito / Ewald Mataré (1887-1965)—Abstract oils. / Sculptures and woodcuts of animals. Through Wednesday, May 23. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

John Kane (1860-1934)—Landscapes, river scenes, and paintings of people by a Scottish-born naïf, who used settings in both his native country and the United States, his adopted one. Through Friday, May 25. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Fourteen elegantly shaped lengths of raw, sanded wood, up to twelve feet tall, many of them exotic species—zebra, blistered sapele, padouk. Through June 2. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Jon Kessler—Sculptural works made up of



translucent materials and colored lights. Through Saturday, May 26. (Bellman, 41 E. 57th St.)

Franz Kline *(1910-62)—Paintings. Through* June 9. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Michael Knigin / Norman Gorbaty—Small collage paintings of orchids, roses, and tulips, plus vast enlargements, in acrylic and enamel, of same. / Pen-and-ink drawings, based mostly on the artist's travels. Through May 31. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

William Kortlander—Southeastern Ohio scenery reproduced in acrylic paintings. Through June 2. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

Leon Krier—Architectural drawings, including the master plan for London's South Bank and the layout for a whole new town in Bavaria. Through June 2. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Ida Lorentzen / Patricia Patterson—A coatrack, a table, and a chair provide this deft painter with all the subject matter she needs in her explorations of enclosed space. / An installation re-creating a cottage in the Aran Islands, complete with portraits of the inhabitants and a view of the scenery outside. Through Wednesday, May 23. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Kim MacConnel / Melissa Miller—Paintings and sixties furniture that call attention to each other and to what the gallery calls "gaudy ostentation and sleaze." / Paintings. Through Saturday, May 19. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JoAnne McFarland—Pastel still-lifes of fruit, tableware, and jewelry seen from directly above. Through Saturday, May 19. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Sculptures (ceramic and cast bronze) executed between 1949 and 1981. Through June 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Camille Pissarro (1830-1903)—Drawings, pastels, and watercolors. Through June 8. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Sigmar Polke—New paintings by this influential German artist, who mixes humor with serious intellectual concerns. For instance, one work, done on a fabric printed with a Cubist design, shows a cartoony real-estate man recommending an igloo to a young couple so persuasively that ice cubes are enveloping them, thus leading us back to Cubism. Through June 9. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

François Rouan—Paintings, gouaches, and drawings executed since 1969. Through June 9. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Karl Schrag—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes painted in oils and gouaches. Through Saturday, May 26. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Barbara Siegel—Flamingos, parrots, butcher-birds, magpies, and a brooding red bishop are shown in appropriate settings in these new paintings and works on paper. Through May 29. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

T. L. Solien—Large autobiographical paintings done in symbols—arrows, fish, skulls, bull heads, bottles. Through June 2. (Getler-Pall-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—New abstract paintings in which varnish is a principal medium. Through June 15. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

William Tucker—Four large and four small bronzes, several plaster maquettes, and drawings by an abstractionist. Through June 2. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Takako Yamaguchi—Oriental and Western sensibilities merge harmoniously in these decorative works in acrylic and bronze leaf on paper. Through Saturday, May 26. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **pam adler,** 37 W. 57th St.: Large-scale drawings by Don Dudley, Jonathan Santlofer, and Barbara Zucker. Through June 2. . . . **associated american artists,** at its new address at 20 W. 57th St.: Prints of New York City, a hundred and eighty of them, by artists from Grace Albee and Harold Altman to Hank Virgona and William Walcot. Through June 1. (Open Mondays.) . . . **donson,** 24 W. 57th St.: Flemish and Dutch landscape prints and drawings of the late sixteenth through the seventeenth centuries. Through June 30. . . . **fitch-febvrel,** 5 E. 57th St.: Prints from the past hundred years by French artists, among them Redon, Tissot, Pascin, and Philippe Mohlitz. Through June 30. . . . **herstand,** 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Surrealist and Surrealist-influenced artists, including Arp, de Chirico, Pollock, and Motherwell. Through June 30. . . . **kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: More than sixty American paintings by big names from this century and last (Rembrandt Peale, Charles Demuth, John Marin) and also by contemporaries, such as Philip McCracken and Colleen Browning. Through May 31. . . . **midtown,** 11 E. 57th St.: Gallery artists Edward Betts, Bruce Currie, Maurice Freedman, William Palmer, Gregorio Prestopino, and William Thon showing landscapes in varying degrees of representation. Through June 2. . . . **tilton,** 24 W. 57th St.: Recent works by Tod Wizon, Kiki Smith, William Anastasi, and Bill Taggart, whose wall constructions include a huge, decorative pistol. Through Saturday, May 26.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Terry Allen—Political drawings and constructions relating to Vietnam, most of them incorporating lead sheets inscribed with the artist's sentiments. The show is entitled "Youth in Asia," which gives you the idea. Through May 29. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Jean-Michel Basquiat—New paintings by this maturing graffitist, whose subjects include a heroic half-peeled banana, a couple of beggars, and what seems to be homework for his anatomy and geography lessons. Through Saturday, May 26. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Richard Beckett—Abstractions in mixed mediums on paper. Through Saturday, May 19. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Deborah Butterfield / Robert Bechtle—Convincing life-size horses made of colored scrap sheet metal, plus one made of the tangled wire for which this sculptor is best known. / California real estate as seen by a realist painter. Through Saturday, May 26. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Another room here has photographs by Mark Chester of scenes from here and abroad.

Brett De Palma—Semi-abstract collage paintings, some of them with symbolic references to the Wild West—horses, Indians, covered wagons. Through June 2. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe—Jagged, lightning-bolt streaks of sharply contrasting colors occupy these six canvases and a four-panel screen. Through Saturday, May 19. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Michael Hafftka—A two-gallery show of this artist's loosely painted figures, which are subjected to a sort of Baconian distortion. (Esman, 121 Spring St. Through Saturday, May 19. . . . ¶ Manes, 177 Prince St. Through Saturday, May 26.)

Ruth Hardinger and George Rayner—The first appearances in New York of two artists; her collages combine laths, string, and pastels, and his constructions incorporate flattened tin cans, coffeepots, and so on, coated with brushed-on paint. Through Saturday, May 19. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Jannis Kounellis—Large drawings and sculptures. Through Saturday, May 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Craig Langager—Figurative wall sculptures commissioned as gargoyles for the new Buffalo subway (which sounds much more aesthetic than ours), plus freestanding sculptures called Memorials. Through June 2. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Richard Long—New works by a British artist: a long row of cantaloupe-size granite rocks, a twelve-foot circle filled in with concentric rings of muddy handprints on a wall, and two mud paintings that look like geysers spattered on other walls. Through June 2. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Robert Longo—Architectural vistas, heads, war scenes, and figures, among other things, are seen in these impressive, industrial-sized paintings-cum-construction, which look as if the artist had done his work in the Baldwin locomotive shops. Through Saturday, May 26. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Robert Mangold—A show of "Frame Paintings," which are canvases shaped like picture frames, with a rectangular space cut out in the middle, justifying the title. Through Saturday, May 19. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Helmut Middendorf—Large solitary Neo-Expressionist figures that stand out against backgrounds of lurid colors. The artist is a West German. Through June 2. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Richard McDermott Miller—Nudes in cast bronze, plus maquettes. Through July 1. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Joe Nicastri—Portraits of friends of the artist, in paintings that combine acrylic and plaster. Through June 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Jim Nutt—Paintings. Through Wednesday, May 23. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Marion Ranyak—Acrylic paintings of the coasts of Maine and California. Through Wednesday, May 23. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Joan Semmel—Portraits, mostly, by an artist who until now has concentrated on nude

studies. Through Saturday, May 26. (112 Greene Street Gallery.)

Jesús Rafael Soto—Relief paintings and sculptures, including a huge hanging yellow sphere created out of metal rods. Through Saturday, May 26. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Jim Starrett—Neat, mannered paintings in which crosses, swastikas, chairs, and combs are said to be symbols expressing the artist's conviction that an accommodation existed between the Vatican and the Nazis. Through June 2. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

Joe Stefanelli—In these new paintings the artist has reverted to the freer draftsmanship and rich colors he employed in the sixties. Through Saturday, May 26. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Racelle Strick / Bill Durham—Landscapes done in loosely handled oils and acrylics, a marked departure from the disciplined striations of her former work. / Flamboyantly colorful abstractions. Through June 3. (Arbitrage, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Richard Thompson / Papo Colo—Paintings of eccentric figures in fantasy predicaments, by an artist who says the forms derive from desert cactuses. / Paintings and drawings done in a deliberately primitive manner. Through June 2. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Handmade Furniture—Some shows by contemporary artisans who make furniture. At **henoch,** 80 Wooster St.: David Ebner, John Dunnigan, and Richard Scott Newman. Through June 17. (Opens Sundays at 1.) . . . **meisel,** 141 Prince St.: Eleven practitioners, including Judy Lictenstein, Andy Pawlan, and Dakota Jackson. Through June 16. . . . **milliken,** 98 Prince St.: Wendell Castle, Wendy Stayman, and others. Starts Saturday, May 19.

Group Shows—At the **bryers,** 111 Greene St.: One work each by eight artists, among them Salle, Borofsky, Longo, and Haring. Through Saturday, May 26. . . . **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: A hundred and twenty-one drawings from the Victoria and Albert Museum in a show that systematically covers practically every aspect of the art, with examples from Tiepolo and Dürer to LeWitt and Hockney. Through July 28. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **manhattan art,** 81 Greene St.: Works by ten artists who will be seen at the upstate Artpark this summer, among them Brigid Kennedy, Chris Burden, Dennis Oppenheim, and Scott Pfaffman, who is represented by an antic life-size iron horse with a firebox for a belly. Through Saturday, May 26. . . . **thorp,** 103 Prince St.: Recent paintings by David Deutsch, David True, and Anton van Dalen. Through June 16.

OTHER GALLERIES

Antony Gormley—Seven figures (standing, sitting, kneeling, crouching) made of lead plate molded over casts of the sculptor's body. Through Saturday, May 19. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Carl Palazzolo—Triptychs in which the center panel is thickly laden with paint and the two outer ones are lightly brushed over. Through Saturday, May 19. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

Suzan Pitt—The action is frantic in these large paintings, where comic-book characters rub elbows with Botticelli maidens, while in the background cities burn, soldiers fight, and sex has its fling. Through Saturday, May 19. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

Russell Sharon / Mark Kostabi—Paintings of cows, landscapes, figures done in bright acrylics on the reverse side of transparent vinyl sheets, which gives a high gloss to the works. / Ink drawings. Through Saturday, May 26. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Gretchen Dow Simpson—Nineteen paintings, several of which appeared as covers on this magazine, and prints. Through May 31. (Ryan, 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Philip Tsiaras—Paintings of heads, mostly, with extra eyes or noses, combining elements of primitive masks, icons, Picasso, and Greek mythology. Through Saturday, May 19. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

Group Show—Drawings and a painting completed in the early seventies by Alfred Leslie; four charcoal drawings by Myron Stout; and a single steel sculpture by Mark di Suvero. Through June 16. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Mark Berghash—Nudes and portraits of couples. Through Friday, May 25. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

William Clift—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes by a photographer from Santa Fe; first one-man show in New York. Through June 30. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.)

John Coplans and Nancy Hellebrand—Portraits by two photographers whose styles are very different. Through Saturday, May 26. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Arnold Genthe (1869-1942) / **Gertrude Blom**—Portraits of Teddy Roosevelt, Ezra Pound, Sarah Bernhardt, and other notables, and scenes of Japan in 1908 are just a few of the many photographs. / A pictorial essay spanning forty years, documenting the impact of civilization on the culture and environment of the Mayan Indians in Chiapas, Mexico. Through May 27. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Ray K. Metzker—Black-and-white studies of sharp contrasts, most of them photographed on city streets. Through June 2. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

Bettina Rheims—Photographs of stuffed animals from a taxidermist's shop. Through Friday, May 25. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Francesco Scavullo—Portraits: the photographer's works silk-screened onto canvas and then painted over with enamel: Princess Grace, Lena Horne, Elizabeth Taylor, and others from their realm. Through June 2. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

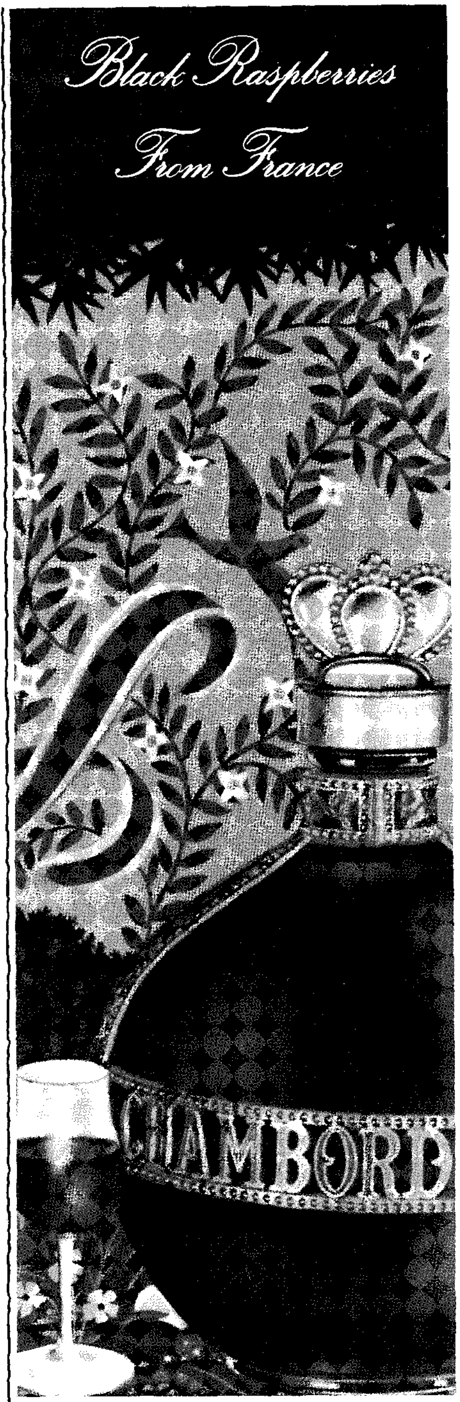
Margaret Watkins (1884-1969)—Still-lifes, landscapes, portraits, and nudes. Also, a few works by some of her students, among them Ralph Steiner, Doris Ulmann, and Laura Gilpin. Through Saturday, May 26. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Cranbrook Academy of Art. Furniture, objects, and drawings by first-generation faculty and students, including Eliel Saarinen, Charles and Ray Eames, Knoll, and Bertoia. There is also an assortment of sculptures, paintings, and textiles. Through June 17. . . . ¶ Shows of two nineteenth-century French artists—Delacroix (represented by lithographs, drawings, and etchings) and Antoine-Louis Barye (gouaches and bronze plaques), noted for his animal forms. Through July 15. . . . ¶ The collection of Near Eastern antiquities reopened recently in refurbished galleries on the second floor. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by Impressionist William Merritt Chase (1849-1916). Through June 3. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The museum will reopen its Fifty-third Street doors to the public on Thursday, May 17, with a show entitled "An International Survey of Recent Painting and Sculpture." Recent, with a capital R: the nearly two hundred works dispersed throughout several of the expanded and renovated galleries are by artists who were selected because they have become prominent only in the past decade. . . . **photography:** Works of a social and political nature by Robert Adams, Jim Goldberg, and Joel Sternfeld have been mounted in the department's new home on the second floor. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of the works of Spanish Cubist Juan Gris has more than eighty paintings, drawings, and collages from throughout the artist's short-lived career. Starts Friday, May 18. . . . ¶ Four large-scale sculptures by Michael Singer, one installed in the museum's rotunda; also, a dozen drawings. Through July 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge



CHAMBORD
Liqueur Royale de France

Created in the glorious time of King Louis XIV, Chambord is a magnificent liqueur. It has the deepest, richest black raspberry taste of any liqueur in the world.

After dinner, lace your favorite liqueur glass with Chambord, sit back and enjoy its rich aroma and taste. For other ways to enjoy this delicious liqueur, send for our free recipe book: Chambord Imported from France, Box 1600, New York, NY 10116.

Imported by La Maison Délan, Phila., Pa. 33 Proof.

from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show charting the history of the flower genre in American paintings and drawings. Through Sunday, May 20. . . . ¶ An exhibit of paintings by five contemporaneous New York artists—Brad Davis, Bill Jensen, Elizabeth Murray, Gary Stephan, and John Torreano. Through June 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Picasso's "Parade," the fifty-seven-foot painted curtain executed in 1917 for use on the set of the Cocteau-Satie-Massine ballet of the same name, goes up in the fifth-floor rotunda on Friday, May 18. . . . ¶ American watercolors and pastels from the permanent collection, which boasts a number by Homer and Sargent, and includes Cassatt, Demuth, Hopper, O'Keeffe, and others. Through July 29. . . . ¶ A show of Jim Dine's intaglio print series, "Nancy Outside in July." Through July 1. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display of manuscripts, lithographs, woodcuts, and engravings, all bearing on or illustrating the peonies of Greece, which, as who among us does not know, Homer's Paeon used to heal the wounds suffered by Pluto in the Trojan War. . . . ¶ An exhibition of more than fifty human and pre-human fossils. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of works by newly elected members and recipients of honors and awards in the arts and literature. Manuscripts and scores by Paul Theroux, Lewis Thomas, Amy Clampitt, Andrea Lee, Jamaica Kincaid, Denis Johnson, David St. John, Don Delillo, Bobbie Ann Mason, David Del Tredici, and others. Mary Frank, Al Held, and Chaim Gross are among the artists represented by paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Starts Thursday, May 17. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit, organized by the Denver Art Museum, examining the predominance of the circle as a motif in the religious and domestic designs of the Plains Indians in the mid-nineteenth century. More than a hundred and fifty objects, including tepees, toys, beaded saddle blankets, a war headdress, and a ghost-dance dress. Through July 15. . . . ¶ A show of silver jewelry (primarily Navajo) from the Southwest, 1860 to the present. Through July 8. . . . ¶ An exhibit of embroidered samplers. Through May 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibition of robes worn by ladies of the Japanese aristocracy, sixteenth century to nineteenth. Through June 17. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Precious Legacy: Judaic Treasures from the Czechoslovak State Collections," a display of approximately three hundred religious and domestic objects, such as Torah ornaments, synagogue furnishings, and cooking utensils. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5:30, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Fridays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The library has much to show for its sixty years, and in that spirit offers two anniversary exhibits from its collections: French drawings, 1550 to 1825, by Poussin, Claude, Watteau, Ingres, Delacroix, and others; and a display of illuminated manuscripts and autograph manuscripts ranging from a Dutch "Hours of Catherine of Cleves" to Steinbeck's yellow-pad manuscript of "Travels with Charley." Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, in temporary quarters at 125 W. 55th St.—Among the textiles, domestic objects, and artifacts on display from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. James O. Keene are an 1850 Baltimore album quilt and ten carved-wood pieces by Wilhelm Schimmel. Through June 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show of seventy-seven Currier & Ives lithographs extolling the exploits of the American Navy, from the Revolutionary War through the Spanish-American. On loan from the United States Naval Academy. Through June 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Painting in the American South is surveyed in a show of a hundred or so canvases. Through May 27. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by Henry Varnum Poor (1888-1970) who, while a prominent ceramist (a large nude meant for the wall of a shower serves as one example), during his long life wore many hats—painter, muralist, teacher. Through July 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A wine-splashed document authorizing the 1803 sale of the Louisiana Territory (Napoleon apparently was overcome) is included in a show that illustrates three centuries of events in American history via the written or printed word; all the items come from the society's collection. Starts Friday, May 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection pays tribute to the Academy of American Poets—this year marks its fiftieth—with a display of books, manuscripts, and letters by Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost, William Carlos Williams, May Swenson, Robert Penn Warren, James Merrill, and others. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Faith Ringgold's twenty-year retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings and sculptures. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—An installation by Jim Pridgeon. Through Saturday, May 26. . . . ¶ A show of books and other works on paper by artists from Iceland. Through July 28.

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Paintings by Anton van Dalen, Jennifer Bolande, and others. Through June 2.

P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—The main exhibition is one of paintings by Australian artists Mike Parr, Imants Tillers, and Ken Unsworth. . . . ¶ The second floor is given over to contemporary portraits by more than a hundred artists. Both shows through June 10.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St., 864-5400. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Amato Opera Company—Verdi's "Falstaff." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Opera Ensemble of New York—Ruth Bierhoff conducting the final performances of Blitzstein's "Regina." Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesday, May 16, and Friday, May 18, at 8, and Sunday, May 20, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

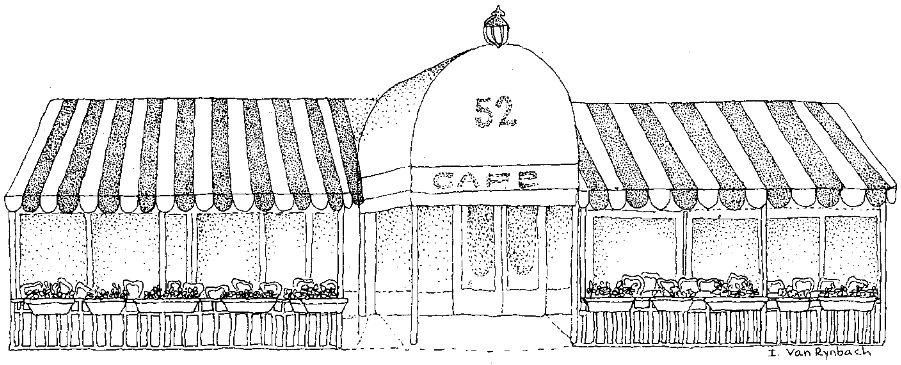
Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," staged by Thomas Holliday and conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, at 8. For tickets, call 787-1356.)

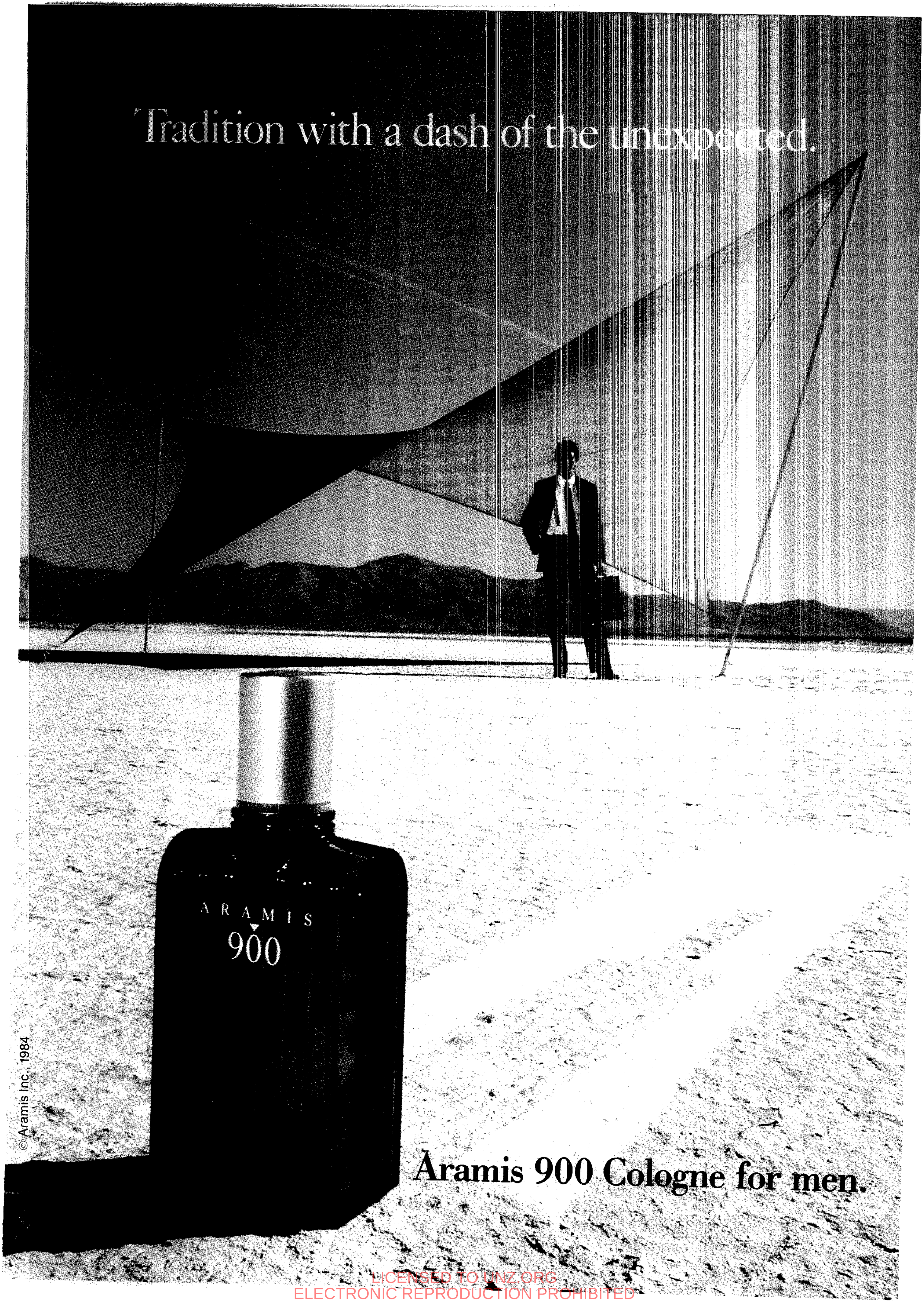
Bel Canto Opera—Yuval Waldman conducting the first two of four performances of Marchetti's "Ruy Blas," staged by Elizabeth Szczygielska. (Jesse Strauss School, 270 W. 70th St. Saturday, May 26, at 8, and Sunday, May 27, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

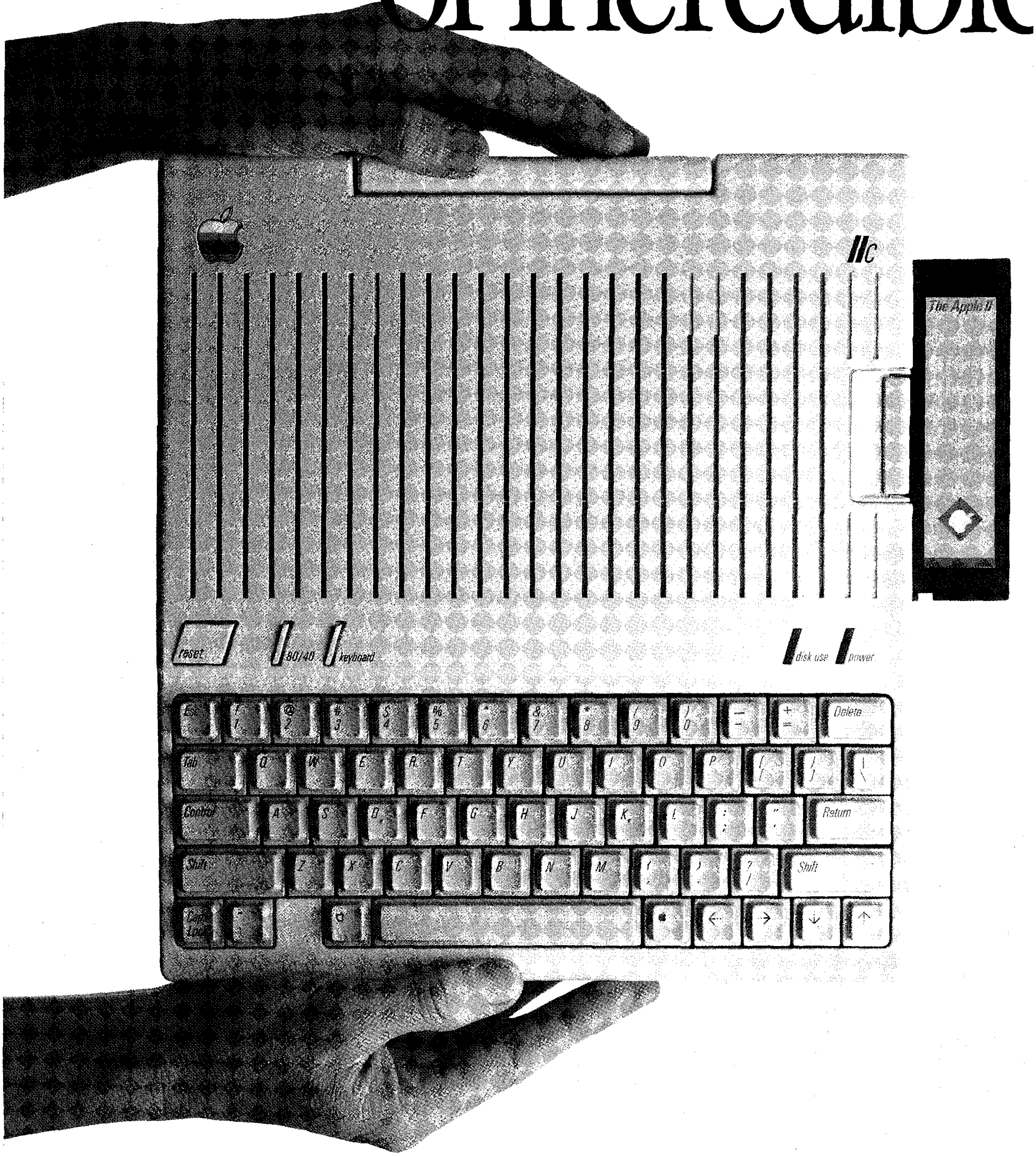
New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Erich Leinsdorf directing the final performances of the regular season—Thursday through Saturday, May 17-19, and Tuesday, May 22, at 8: A Mozart-Albert Roussel-Ravel program, with Leon Fleisher, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 24, at 8 (a nonsubscription concert); Friday, May 25, at 2; and Saturday, May 26, at 8: Performances of Mahler's Third Symphony, with Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; the New York Choral Artists; and the Brooklyn Boys' Chorus.

Toronto Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Andrew Davis directing—Saturday, May 19, at 8: A performance of Elgar's oratorio "The Kingdom," with Margaret Marshall, soprano; Alfreda Hodgson, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; John Cheek, bass; and the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 20, at 3: A varied program, with Esther Hinds, soprano; Gabrielle Lavigne, mezzo-




Tradition with a dash of the unexpected.
ARAMIS
900
Aramis 900 Cologne for men.
© Aramis Inc., 1984

Apple announces
# of incredible


IIc
The Apple II
reset
80/40
keyboard
disk use
power
Delete
Tab
Control
Return
Shift
Shift

a breakthrough
roportions.

The new Apple® IIc Personal Computer.

It's 12″ x 11¼″ x 2¼″.

It weighs less than 8 pounds.*

And costs less than $1,300.**

Yet what it can do is all out of proportion to these proportions.

Because it's a direct descendant of the world's most popular computer, the Apple IIe.

It can run over 10,000 different programs. For business. For education. Or just for fun.

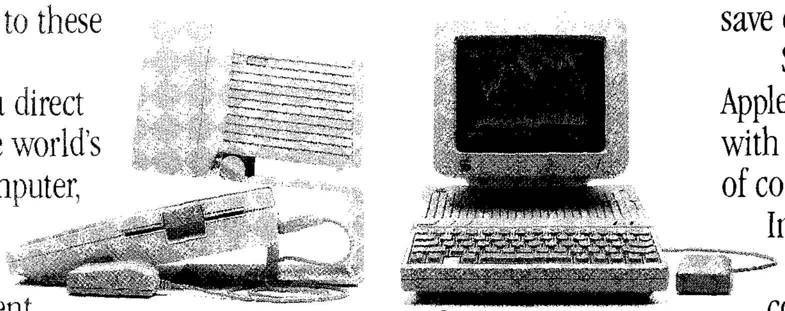
And it can do all that right out of the box.

The Apple IIc comes complete with everything you need to start computing. Including a free 4-diskette course to teach you how. An RF modulator that lets you use your TV as a monitor. And a gaggle of built-in features that cost extra on less senior machines:

128K of internal memory—twice the power of computers twice its size.

A built-in disk drive that could cost $400 if it weren't.

And built-in connections that let you add printers, phone modems and an extra disk drive without adding $150 goodies called "interface cards."



Two views of the IIc, shown here with its perfect match—the IIc 9″ Monitor.

You can also plug in an AppleMouse—that little device that lets you tell a computer what you want simply by pointing.

With 80-character capabilities, it can show you more than smaller-minded computers.

With 16 ultra high-resolution colors, it can bring a presentation to life—whether it's a quarterly report or a geography lesson.

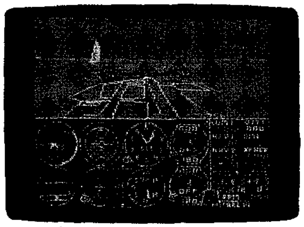
In fact, the Apple IIc can run more educational and business software than any other computer save one: the Apple IIe.

Speaking of which, the Apple IIc is on speaking terms with the entire Apple II family of computers and accessories.

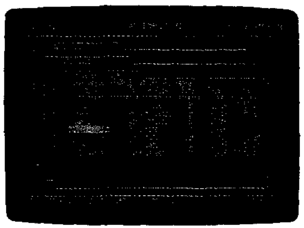
Including its very own Scribe Printer—Apple's first full-color text and graphics print-on-anything printer for under $300.

Small as it is, the Apple IIc is very easy to find—at over 3,000 authorized Apple dealers world-wide. So come in and get your hands on one.

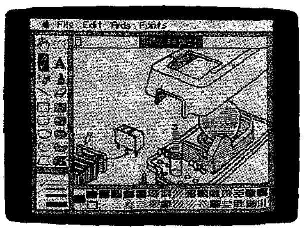
You'll find it's a lot bigger than it looks.



In living color—SubLogic's Flight Simulator II.



AppleWorks 3-in-1 advanced business software.



MousePaint™ can draw out your artistic talents.

---

*Don't asterisks make you suspicious as all get-out? Well, all this one means is that the IIc alone weighs 7.5 pounds. The power pack, monitor, an extra disk drive, a printer and several bricks will make the IIc weigh more. Our lawyers were concerned that you might not be able to figure this out for yourself. **The FTC is concerned about price-fixing. So this is only a Suggested Retail Price. You can pay more if you really want to. Or less. © 1984 Apple Computer, Inc. Apple, the Apple logo and MousePaint are trademarks of Apple Computer, Inc. For an authorized Apple dealer nearest you, call (800) 538-9696. In Canada, call (800) 268-7796 or (800) 268-7637.

We couldn't find a competitor.

If you've been looking for a luxury car that will give your family the convenience of four doors, room for five, the elegance of leather bucket seats and plush carpeting, and at the same time let you shift from 2-wheel to 4-wheel drive on the fly, there is only one. The all-new trim size Jeep® Wagoneer Sportwagon.
We know, because it's our business to compare. There is simply no competitor.

And when it comes to 4-wheel driving, there's no competitor. After all, Jeep wrote the book on 4-wheel drive. Start with legendary Jeep traction. Then consider that the new Wagoneer Sportwagon has the highest ground clearance and the highest horsepower per pound of any 4-wheeler in its class, and gives you outstanding mileage, ㉔ EPA EST MPG/32 EST HWY.*

So, if you're interested in all-out luxury in 4-wheel drive, there's only one stop to make. At your Jeep dealer. Buy or lease a new Jeep Sportwagon—the luxurious Wagoneer or the triple award winning Cherokee "4x4 of the Year."

*Use these figures for comparison. Your results may differ due to driving speed, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.

Jeep is a registered trademark of Jeep Corporation.

SAFETY BELTS SAVE LIVES.

Jeep
Wagoneer

The all-new Jeep® Wagoneer.
America's luxury 4-wheel drive Sportwagon.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

soprano; Jon Frederic West, tenor; Victor Braun, baritone; and the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir.

Pittsburgh Symphony—André Previn conducting—A program of twentieth-century music, with Mr. Previn acting as piano soloist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, May 23, at 8.) . . . ¶ An all-Copland program, with Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 24, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting—The last in a series of all-Beethoven programs, with Alfred Brendel, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 17, at 8.) . . . ¶ A program that will include the première of William Thomas McKinley's Third Symphony. With Yefim Bronfman, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 19, at 8, and Sunday, May 20, at 3.)

New York Opera Repertory Theatre—Leigh Gibbs Gore conducting the American première of Philip Glass and Robert Wilson's operatic section of "The Civil Wars: a tree is best measured when it is down," in concert form and in English and Latin, with Carol Gutknecht, soprano, and Ruby Hinds, mezzo-soprano. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Sunday, May 20, at 8.)

Soviet Emigré Orchestra—Lazar Gosman conducting, with Dimitri Shostakovich, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 21, at 8.)

Handel's "Joshua"—Johannes Somary directing the Amor Artis Orchestra and the Horace Mann Glee Club, with Julianne Baird, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Thomas Bogdan, tenor; and Thomas Hughes, bass. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. Friday, May 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Music for a Great Space—Richard Westenburg directing a chorus of seventy and a symphony orchestra in a Liszt-Verdi program, with Cornelius Sullivan, tenor. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, May 20, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Elmar Oliveira—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 16, at 8.)

Raphael Trio—With Julius Levine, double bass, and Scott Nickrenz, viola. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 16, at 8.)

Parnassus—A program of contemporary music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, May 16, at 8.)

Ilana Vered—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 17, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The last in a series of concerts, this one performed by the Pro Arte Quartet and Bethany Beardslee, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 17, at 8.)

Antonia Lavanne—Soprano, in a program of music by Kurt Weill, Samuel Barber, and Paul Creston. With assisting singers and instrumentalists. (Church of the Holy Apostles, Ninth Ave. at 28th St. Friday, May 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 243-7177.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 18, at 8.)

Beethoven Chamber Series—With Glenn Dicterow, violin; Jonathan Feldman, piano; the Mendelssohn String Quartet; and the New Arts Trio. (Symphony Space. Friday, May 18, at 8.)

Thouvenel String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 19, at 2.)

Lilian Kallir, Fred Sherry, and Peter Oundjian—Piano, cello, and violin, in an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 19, at 3.)

Benjamin Oren—Piano, in the last in a series of all-Beethoven programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 19, at 5:30)

Charles Holland and Kenn Hicks—Tenors. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 19. at 8.)

Chinese Music Ensemble of New York—Performing traditional and modern arrangements of music from various regions of China. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, May 19, at 8.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Western Wind—A vocal sextet in a program of medieval and contemporary works. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, May 19, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Andrea Nemecz—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 20, at 5:30.)

Simon Estes—Bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 20, at 8.)

Charles Milgrim—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 22, at 8.)

Peter Takács—Piano, in an all-Stockhausen program. (Symphony Space. Tuesday, May 22, at 8.)

David Golub, Mark Kaplan, and Colin Carr—Piano, violin, and cello, in the second in a series of three concerts, this one with Lucy Shelton, soprano, and David Shifrin, clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 22, at 8.)

Benita Valente—Soprano, with Cynthia Raim, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 23, at 8.)

David Finckel—Cello. (Symphony Space. Wednesday, May 23, at 8.)

Maryvonne Le Dizes-Richard—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 24, at 8.)

Jon Kimura Parker—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 24, at 8.)

Edmund Niemann—Piano, in a program of contemporary music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, May 24, at 8.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet, Stephanie Brown, and Yefim Bronfman—A program of music for string quartet and two pianos. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, May 24, at 8.)

Thruston Johnson and Frances Bing—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 26, at 8:30)

SPORTS

Baseball—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, Wednesday, May 16, at 8. . . . ¶ California, Friday, May 18, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, May 19-20, at 2. . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Francisco, Tuesday through Thursday, May 22-24, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Friday, May 25, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 26, at 1:20.

Hockey—Stanley Cup Finals: Islanders vs. Edmonton Oilers (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100. The sixth and seventh games, if necessary, Tuesday, May 22, and Thursday, May 24, at 8:05.)

Racing—At BELMONT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 30. The Shuvee Handicap, Saturday, May 19; the Roseben Handicap, Sunday, May 20; the Saranac, Wednesday, May 23; and the Acorn, Saturday, May 26. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:30.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, from Friday, May 25, through Saturday, Sept. 1. . . . PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday May 19.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Vancouver. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, May 20, at 3. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 16. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 18.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—At the DONNELL LIBRARY AUDITORIUM: May Sarton reading from her own poetry and prose, and Baron Wormser reading from his own poetry, Thursday, May 17, at 6. . . . ¶ Jamaica Kincaid reading from her own short stories, Monday, May 21, at 6. (20 W. 53rd St. No tickets necessary.) . . . BOOKS & CO.: James McCourt and Iris Owens reading from their own prose. (939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Tuesday, May 22, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Anthony Hecht reading from his own poetry. (St. James Church, Madison Ave. at 71st St. Wednesday, May 23, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Lecture—"The Humanities and the Defense of a Free Society," by Sidney Hook. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Thursday, May 17, at 5. For information about free tickets, call 598-3687.)

Walking Tours—Conducted tours of the financial district sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Saturday and Sunday, May 19-20, starting at the U.S. Custom House, at Bowling Green, at 2. (For information about tickets, call 935-3960.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY'S, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, May 16, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, May 17, at 10:15: Books and manuscripts. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 16, at 2: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Alberto Giacometti; from the Ratner family collection. . . . ¶ Following the Ratner sale, Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 17, at 10:15: Paperweights, from the Corning Museum of Glass, the Franklin Schuell *Miniature Paperweight Collection*, and from other sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 19, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental rugs. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 23, at 2: Printed and manuscript Americana and European historical manuscripts. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 17. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 24, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 19. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, May 16, at 7: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. Admission to the sale by ticket only; for information, call 546-1127. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 17, at 10 and 2: Impressionist and modern drawings, watercolors, and (in the afternoon only) sculptures. . . . ¶ Friday, May 18, at 10: Printed books, manuscripts, and autographs, including a complete set of autographs by signers of the Declaration of Independence. Exhibition hours by appointment only. . . . PHILLIPS, 406 E. 79th St. Wednesday, May 16, at 2: European and American paintings and prints.

CLARIFIANCE
Oil-Free Hydrating Fluide

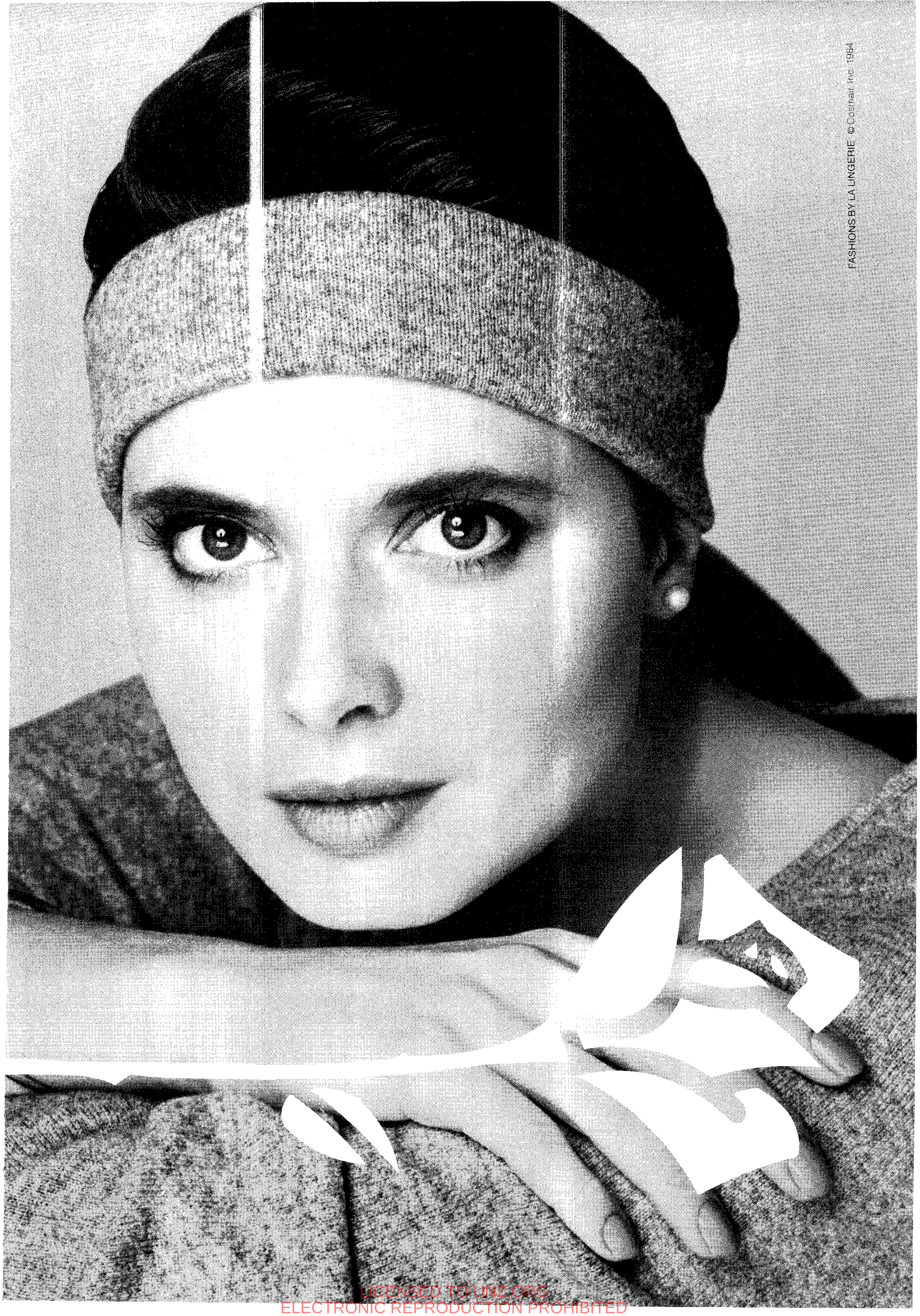
A refreshing touch of moisture for your skin.

Clear and light, Clarifiance pampers your skin with moisture…hydrates it without oil. Creating the fresh feeling of cool water on your face, sheer Clarifiance disappears into your skin. You feel its effect rather than its presence.

Clarifiance. A welcome asset to skin that calls for moisture, not oil.

LANCÔ
CLARIFIANCE
Oil-Free
Hydrating Fluide
LANCÔME
2.5 fl. oz./74 ml

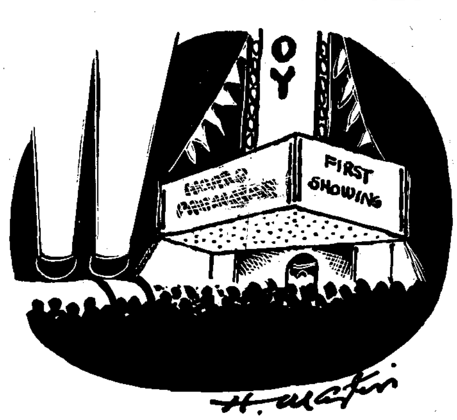
LANCÔME
PARIS



FASHIONS BY LA LINGERIE © Cosmair Inc. 1984

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through May 17: "Farrebique" (1948; directed by Georges Rouquier; in French); and "Biquefarre" (Georges Rouquier; in French).
May 18-24: "Les Parents Terribles" (†).
From May 25: "Les Parents Terribles" (†) and "The Blood of a Poet" (†).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through May 17: "Swing Shift" (†).
From May 18: "Finders Keepers" (Richard Lester), with Michael O'Keefe and Beverly D'Angelo.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 17: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†); and "Harry & Son" (Paul Newman), with Newman and Robby Benson.
From May 18: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Firestarter" (Mark Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Sixteen Candles" (John Hughes), with Molly Ringwald and Paul Dooley.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
Theatre 2: "Romancing the Stone" (†).
Theatre 3: Through May 22: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins. From May 23: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (Steven Spielberg), with Harrison Ford.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Natural" (Barry Levinson), with Robert Redford and Robert Duvall.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 17: "Breakin' " (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey.
From May 18: "Sixteen Candles" (John Hughes), with Molly Ringwald and Paul Dooley.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Natural" (Barry Levinson), with Robert Redford and Robert Duvall.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through May 17: "Romancing the Stone" (†).
From May 18: To be announced.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through May 17: "Swing Shift" (†).
May 18-24: To be announced.
From May 25: "Heat of Desire" (Luc Beraud; in French), with Patrick Dewaere.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through May 17: "Footloose" (†). From May 18: "Final Terror."
Theatre 2: "Splash" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Terms of Endearment" (†).
Theatre 2: "Racing with the Moon" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 24: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day. From May 25: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Gabriela" (Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: "Privates on Parade" (Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through May 17: "Sixteen Candles" (John Hughes), with Molly Ringwald and Paul Dooley. From May 18: "Finders Keepers" (Richard Lester), with Michael O'Keefe and Beverly D'Angelo.
Theatre 2: "Firestarter" (Mark Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Zappa" (Bille August; in Danish).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through May 17: "Splash" (†).
May 18-24: "Swing Shift" From May 25: "Cold Feet" (Bruce vanDusen), with Griffin Dunne and Blanche Baker.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Sixteen Candles" (John Hughes), with Molly Ringwald and Paul Dooley.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Hardbodies" (Mark Griffiths), with Grant Cramer.
Theatre 2: Through May 22: "Breakin' " (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey. From May 23: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (Steven Spielberg), with Harrison Ford.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Firestarter" (Mark Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.
Theatre 2: Through May 17: "Swing Shift" (†). From May 18: "Making the Grade."

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through May 22: "Tenderness and Anger" (1981; directed by Johannes Flutsch; a Swiss film, in German), a documentary about a Gypsy family. From May 23: "In Heaven There Is No Beer?" (1983; Les Blank) and "Sprout Wings and Fly" (1983; Les Blank), both documentaries.
Theatre 2: Through May 17: "Tokyo Story" (1953; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and "A Geisha" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese). May 18-19: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "True Confessions" (1981; Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Robert Duvall. May 20-21: "King Kong" (1932 †) and "Beauty and the Beast" (†). May 22: "Light Years Away" (1981; Alain Tanner), with Trevor Howard; and "Messidor" (1979; Alain Tanner; in French). From May 23: "My Dinner with André" (†).

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Compleat Beatles" (Patrick Montgomery), a documentary.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through May 17: "Rent Control" (Gian Luigi Polidoro). From May 18: "Danny Boy" (Neil Jordan), with Stephen Rea and Honor Heffernan.
Theatre 2: "Splash" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
Theatre 2: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Le Bal" (Ettore Scola).
Theatre 2: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.
Theatre 3: Through May 24: "The Bounty." From May 25 (tentative): "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger.
Theatre 4: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Splash" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through May 17: "The Dresser" (†).
From May 18: To be announced.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Mission" (Parviz Sayyad; in Farsi).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Racing with the Moon" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Erendira" (Ruy Guerra; in Spanish), with Irene Papas.
Theatre 2: "Sugar Cane Alley" (Euzhan Palcy; in French).
Theatre 3: "Irezumi" (Yoichi Takabayashi; in Japanese).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Entre Nous" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.

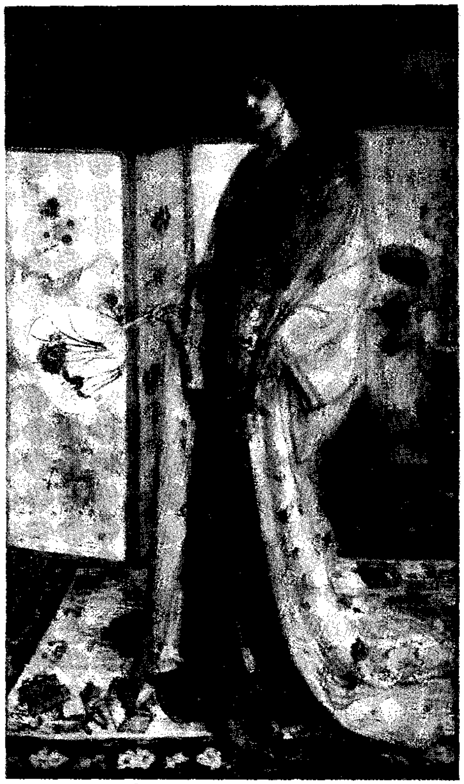
Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through May 24: "El Norte" (†). From May 25: "Cold Feet" (Bruce vanDusen), with Griffin Dunne and Blanche Baker.
Theatre 2: Through May 19: "Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades. From May 20: "Tomorrow" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Sixteen Candles" (John Hughes), with Molly Ringwald and Paul Dooley.
Theatre 2: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Natural" (Barry Levinson), with Robert Redford and Robert Duvall.
Theatre 4: "Splash" (†).

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.
Theatre 2: "Firestarter" (Mark Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through May 17: "Alphabet City" (Amos Poe), with Vincent Spano; and "Wild Style" (Charlie Ahearn). From May 18: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.
Theatre 2: Through May 17: "Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades. May 18-24: "Final Terror." From May 25: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).
Theatre 3: Through May 17: "Swing Shift" (†)

THIS YEAR, AT&T BRINGS YOU MASTERPIECES, CLASSICS, AND THE MOST MODERN ART IN THE WORLD.

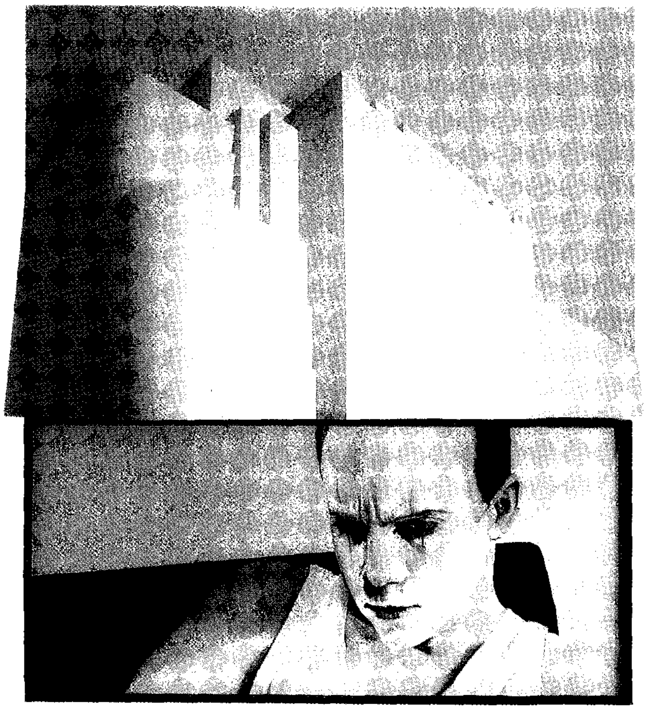


Rose and Silver: The Princess From the Land of Porcelain

"JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER
AT THE FREER GALLERY OF ART,"
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
MAY 11—DECEMBER 1

Juilliard String Quartet

"AT&T PRESENTS CARNEGIE HALL TONIGHT"
WEEKLY ON GOOD MUSIC RADIO STATIONS



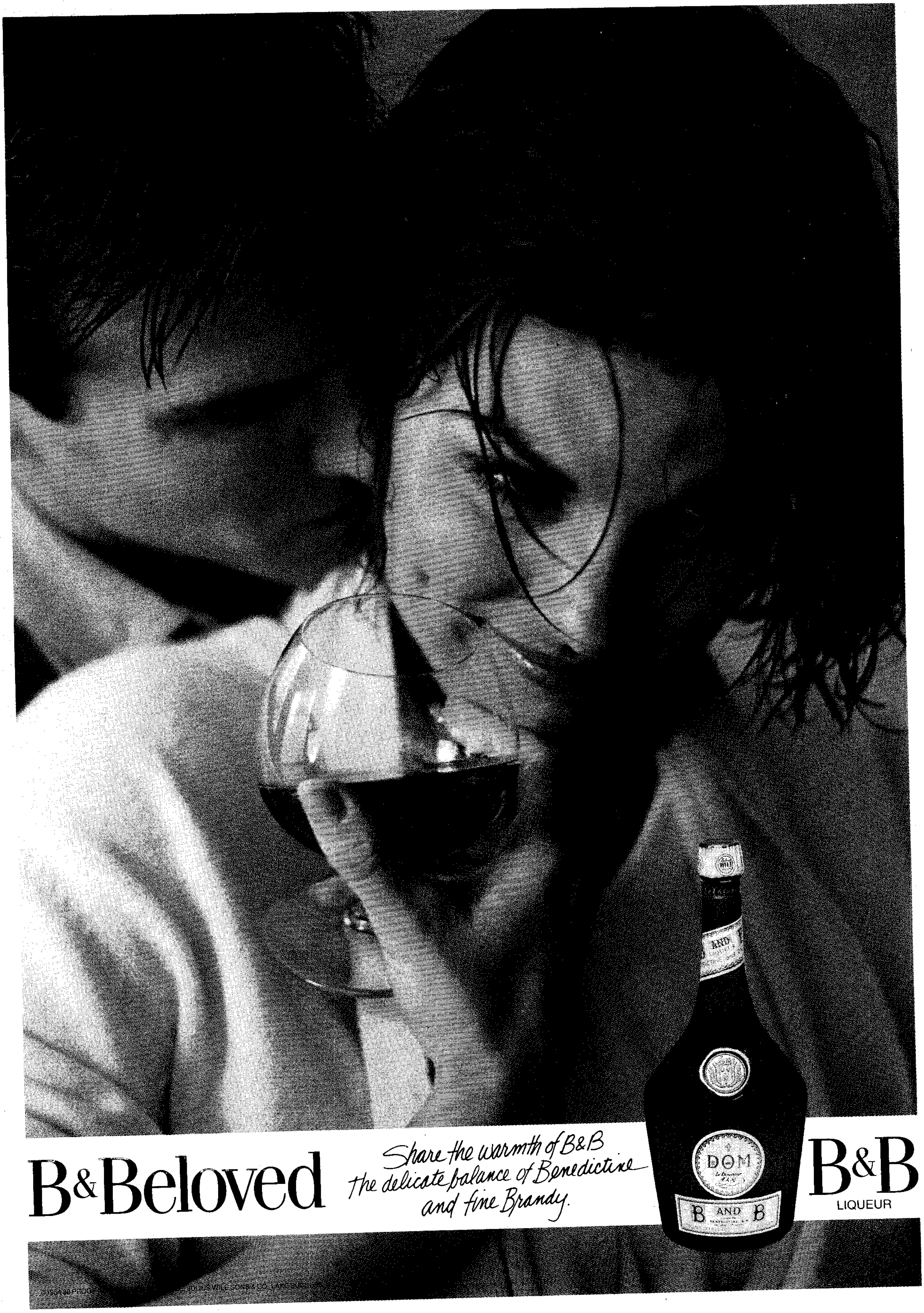
© Robert Longo, Collection: The Museum of Modern Art

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
"AN INTERNATIONAL SURVEY OF RECENT
PAINTING AND SCULPTURE" MAY 17—AUGUST 7

In 1984, AT&T continues its commitment to bring you great art and great artists.

We bring you 300 artworks of remarkable variety by an American master, a series of performances from one of the world's most revered concert halls, and a thought-provoking exhibition of today's most recent art selected from 16 countries.

AT&T


B&Beloved
Share the warmth of B&B
The delicate balance of Benedictine
and fine Brandy.
DOM
AND
B
B
B&B
LIQUEUR
80 PROOF ... JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., LAKE SUCCESS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and "Star 80" (†). From May 18: "Making the Grade."
Theatre 4: Through May 24: "Breakin'" (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey. From May 25: "Fleshburn."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).
Theatre 2: "Romancing the Stone" (†).
Theatre 3: "Scarface" (†).
Theatre 4: Through May 17: "Swing Shift" (†). From May 18: To be announced.
Theatre 5: "Iceman" (†).
Theatre 6: Through May 17: "Where the Boys Are" (directed by Hy Averback), with Lisa Hartman and Russell Todd. From May 18: "Suburbia" (Penelope Spheeris).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Splash" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter" (Joseph Zito).
Theatre 3: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
Theatre 4: "Terms of Endearment" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through May 22: Theatre closed.
From May 23: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (Steven Spielberg), with Harrison Ford.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Hardbodies" (Mark Griffiths), with Grant Cramer.
Theatre 2: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Sixteen Candles" (John Hughes), with Molly Ringwald and Paul Dooley.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Footloose" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Firestarter" (Mark Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore.
Theatre 2: Through May 17: "Alphabet City" (Amos Poe), with Vincent Spano. From May 18: "Final Terror."

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Breakin'" (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey.
Theatre 2: "The Natural" (Barry Levinson), with Robert Redford and Robert Duvall.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through May 17: "Purple Hearts" (Sidney J. Furie), with Ken Wahl and Cheryl Ladd. From May 18: "Finders Keepers" (Richard Lester), with Michael O'Keefe and Beverly D'Angelo.
Theatre 2: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
To be announced.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through May 17: "Voices of Zion."
From May 18: "Beyond Good and Evil" (1984; directed by Liliana Cavani; in Italian), with Erland Josephson.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 17: "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser; and "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski.
May 18-19: "Animal Crackers" (1930; Victor Heerman), "Duck Soup" (1933; Leo McCarey), and "Horse Feathers" (1932; Norman McLeod), all with the Marx Brothers.
May 20-22: "Animal House" (†); and "The Blues Brothers" (1980; John Landis), with John Belushi, Dan Aykroyd, Aretha Franklin, and Carrie Fisher.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

May 23-24: "Myra Breckinridge" (†); and "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970; Russ Meyer).
May 25-26: "Tender Mercies" (1983; Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall, Tess Harper, Ellen Barkin, and Betty Buckley; and "The Great Santini" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 17: "Alphabet City" (1984; Amos Poe), with Vincent Spano.
From May 18: "Final Terror."

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
May 16: "A Very Natural Thing" (1974; Christopher Larkin), with Robert Joel and Curt Gareth; and "Taxi zum Klo" (1981; Frank Ripploh; in German).
May 17-19: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell. X-rated.
May 20-21: "There's No Business Like Show Business" (1954; Walter Lang), with Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, Dan Dailey, Marilyn Monroe, Johnnie Ray, and Mitzi Gaynor; and "Kid Millions" (1934; Roy Del Ruth), with Eddie Cantor, Ann Sothern, and Ethel Merman.
May 22-23: "I'll Cry Tomorrow" (†) and "I Want to Live!" (†).
May 24-26: "Sudden Impact" (1983; Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood; and "Never Say Never Again" (1983; Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery as James Bond.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through May 17: "Moonraker" (1979; Lewis Gilbert) and "For Your Eyes Only" (1981; John Glen), both films with Roger Moore as James Bond.
May 18-19: "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; "Night of the Living Dead" (1968; George A. Romero), with Duane Jones; and "The Hills Have Eyes" (1977; Wes Craven), with Susan Lanier and Robert Houston.
May 20: "Ben-Hur" (1959 †).
May 21-22: "Vixen" (1969), "Cherry & Harry & Raquel" (1970), and "Finders Keepers, Lovers Weepers" (1969), all directed by Russ Meyer.
May 23-24: "The Wiz" (†); and "Lady Sings the Blues" (1972; Sidney J. Furie), with Diana Ross, Billy Dee Williams, and Richard Pryor.
May 25-26: "Zabriskie Point" (†); and "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through May 17: "One Man's War" (1981; Edgardo Cozarinsky; in French); and "Germany, Pale Mother" (1980; Helma Sanders-Brahms; in German), with Eva Mattes.
May 18: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye; and "Trial of Joan of Arc" (1962; Robert Bresson; in French).
May 19: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.
May 20: "Beat the Devil" (1954; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, and Peter Lorre; and "The African Queen" (1951; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn.
May 21-22: "Masculine Feminine" (†); and "My Life to Live" (1962; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.
May 23: "Panic in the Streets" (†) and "A Face in the Crowd" (†).
May 24: "Nostalghia" (1984; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Italian), with Erland Josephson; and "The Mirror" (1974; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).
From May 25: "8½" (†) and "L'Age d'Or" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
A festival of Cary Grant films:
May 16: "The Grass Is Greener" (1960; Stanley Donen), with Deborah Kerr, Robert Mitchum, and Jean Simmons; and "Mr. Lucky" (1943; H. C. Potter), with Laraine Day, Florence Bates, and Charles Bickford.
May 17-19: "In Name Only" (1939; John Cromwell), with Carole Lombard and Kay Francis; and "Penny Serenade" (1941; George Stevens), with Irene Dunne, Edgar Buchanan, and Beulah Bondi.
May 20-21: "The Bishop's Wife" (1947; Henry Koster), with Loretta Young and David Niven; and "Once Upon a Time" (1944; Alexander Hall), with Janet Blair.
May 22-23: "Dream Wife" (1953; Sidney Sheldon), with Deborah Kerr, Betta St. John, and Walter Pidgeon; and "Crisis" (1950; Richard Brooks), with José Ferrer.
May 24-26: "Father Goose" (1964; Ralph Nelson), with Leslie Caron and Trevor Howard; and "Walk, Don't Run" (1966; Charles Walters), with Samantha Eggar and Jim Hutton.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
May 16: "Zatoichi Enters Again" (1963; Tokuzo Tanaka; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "Hoodlum Soldier on the Attack" (1967; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu.
May 17: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore, Gloria Grahame, and Thomas Mitchell; and "Pot o' Gold" (1941; George Marshall), with Paulette Goddard and James Stewart.
May 18: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina; and "All Screwed Up" (1974; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian).
May 19: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q.

Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards; and "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson), with Gibson.

May 20: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "Heatwave" (1983; Phillip Noyce; an Australian film), with Judy Davis and Richard Moir.

May 21: "Faust" (1926; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Emil Jannings; and "The Haunted Castle" (1921; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film).

May 22: "Blue Jeans" (1978); and "Ernesto" (1977).

May 23: "Sword of Justice #3" (1972; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "The Naked Seven" (1974; Yasuhara Hasabe; in Japanese).

May 24: "Wise Blood" (1980; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright; and "The Long, Hot Summer" (†).

May 25: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, Carole Laure, Michel Serrault, and Riton; and "Beau Père" (1981; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse.

May 26: "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 16: "The Turning Point" (1977; Herbert Ross), with Anne Bancroft, Shirley MacLaine, Tom Skerritt, Mikhail Baryshnikov, and Leslie Browne; and "Julia" (1977; Fred Zinnemann), with Jane Fonda, Vanessa Redgrave, and Jason Robards.

May 17: "The Desperate Hours" (1955; William Wyler), with Humphrey Bogart, Fredric March, Martha Scott, Arthur Kennedy, and Dewey Martin; and "Marked Woman" (1937; Lloyd Bacon), with Bette Davis and Humphrey Bogart.

May 18-19: "Kennel Murder Case" (1933; Michael Curtiz), with Mary Astor, William Powell, Helen Vinson, and Jack La Rue; and "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (1939; Alfred E. Green), with Gracie Allen and Warren William.

May 20: "The Little Foxes" (†) and "Dodsworth" (†).

May 21: "Strike" (†) and "The End of St. Petersburg" (†).

May 22: "Monkey Business" (1952; Howard Hawks), with Cary Grant, Ginger Rogers, Charles Coburn, and Marilyn Monroe; and "We're Not Married!" (1952; Edmund Goulding), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Allen, and Victor Moore.

May 23: "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940; John Ford), with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell; and "Tobacco Road" (†).

May 24: "The Return of Frank James" (1940; Fritz Lang), with Henry Fonda; and "Western Union" (1941; Fritz Lang), with Robert Young and Randolph Scott.

May 25-26: "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady; and "Nothing Sacred" (1937; William Wellman), with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium 2, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—May 17 at 2:30 and 6: "Stranger than Paradise, Part I" (1982; directed by Jim Jarmusch), with John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson; and "Born in Flames" (1983; Lizzie Borden), with Honey, Adele Bertei, Jeanne Satterfield, and Flo Kennedy. . . . ¶ May 18 at 2:30: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Miriam Hopkins, Herbert Marshall, and Kay Francis. . . . ¶ May 18 at 6: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971; Robert Altman), with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie. . . . ¶ May 19 at 2:30: "My Darling Clementine" (1946; John Ford), with Henry Fonda, Linda Darnell, and Victor Mature. . . . ¶ May 19 at 5: "The Invisible Man" (1933; James Whale), with Claude Rains and Gloria Stuart. . . . ¶ May 20 at 2:30: "Nothing Sacred" (1937; William Wellman), with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger. . . . ¶ May 20 at 5: "Trouble in Paradise." . . . ¶ May 21 at 2:30: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller." . . . ¶ May 21 at 6: "Duck Soup" (1933; Leo McCarey), with the Marx Brothers. . . . ¶ May 22 at 2:30: "My Darling Clementine." . . . ¶ May 22 at 6: A program of short films, 1905-10. . . . ¶ May 24 at 2:30 and 6: "Je Tu Il Elle" (1974; Chantal Akerman; in French, with English subtitles), with Chantal Akerman, Niels Arestrup, and Claire Wauthion. For adults only. . . . ¶ May 25 at 2:30: "Nothing Sacred." . . . ¶ May 25 at 6: "Million Dollar Legs" (1932; Edward Cline), with W. C. Fields and Jack Oakie. . . . ¶ May 26 at 2:30: "Duck Soup." . . . ¶ May 26 at 5: "Dr. Strangelove" (1963; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—The first of three programs of films directed by Oscar Micheaux. Starting May 22, "Body and Soul" (1924; a silent film), with Paul Robeson, Mercedes Gilbert, and Juliet Theresa Russell, will be shown daily at 12:30; and "The Exile" (1931), with Eunice Brooks, Charles Moore, and A. B. Comathiere, will be shown daily at 3 (and Tuesday at 6). Closed Mondays.

Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. (594-2826)—Two films directed by Alan Schneider: "Rockaby," with Billie Whitelaw, and "Beckett on Film," with Buster Keaton. (Monday, May 21, at 8 and 10; Tuesday through Thursday, May 22-24, at 8; Friday, May 25, at 6, 8, and 10; Saturday, May 26, at 2, 6, 8, and 10; and Sunday, May 27, at 3, 5, and 7.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

L'Age d'Or (1930)—The most anti-religious, most anti-bourgeois of all Luis Buñuel's films and, naturally, the most scandalous. This episodic sixty-minute film—surreal, dreamlike, and deliberately, pornographically blasphemous—was written by both Buñuel and Salvador Dali, who had collaborated two years before on "Un Chien Andalou." With Gaston Modot, Lya Lys, Max Ernst, Pierre Prévert, and Jacques Brunius. In French. (Metro Cinema; starting May 25.)

Animal House (1978)—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (Cinema Village; May 20-22.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length movie (he wrote and directed it) is perhaps the most sensuously elegant of all filmed fairy tales. As a child escapes from everyday family life into the magic of a storybook, so, in the film, Beauty's farm, with its Vermeer simplicity, fades in intensity as we are caught up in the Gustave Doré extravagance of the Beast's enchanted landscape. In Christian Bérard's makeup, Jean Marais is a magnificent Beast; Beauty's self-sacrifice for him holds no more horror than a satisfying romantic fantasy should have. The transformation of the Beast into Prince Charming is ambiguous—what we have gained cannot quite take the place of what we have lost. (When shown the film, Greta Garbo is reported to have said at the end, "Give me back my Beast.") The delicate Josette Day is, quite properly, Beauty. With Marcel André as the father, Michel Auclair as the brother, and Mila Parély as a sister. Alekan was the cinematographer; Georges Auric wrote the score; Bérard did the décor and costumes. (A running account of the making of the picture—anxieties, physical ailments, mistakes, and all—is given in Cocteau's entertaining 1950 book "Diary of a Film.") In French. (Film Forum; May 20-21.)

Ben-Hur (1959)—Movie moguls have always had a real affinity for the grandiosity of the old Roman Empire. Charlton Heston plays the Jewish prince Ben-Hur; when he refuses to rat on the Jews opposed to Roman domination, his childhood friend Messala (Stephen Boyd) packs him off to the galleys and sends his mother (Martha Scott) and his sister (Cathy O'Donnell) to a dungeon. After prolonged slaving at the oars, Ben-Hur escapes and saves the life of a bigwig in the Roman navy (Jack Hawkins), who adopts him. Eventually we get to the chariot race, with Ben-Hur pitted against the treacherous Messala. Lew Wallace's hectic potboiler-classic has everything—even leprosy. M-G-M laid on the cash and William Wyler directed, with several busy assistants; the cast includes Sam Jaffe, Haya Harareet, Hugh Griffith, Finlay Currie, and a corps of stunt men. Has anyone ever been able to detect the contributions to the script of Gore Vidal, Christopher Fry, and S. N. Behrman? Could they? (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 20.)

The Blood of a Poet (1930)—Jean Cocteau's first film is an enigmatic account of a poet's dreams and ecstasies and obsession with the unknown, composed in four illogical, timeless sequences that happen in the instant that a chimney topples. Here is Cocteau's own interpretation: "The poet's solitude is so great, he so lives what he creates, that the mouth of one of his creations lives in his hand like a wound, and that he loves this mouth, that he loves himself in short, that he wakes up in the morning with this mouth against him like a pickup, that he tries to get rid of it, and that he gets rid of it on a dead statue—and that this statue begins to live—and that it takes its revenge, and that it sets him off upon awful adventures. I can tell you that the snowball fight is the poet's childhood, and that when he plays the games of cards with his Glory, with his Destiny, he cheats by taking from his childhood that which he should draw from within himself." The first time you see this film, you're likely to find it silly, auto-erotic, static, absurd, and you may feel cheated after having heard so much about it. But though it may seem to have no depth, you're not likely to forget it—it has a suggestiveness unlike any other film. Almost twenty years later, in "Orpheus," Cocteau orchestrated the themes of the dreams and ecstasies of the poet. Music by Georges Auric. Photography by Georges Périnal. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting May 25.)

Broadway Danny Rose—Danny Rose is a small-time booking agent who nurtures his more promising clients until they're on the brink of stardom, at which point they invariably leave him and sign up with big-time agents. The new Judas in his life is Lou Canova (Nick Apollo Forte), a barrel-chested singer in his forties with a dimply, piggy, Vegas smile and a voice to make musicians shudder. Woody Allen, who plays Danny and who also wrote and directed this Damon Runyonesque movie, has left out the hostility that made him famous, and the imagination and freak lyricism, too. Danny is a Chaplinesque moral presence in a world of Catskills comics and Mafia hoods. The movie is about how Lou Canova's ruthless, tough girlfriend Tina (Mia Farrow, disguised with a nasal accent, fright wig, shades, and some padding) learns to appreciate Danny. Shot in grainy black-and-white, the material is dim and larval, like Danny. The picture has a curdled, Diane Arbus bleakness, but it also has some good fast talk and some push. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/6/84.) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 17.)

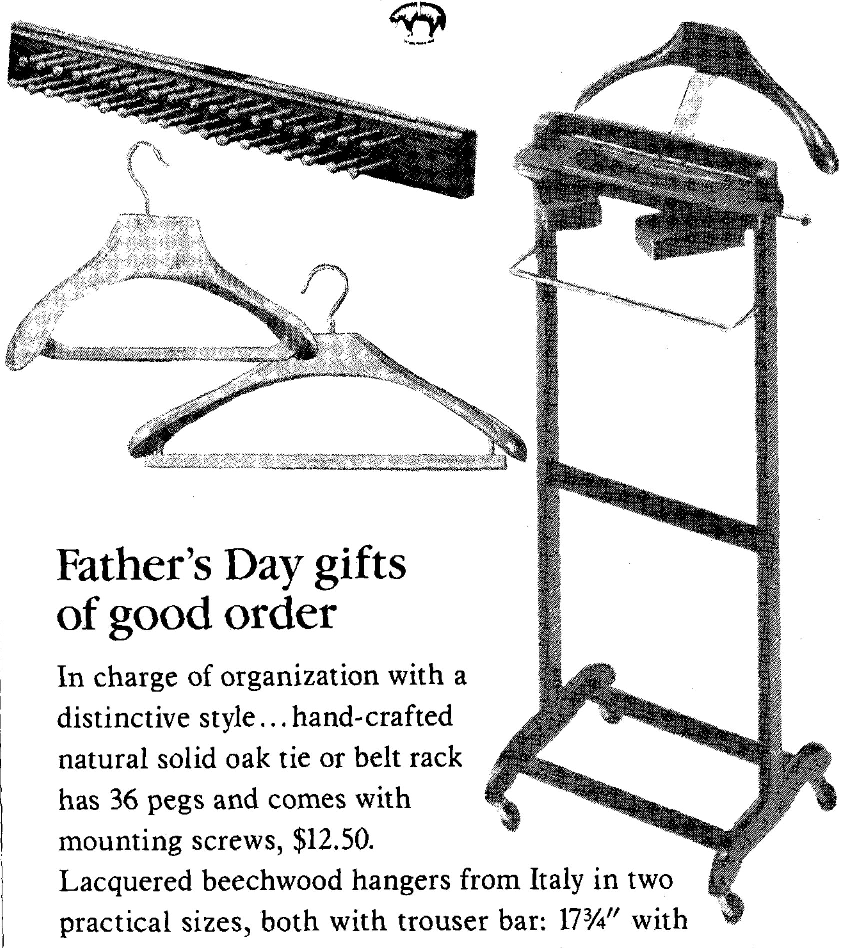
Dodsworth (1936)—While other writers were turning out novels ridiculing American materialism and glorifying the expatriate existence, Sinclair Lewis conceived a businessman hero and showed him to be a true dreamer, while his culture-mad wife, longing to be enriched by life in Europe, was a foolish horror. Sidney Howard made a play of Lewis's novel, and Walter Huston gave a legendary performance as the hero. He also stars in the movie version, which was produced by Sam Goldwyn with great care and taste; William Wyler is the director. There's only one trouble, really, but it's central: Sidney Howard also did the screenplay, and the movie follows the stage version too closely. It looks programmed and underpopulated, though in an elegantly stylized way. (Rudolph Maté was the cinematographer.) Ruth Chatterton plays the wife. Mary Astor is the woman who appreciates Dodsworth's real value, and the cast includes Maria Ouspenskaya (she's Viennese this time), Paul Lukas, David Niven, Odette Myrtil, Spring Byington, and John Payne. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 20.)

The Dresser—Almost everything in this screen version of Ronald Harwood's 1980 play is good except what relates to its theme: the symbiotic relationship between an old Shakespearean actor-manager (Albert Finney) and his dresser (Tom Courtenay). The material is conceived as a tribute to the flyweight dresser, who cajoles and teases and mothers the old trouper, and keeps him going. In the film's view, great actors are incorrigible, demented children; they need these dedicated nannies hopping about and fussing over them. Courtenay played the dresser on the stage, and his performance is too practiced; it's all dried up. Finney, however, is juicy, with a thundering voice and wonderful false humility. Peter Yates directed, and he provides some fond, light moments. With Lockwood West, Edward Fox, Cathryn Harrison, Eileen Atkins, and Zena Walker. (1/23/84) (Festival; through May 17.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical phantasmagoria. Guido (Marcello Mastroianni), the director hero, is the center of the film's universe, the creator on whose word everything waits, the man sought after by everyone. He can do anything, and the possibilities confuse him. Just as "La Dolce Vita" confirmed popular suspicions about the depravity of the rich and gifted, "8½" confirms the popular view of the life of a *successful* genius. We see Guido's conflicts between his love for his wife, his desire for his mistress, his ideal of innocence, and his dreams of a harem, and we are given to understand that he must come to grips with himself as a precondition to "creation." The multiringed circus of "8½" is such a luxuriously externalized version of an artist's inner life that it's more like the fantasy of someone who wishes he were a movie director—someone who has soaked up those movie versions of an artist's life, in which in the midst of a carnival or a ball the hero receives inspiration and dashes away to transmute life into art. It's a de-luxe glorification of creative crisis, visually arresting (the dark and light contrasts are extraordinary, magical) but in some essential way conventional-minded. The cast includes Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, Claudia Cardinale, Rossella Falk, Barbara Steele, Madeleine Lebeau, Guido Alberti as the producer, Jean Rougeul as the critic, Annibale Ninchi as Guido's father, and Edra Gale as La Saraghina. The cinematography is by Gianni Di Venanzo; the score is by Nino Rota; the script is by Fellini, Ennio Flaiano, and others. In Italian. (Metro Cinema; starting May 25.)

The End of St. Petersburg (1927)—The Russian Revolution, from the point of view of a peasant. Pudovkin made this melodramatic celebration film for the tenth anniversary of the Revolution; it's hectic, romantic, and full of beautiful imagery. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 21.)

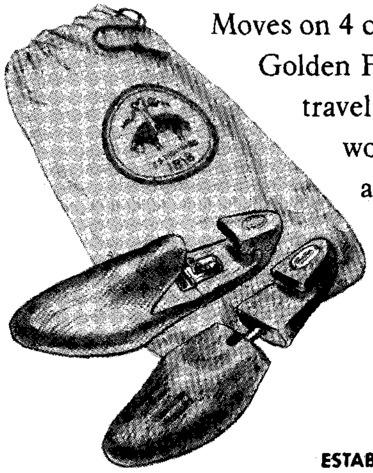
Entre Nous—The French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing



Father's Day gifts of good order

In charge of organization with a distinctive style... hand-crafted natural solid oak tie or belt rack has 36 pegs and comes with mounting screws, $12.50. Lacquered beechwood hangers from Italy in two practical sizes, both with trouser bar: 17¾" with broad shaping for proper coat support, $21.50; standard 16½", $10. Walnut-finish wood valet from Italy has a hanger for perfect jacket shaping, trouser bar, lined swivel trays for accessories, and a hidden bar for ties and belts. Moves on 4 casters, $125. Cotton chamois Golden Fleece shoe bags for storage or travel, $6 a pair. Lightweight cherry wood adjustable shoe trees, $23.50; aromatic cedar wood shoe trees in sizes small, medium, large or extra large, $16.50. *Street Floor*

Use your Brooks Brothers card, American Express or Diners Club



ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Furnishings for Men, Women & Boys

Atlanta • Bal Harbour • Boston • Chestnut Hill • Chevy Chase • Chicago • Cincinnati • Cleveland • Dallas • Detroit
Ft. Lauderdale • Houston • Indianapolis • Kansas City • King of Prussia • Los Angeles • Manhasset
Newport Beach • New Orleans • New York • Northbrook • Oakbrook • Palm Beach • Paramus • Philadelphia
Pittsburgh • St. Louis • San Francisco • Scarsdale • Seattle • Short Hills • Stamford • Tokyo • Troy
Tysons Corner • Washington, D.C. • Willow Grove

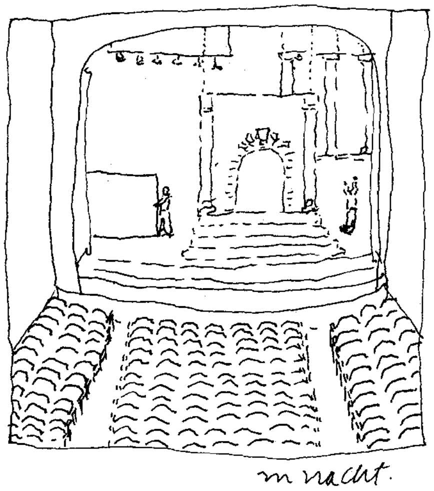
possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Cinema Studio.)

A Face in the Crowd (1957)—Andy Griffith as a hillbilly guitarist who rises to dangerous prominence on television, in Elia Kazan's blast at the fascist potential in American mass culture. Some exciting scenes in the first half, but the later developments are frenetic, and by the end the film is a loud and discordant mess. With Patricia Neal, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa. They could all use a good cold shower. Lee Remick, making her film début, is an amazingly sexy young baton-twirler. Budd Schulberg wrote the script; the music is by Tom Glazer. (Metro Cinema; May 23.)

Footloose—High-school kids in a mythical Midwestern community that bans rock 'n' roll and dancing. The movie has plot elements from "Rebel Without a Cause" and dance numbers chopped to pieces in the rock-video manner of "Flashdance." The director, Herbert Ross, and the writer, Dean Pitchford, exhaust one bad idea after another, and build up to a letdown; you don't get the climactic dance you expect. With Kevin Bacon as the new boy in town who challenges the bans and fights for the right of the students to have a senior prom; John Lithgow as the glum Reverend (of the town's only church); Lori Singer as the Reverend's spitfire daughter; Christopher Penn as a sluggish hayseed; and Jim Youngs, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Dianne Wiest. Despite the retrograde material, Lori Singer has a startling radiance, and Penn manages to be funny and appealing. Edited by Paul Hirsch. (3/5/84) (New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ Manhattan; through May 17.)

The Great Santini (1980; "The Ace")—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall as the military-psychopath father and Michael O'Keefe as the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son. There's a sequence that is a strong metaphor for the ugly competitiveness inside a father's determination to toughen up a son: a one-on-one basketball game between them. Refusing to accept his defeat, the father follows the boy inside the house and demands another game; walking up the stairs right behind the boy, he tries to goad him by bouncing the ball, hard, off the boy's head and calling him "my sweetest little girl." This is the only sequence that hits home, though. Adapted from Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel, "The Great Santini," the movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Carolina, where Conroy grew up, but (as written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino) it takes place in the TV land of predictability—that plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. Almost inevitably, since this is the South, the principles involve friendship with a saintly black (Stan Shaw), who is crippled and has a stammer, or at least a hesitation, and is martyred by redneck stupidity and cruelty. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure and brings in shadings that help to suggest a real family, though she doesn't have a single scene that is really hers. Also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper, David Keith as the redneck so mean he shoots the black's dawg, and Paul Mantee. Music by Elmer Bernstein. (Cinema Village; May 25-26.)

Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes—The director Hugh Hudson brings his unique mixture of pomposity and ineptitude to this expensively mounted version of the Edgar Rice Burroughs material. The first half, in the jungle, is fairly absorbing. But it's unlikely that anyone will ever congratulate Hudson for seamless moviemaking. When he sets something up, chances are there won't be any follow-through. After a while, you lose that sense of expectation which is one of the glories of big adventure films. And Hudson has his child Tarzan experiencing so much physical torment and humiliation that young kids are likely to be horrified. The young Frenchman Christopher Lambert, who plays the part, has a fine physique, but he's a charmless, unmagnetic Tarzan; he's never allowed to be playful. The only performer who clearly enjoys himself is that old prankster Ralph Richardson, in his last screen appearance; as Tarzan's grandfather, Lord Greystoke, he comes up with one emotional flourish after another. In the film's second half, Hudson twists the story into knots to deliver his "statement" that apes are more civilized than people; the movie simply loses its mind, and dribbles to a pathetically indecisive conclusion. With Andie MacDowell as a softly enticing Jane, Nigel Davenport, Ian Holm, James Fox, Ian Charleson, Paul Geoffrey, and Cheryl Campbell. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the script is by P. H. Vazak (Robert Towne) and Michael Austin. (4/2/84) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting May 25.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Iceman—John Lone is awesome in the way he stirs our empathy with the hero—the prehistoric man who has been asleep inside glacial ice for forty thousand years. Uncouth as this Neanderthal may look, he has a full range of feeling in his eyes. He's unmistakably human, and he's dislocated in history—he thinks he has been enchanted and that he's being punished. It's a strange, elating movie with the Iceman at its emotional center; his mystical fervor takes hold. The director, Fred Schepisi, and his two longtime collaborators, the composer Bruce Smeaton and the cinematographer Ian Baker, achieve that special and overwhelming fusion of the arts which great visual moviemaking can give us. With Timothy Hutton, Lindsay Crouse, Josef Sommer, and David Strathairn. Written by Chip Proser and John Drimmer, from Drimmer's story. (4/30/84) (Criterion Theatres.)

I'll Cry Tomorrow (1956)—This maudlin M-G-M bio-pic, based on Lillian Roth's book (written with Mike Connolly and Gerold Frank) about how she rose to fame as a singer-actress and then drank her way to shame, has a low-grade, sordid, masochistic appeal. Susan Hayward was close to forty when she played the part, and her scenes as the teen-age Lillian lack the necessary eagerness and vividness. She deepens her speaking voice, and though it is said that she did her own singing, the big, low, rather toneless voice doesn't seem to emanate from her, and when she stands with her chest pushed out and imitates the movements Roth made when she sang, there's no drive behind what she's doing—nothing to suggest what made Lillian Roth a headliner. There's very little left to suggest what made Hayward a star, either; she falls back on tired technique and flaccid, self-pitying nobility. (You have to see her in something like "Deadline at Dawn" of 1946 to get an idea of how much she'd slipped.) Eddie Albert gives the booby-prize performance, as the Alcoholics Anonymous man who brings about Lillian's spiritual rebirth; he keeps his square jaw tilted upward—humility lifts his every thought to heaven. Considering the feeble script (by Helen Deutsch and Jay Richard Kennedy), it's surprising that the director; Daniel Mann, managed to hold viewers at all. He doesn't establish a sense of period or of locale or of the passage of time. The only scenes that have any energy are those with Richard Conte as Lillian's sadistic husband; the viewer feels a queasy curiosity and dread. There's a classic pulp ending; the heroine walks forward to the stage for a "This Is Your Life" show, her face bathed in celestial light. With Jo Van Fleet as Lillian's monomaniacal stage mother, and Ray Danton, Don Taylor, Margo, Virginia Gregg, and Don Barry; Carole Ann Campbell, the little girl who plays Lillian at eight, is uncannily like both Roth and Hayward. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 22-23.)

I Want to Live (1958)—Susan Hayward in a brassy treatment of the life of Barbara Graham as she made her way to the California gas chamber. Tabloid journalism that has the nerve to get pious about detesting capital punishment. Roger Wise directed. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 22-23.)

King Kong (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig, and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. (Film Forum; May 20-21.)

The Little Foxes (1941)—Bette Davis's tight, dry performance was probably a mistake; her Regina is so villainous that this version of Lillian Hellman's play about a Southern family of predators doesn't have the temperament and drive that Tallulah Bankhead gave it on the stage. But it's a handsome movie melodrama, well contrived and showily acted. William Wyler directed; with Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright, Patricia Collinge, Richard Carlson, Charles Dingle, and Dan Duryea, overdoing the whinnying weakling. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 20.)

The Long, Hot Summer (1958)—This amalgam of Faulkner's stories "Barn Burning" and "Spotted Horses" (which is part of his novel "The Hamlet") turned out to be highly commercial and hugely entertaining. The setting is a Mississippi town run by Will Varner (Orson Welles); Paul Newman plays Ben Quick, the stud drifter who comes into town and makes a deal with Varner to marry his tough-minded, virgin schoolteacher daughter (Joanne Woodward). Ben Quick is one of those arrogant-on-the-outside, vulnerable-on-the-inside roles that Newman could do better than any other movie actor, and he and Woodward have some electric, strong scenes together. Martin Ritt directed from a crackerjack popular screenplay by Irving Ravetch and his wife Harriet Frank, Jr. (In 1945, Faulkner had worked on a screen treatment of "Barn Burning" but nothing came of it.) With Angela Lansbury, Lee Remick, Anthony Franciosa, and Richard Anderson. (Thalia; May 24.)

Masculine Feminine (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's graceful, intuitive examination of the courtship rites of "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola." The boy, a pop revolutionary (Jean-Pierre Léaud), is full of doubts and questions. The girl (Chantal Goya) is a yé-yé singer with a thin, reedy little voice; her face is haunting just because it's so empty—she seems alive only when she's looking in the mirror, toying with her hair. The film—a combination of journalistic sketches, love lyrics, and satire—is about the differing attitudes of the sexes toward love and war in an atmosphere of total and easy disbelief, when government policies are accepted with the same contempt as TV commercials. The two lovers and their friends are united by their disdain for the world of adults, and by the pop culture that they love. The film includes informal boy-to-boy conversations about women and politics; there is a phenomenal six-minute single-take parody interview conducted by the hero with a Miss Nineteen; and there are two boy-girl sessions which define the contemporary meaning of masculine and feminine. Godard captures the awkwardnesses that reveal—the pauses, the pretensions, the mannerisms. He gets at the differences in the way girls are with each other and with boys, and boys with each other and with girls. Not just what they do, but how they smile and look away. In French. (Metro Cinema; May 21-22.)

Moscow on the Hudson—Robin Williams as a Russian sax player who defects, in Paul Mazursky's wonderful comedy about a tragedy—about going away forever, about never being able to go home. The defection takes place in Bloomingdale's, and it doesn't take long before the sax player discovers the isolation and paranoia of living in New York. Imaginative and mellow, this movie displays Mazursky's distinctive funky lyricism at its best. With Maria Conchita Alonso, a beauty who's an unself-conscious cutup, and Alejandro Rey, Cleavant Derricks, Elya Baskin, and Mazursky himself as a Florida tourist named Dave. The film's comic rhythm (though not its mood) falters in the last third. The script is by the director and Leon Capetanos; the cinematography is by Don McAlpine. (4/16/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Greenwich Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

My Dinner with André (1981)—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern Platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed by Louis Malle, it flows smoothly, creating the illusion that we are simply listening in on the dinnertime conversation of the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. The premise of the movie is that they haven't seen each other since 1975, when André dropped out—took off on a spiritual quest for "reality," which led him around the world. (Actually, they taped their conversations two or three times a week for three months, and then Shawn worked for a year shaping the material into a script, in which they play comic distillations of aspects of themselves.) Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, who's like the sum of all the crackpot glittery-eyed charmers in the world, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences. He keeps going, in wave after impassioned wave, describing astonishing, preposterous adventures in the Polish forests, in Scotland, in India and Tibet and in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart, when the men and women of the theatre became dissatisfied with the limits of stage performance and began to delve into para-theatrical cults. Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, throws in an occasional skeptical dart, and then, when he begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism and offers the grubbiest of small comforts as proof of the fullness of his life. The two are perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy—the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre, or, at least, into a movie. (Film Forum; starting May 23.)

Myra Breckinridge (1970)—With Mae West, looking uneasy for the first time in her screen life. The shape of the film is a mess, and the calculation is muddled, unlike the novel's. Hellbent on going too far, the movie applies great violence to no visible object for violence. The film is obsessed with gender, which the filmmakers seem to think is the same thing as sex. (Cinema Village; May 23-24.)

El Norte—An independently made epic about the flight of two oppressed, terrorized young Guatemalans—Rosa (Zaide Silvia Gutierrez) and her brother Enrique (David Villalpando)—who travel from their Mayan village in the highlands to modern Los Angeles, where they pass themselves off as Mexicans and become part of the Hispanic cheap-labor force. Written by the director, Gregory Nava, and his wife, Anna Thomas, who was the producer, the film tries to cover all the bases—the typical difficult, wrenching experiences of Central American refugees. It's uninspired, but the subject has so much resonance that the picture doesn't leave you feeling quite as empty as an ordinary mediocre movie does. With Stella Quan, Trinidad Silva, and Lupe Ontiveros. In Spanish. (2/20/84) (Embassy 72nd St.; through May 24.)

Panic in the Streets (1950)—Elia Kazan took a fairly conventional thriller script and made a tense, high-powered movie of it. Seeing this film, one wouldn't know that he had ever worked in the theatre: everything is kept moving, in a nervous, edgy way, yet the performances are never sacrificed to the action. The setting is the New Orleans waterfront; a murder victim is discovered to be carrying plague, and a Public Health doctor (Richard Widmark) and a city detective (Paul Douglas) hunt for everybody who had come into contact with him. Mean Jack Palance (then billed as Walter Jack Palance) and frightened, sweaty Zero Mostel are the thugs they're after. With Barbara Bel Geddes, who is exceedingly likable as Widmark's wife, Tommy Rettig as their son, and Alexis Minotis. Daniel Fuchs adapted the script, and Joe MacDonald shot the picture in and on actual bars and wharfs. (Metro Cinema; May 23.)

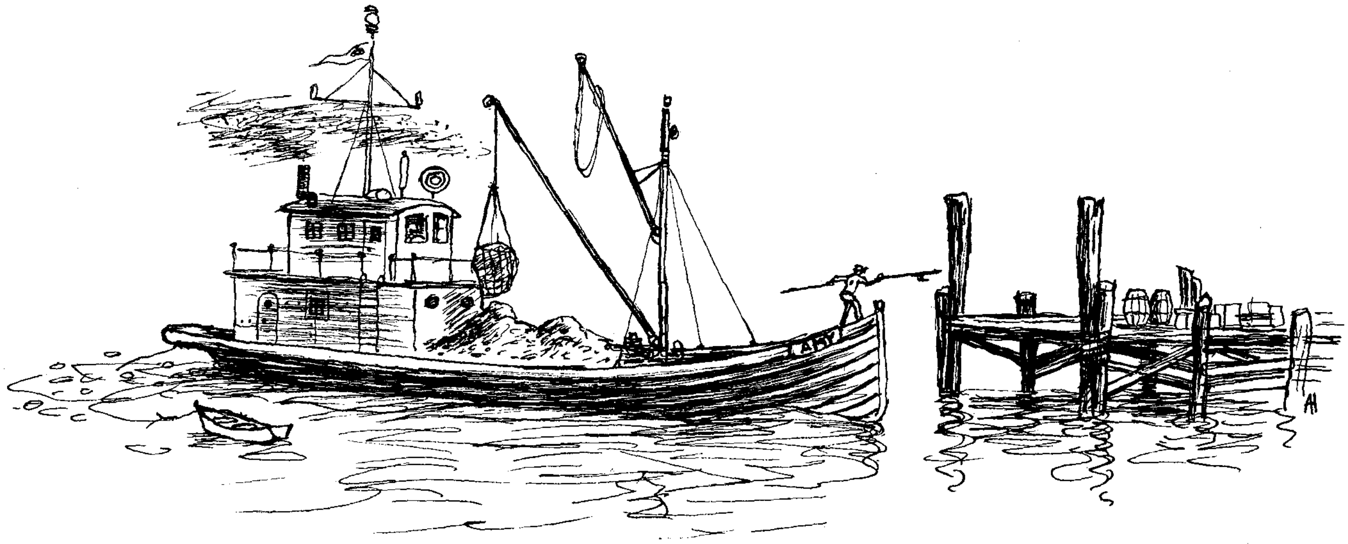
Les Parents Terribles (1949; also known as "The Storm Within")—One of Cocteau's two or three greatest films, and one of the finest examples of group acting ever photographed. He took his play about the disorderly, unpredictable parents (Marcel André and Yvonne de Bray) who cannot accept the fact that their son (Jean Marais) is growing up and re-created it for the screen with such skill that a true claustrophobic family atmosphere is achieved. In structure, this is a coincidence-ridden boulevard comedy, but Cocteau has lifted it to the realm of tragicomic Oedipal fable. The mother screams for the police when she learns that her son has a girl; Yvonne de Bray's performance is so magically convincing that Marais's actual mother is said to have developed a jealous hatred of her. Gabrielle Dorziat plays the boy's aunt, and Josette Day his girl. Designed by Christian Bérard; the score is by Georges Auric. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting May 18.)

Racing with the Moon—It's Christmas, 1942, and Sean Penn and Nicolas Cage are two Northern California small-town boys who are due to report to the Marines in six weeks; Penn falls in love with a new girl in town (Elizabeth McGovern), and Cage gets a girl pregnant. That's the whole movie. Penn brings to his role emotional crosscurrents and creates a young lived-in character; you see the full person, with nothing closed off. Richard Benjamin directs all three of them lovingly, so that the nuances they bring to their roles sustain our interest. But the picture isn't enough of anything; there isn't a thing in it that you can get excited about or quarrel with. The script, written by Steven Kloves (when he was twenty-two), is a reminiscence based on earlier reminiscences. (4/2/84) (Coronet, and Loews Paramount.)

Romancing the Stone—This slapstick adventure comedy is in the commercial genre of "Raiders of the Lost Ark," but it's a simpler, more likable entertainment. Kathleen Turner plays the timid, pleasantly slobby author of best-seller romances who is thrust into the kind of perils she has dreamed up for her books. The picture has a bravura opening and a jolly kind of movement, but it becomes too slam-bang. Still, the director, Robert Zemeckis, sustains the carefree tone; and the wide-screen imagery, which is stunning at the start, is always good to look at. (Dean Cundey was the cinematographer.) As Zolo the knifer, Manuel Ojeda is a terrific swinish villain, and Alfonso Arau has an affable spaciness as a Colombian drug-trade chieftain who's hooked on the heroine's novels. It's too bad that the hero is Michael Douglas, the producer of the film, who isn't a comedian and tries too hard. His face exaggerates everything and registers nothing, and no matter how fast he moves he seems to slow down whatever is going on around him. Written by Diane Thomas. With Danny DeVito, Zack Norman, Holland Taylor, and Mary Ellen Trainor. (4/30/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Gotham Cinema; through May 17.)

Scarface—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic. Al Pacino's Tony Montana, a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. It's a druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to bring something larger than life out of Tony's debauchery. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham, Steven Bauer, Robert Loggia, Michelle Pfeiffer, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Paul Shenar, Harris Yulin, Arnaldo Santana, Richard Belzer, and Miriam Colon. Cinematography by John A. Alonzo; the designer Ferdinando Scarfiotti served as visual consultant; the score is by Giorgio Moroder. (12/26/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

Splash—This romantic comedy-fantasy about a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) who falls in love with a New Yorker (Tom Hanks) has a friendly, tantalizing magic. Hannah has the look of a beatifically sexy Nordic goddess, yet her flashing tail and fins are like a butterfly's wings—they're her most ravishing feature.



The director, Ron Howard, has a knack for bringing the sweetness out of his performers without lingering on it. He's also the first film director who has let John Candy loose. As the hero's debonair playboy brother, he's a mountainous lollipop of a man, and preposterously lovable. The picture is frequently on the verge of being more wonderful than it is—more lyrical, a little wilder. That verge isn't a bad place to be, though. With Eugene Levy as a nuthead scientist. Written by the team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, along with Bruce Jay Friedman. *(3/19/84)* (Manhattan, Waverly, Guild, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through May 17.))

Star 80—Written and directed by Bob Fosse, this movie is based on accounts of the murder of the *Playboy* playmate Dorothy Stratten by her estranged bodybuilder husband, Paul Snider, who, after killing her, sodomized the corpse and then shot himself. Fosse uses the case as evidence that murder is inherent in pornography and that the whole world is scummy. As Snider, Eric Roberts gets the film's central idea across: that Snider represents a mutation of the *Playboy* "philosophy," and that it's his frustration at not becoming a success like his idol, Hugh Hefner, that's driving *him* crazy. Mariel Hemingway tries hard as Dorothy, but she's all wrong for the part—she's simply not a Bunny type. Fosse has gone so far that the question arises: Can a movie get by with total disgust for its subject? Fosse piles up such an accumulation of sordid scenes that the movie is nauseated by itself. With Carroll Baker, Josh Mostel, and Cliff Robertson. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (11/28/83) (Olympia Quad; through May 17.)

Strike (1925)—Eisenstein's brutal, brilliant first film. One of the most startling débuts in the history of movies. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 21.)

Swing Shift—Jonathan Demme's attempt to recapture the atmosphere of the home front during the Second World War has a glazed lyricism; the performers look stuffed and posed, as if they were consciously trying to re-create themselves in the images of the shiny-faced teen-age servicemen and girls-next-door in old movies and the forties issues of *Life*. Demme's nostalgic fixation on the ambience of the war years seems to exclude any real interest in the lives of the women workers, and the feminist-fairy-tale script sees the characters as precursors of the women's movement of the sixties and seventies rather than as people. Role-model roles are often booby-trapped, and as the cuddle-bug housewife who becomes a riveter in a Santa Monica aircraft factory and learns to be a competent person, Goldie Hawn dampens the picture; she's trying to make herself simple and passive and ordinary—she thinks that she will become typical by flattening herself out. The insubstantiality of the film may make you feel as if you were dozing. The scenes rarely last more than twenty seconds. They don't quite come to anything; they abort—with a sometimes audible pop—and you sit there wondering what nothing is going to happen next. As the heroine's pal, Christine Lahti delivers a few wisecracks and gives the picture whatever spark and intensity it has. With Kurt Russell, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, and also Lisa Pelikan, Sudie Bond, Charles Napier, Belinda Carlisle, and Roger Corman as the head of the factory and Beth Henley in a bit part. (The picture was reëdited after Demme turned in his cut.) (5/14/84) (R.K.O. Century Art, Plaza, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres; through May 17. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; May 18-24.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Terms of Endearment—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slap-happy style. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The mother is a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut, played by Jack Nicholson. At the end, the picture says, "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox. (12/12/83) (Baronet, and Embassy.)

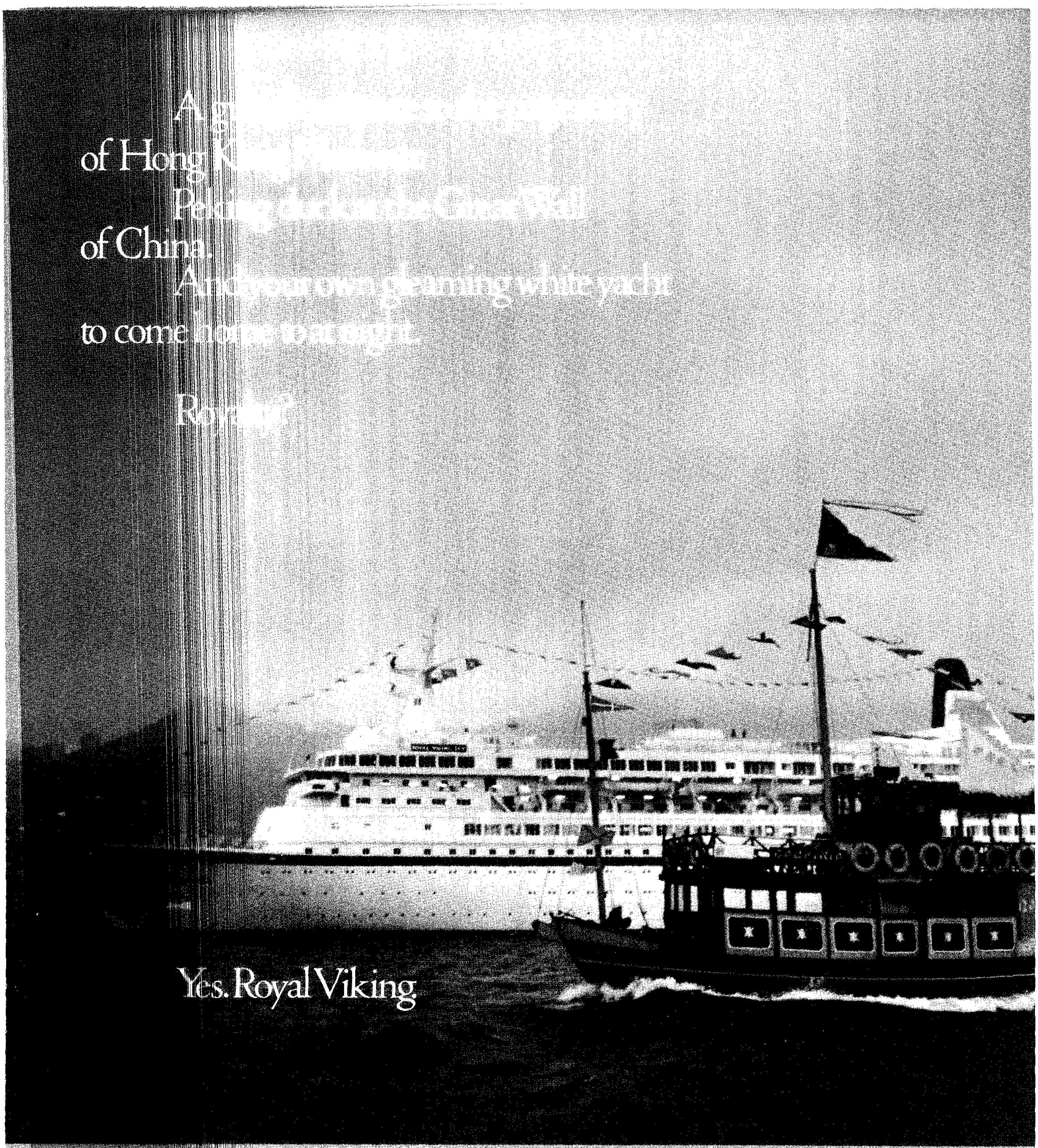
Tobacco Road (1941)—Erskine Caldwell's novel turned into a folksy comic strip. The director, John Ford, and the scenarist, Nunnally Johnson, were up against censorship problems; still, that doesn't account for the broad pointlessness of the rustic humor or the glossy studio lighting of the poor whites cavorting in front of their Georgia shacks. The whole thing seems deranged. Charley Grapewin plays Jeeter Lester as a familiar corn-liquored old scamp, Gene Tierney is a glamourized Ellie May, Marjorie Rambeau is Sister Bessie, and Elizabeth Patterson is Ada. With William Tracy, Dana Andrews, Ward Bond, Zeffie Tilbury, Russell Simpson, Grant Mitchell, and Slim Summerville. Based on Jack Kirkland's theatre version of the novel; the play—considered hot and sensational—was a huge success. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 23.)

Tomorrow (1972)—Soberly made film by Joseph Anthony, based on a Faulkner short story from "Knight's Gambit." Horton Foote's screenplay disentangles the skein of Faulkner's storytelling as if literature were something to be straightened out and the result is rather plodding, but the acting is fine, especially Robert Duvall's as a post-Civil War poor workhand with an amazing sweetness of character who takes on a burned-out woman—Olga Bellin—and then, after she dies, her child, bumping the baby around on his back in a homemade satchel where it sleeps bolt upright. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 20.)

The Wiz (1978)—With Diana Ross in the lead, Dorothy is now a shy schoolteacher in Harlem, and Diana Ross's shy is like Sergeant Bilko's modest. Fervently wet-eyed, she sings songs of preachy uplift in relentlessly slow arrangements. Nipsey Russell (as the Tinman) is able to ride right over the film's muddy carelessness, and a freshness comes through the Pagliacci makeup that Michael Jackson wears as the Scarecrow, and Mabel King, who plays the Wicked Witch, has a hot growly song. But this film brings out all the weaknesses of its director, Sidney Lumet, and none of his strengths. The whole production has a stagnant atmosphere, and the big dance numbers are free-form traffic jams. Charlie Small's score for the Broadway show has been padded out with some new music and adapted by Quincy Jones; the maladroit script is by Joel Schumacher. With Lena Horne, Richard Pryor, and Ted Ross. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 23-24.)

Zabriskie Point (1970)—Antonioni's American-made movie is about a semi-political boy (Mark Frechette) and an uncommitted girl (Daria Halprin) and how everything they encounter in American life is cruel and rotten. (They meet in Death Valley.) When the boy is (implausibly) killed by a "pig," the girl sees what must come: the destruction of America (which turns out to be a ravishingly pretty apocalypse). It's a very odd sensation to watch a message movie by a famous European artist telling us what is wrong with America while showing us something both naïve and decrepit; if it weren't for this peculiar sense of dislocation and the embarrassment you feel for Antonioni this would be just one more "irreverent" pandering-to-youth movie, and (except visually) worse than most. He can't animate the young performers—he can't, it seems, truly connect with them. He falls back on the youth mythology so popular in the mass media (the young are good guys and the older white Americans are bad guys), and this rigid, schematic point of view doesn't fit his deliberately open-ended, sprawling style. The movie seems unconsciously snobbish—as if Antonioni thought America should be destroyed because of its vulgarity. With Rod Taylor. Cinematography by Alfio Contini; script by Antonioni, Fred Gardner, Sam Shepard, Tonino Guerra, and Clare Peploe. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 25-26.)

CAROUSEL
Glass Blowing
ICE CREAM PARLOR
Carousel
tom funk


A [illegible]
of Hong K[illegible]
Peking duck on the Great Wall
of China.
And your own gleaming white yacht
to come home to at night.
Royalty?
Yes. Royal Viking.

Who else but Royal Viking Line can make certain you live like royalty wherever you go — even in some of the most untravelled places.

On our 14-day cruises to China this fall from Hong Kong or Kobe, Japan, experience single seating dining on the line named #1 in the world. Another great experience — your complimentary excursions and two-night stay at the brand new Great Wall Hotel in Beijing.

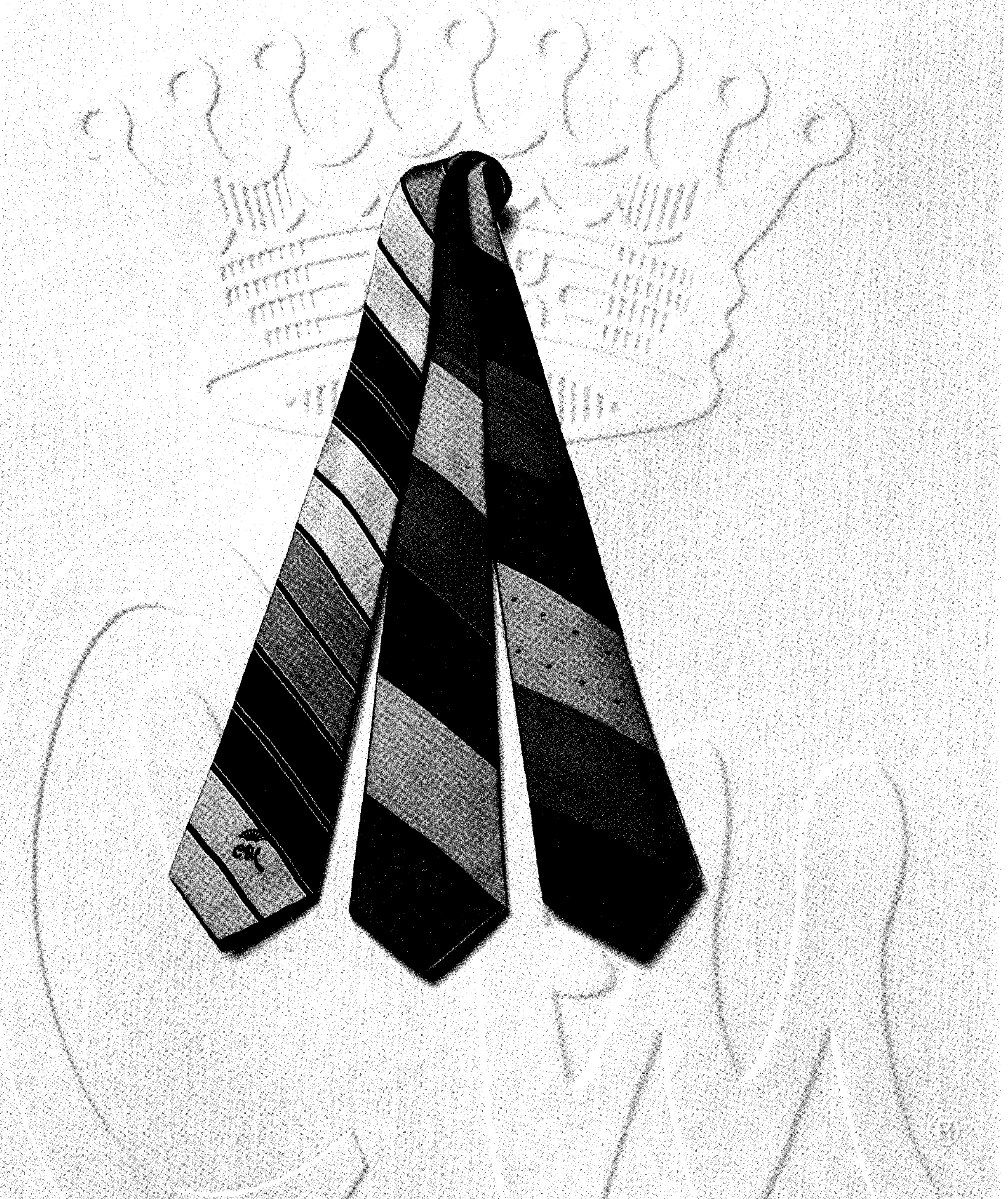
Want yet another kind of spice in your cruise life? Take our unique two-week spectaculars through Southeast Asia. This November, our Thailand/Malaysia departs from Hong Kong to Singapore. In December, Bali/East Indies from Singapore to Hong Kong. The ports on each are sheer-paradise. From the exotic beat of Bangkok to the exciting beaches of Zamboanga. Better yet, combine these cruises to "Circle the Orient" — Royal Viking's way to warm up winter royally!

So join us, and for those taking longer cruises, get our Pacific Plus free air fare program. Call 800-634-8000.

ROYAL VIKING LINE
World Wide cruising. World Class style.

Royal Viking's China

FASHIONBERRY®



Countess Mara®

Countess Mara presents consummate artistry in her Spring Collection of Fashionberry cravats for **"one man in a million,"**® each bearing the inimitable CM coronet and initials, at $25.00. At the finest stores in the United States, Canada, Japan, Mexico and Korea. Other Countess Mara ties range in price from $21.50 to $5,000.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

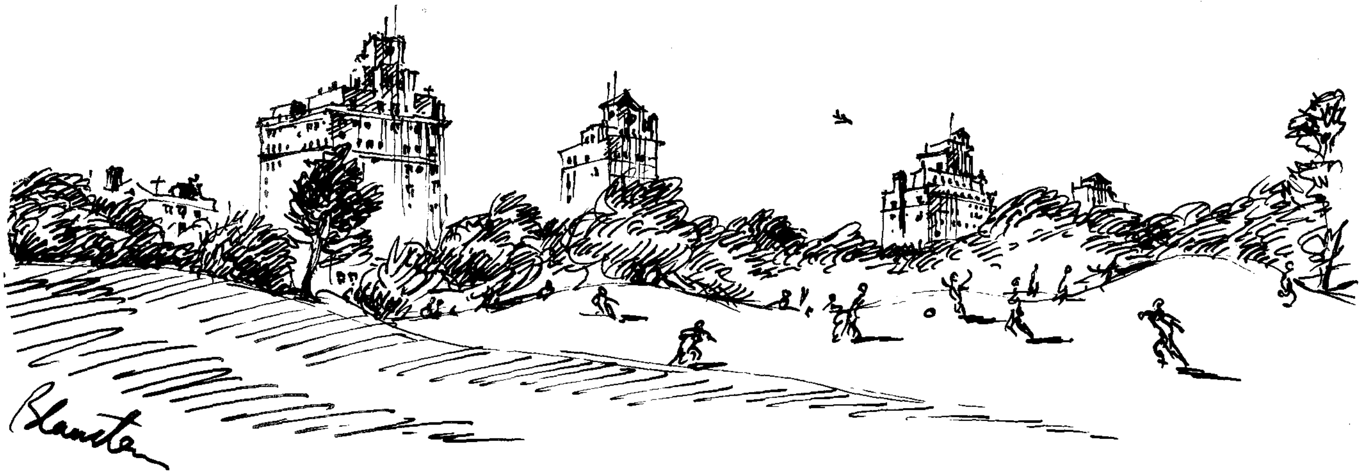
IN any military competition, whether it is an actual war or only an arms race, the military forces of each side seek advantage at the expense of those of the other side, but each military establishment also seeks advantage in competition for resources with other groups in its own society; and in *this* competition—a sort of second, domestic front in the hostilities—the military adversaries can become, in a sense, allies, for both need the conflict itself to justify their demands on their societies. A similar paradoxical common interest among rivals is familiar to us in purely domestic political conflicts, in the form of the often remarked-on affinity of the political extremes of left and right, each of which needs the other in order to justify its own existence. Intelligence agencies have always understood the political uses of making an enemy, or supposed enemy, look more formidable than he is, and have invented the many techniques of the agent provocateur to exploit the possibilities. (The classic technique is to stage an attack on oneself, in order to justify an extreme "response.") But it is probably in the arms race, which has led the United States and the Soviet Union to put not only their own societies but all mankind in jeopardy, that the reciprocal exaggeration of the threat from the other side has had its most continuous and important success. The recent propaganda efforts of both countries offer a case in point. Last year, each military establishment published a slick, abundantly illustrated booklet touting not its own but the other side's awesome might—as though Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola had suddenly each launched an advertising campaign telling the world how great the other's product tasted.

Usually, the de-facto alliance between adversaries remains a semi-covert aspect of political and military affairs, but a recent episode in Lebanon brought an example of it into open view. Some time ago, a nonpartisan group of Muslims and Christians in Lebanon began to plan a peace march to protest against what one of its leaders called the "crazy" civil war in the country. The marchers intended to erect a marble plaque that said "Yes to Life, No to War." To a world that has watched Lebanon (aided by more powerful countries, including the United States) grind itself into blood-soaked pieces, the idea of a peace movement there did indeed look like an outbreak of sanity in an insane asylum. But the warring militias apparently saw things differently. The day before the march was to be held, they launched the heaviest fighting in months, killing twenty-two people, and the march was cancelled, for fear that it would be fired upon. A few minutes after the cancellation was announced, the fighting stopped, and observers were led to conclude that the militias' true aim had been to prevent the march. The militias had been firing at one another (and, as usual, killing civilians in the process), but the real target had been the Lebanese peace movement. On this occasion, the soldiers seemed to have joined battle not so much to defeat each other as to defeat peace itself, and the rest of us were left to reflect on how war and the preparations for war can take on a life of their own, and drag all involved—civilians and military alike—down to a common defeat.

• •

Moonlight Upside Down

THE Museum of Modern Art, its gallery space more than doubled, reopens its doors at 11 West Fifty-



third Street this Thursday. When you walked into the old, and smaller, Modern, you found a series of small rooms, a sculpture garden, a collection of astonishing objects, and an ability to show you something about your own nature. The idea in closing down and rebuilding was that expansion would enable the Museum to serve more people and show more of what it has—and that a good deal of the cost could be covered by the sale of air rights to a developer, so that he could build a fifty-two-story residential condominium tower over part of the west wing. Some New Yorkers expressed fears that in the process something essential—the feeling of intimacy, the experience of the garden, its ability to do more than just delight—would be lost or impaired. Not so. The Modern's usefulness to the human spirit has been enhanced, and the only fear that remains is a new one, which has nothing to do with the Museum's plans. The Museum tower has been shaped and placed so that from the garden it goes almost unnoticed and so that it interrupts a minimal amount of the light and air reaching the garden. The new danger seems to come from CBS, which is about to begin construction of an office tower just across Fifty-third from the Museum. Museum users and area residents who have taken up that battle are afraid that the CBS tower, unless it is reconfigured with the sensitivity of the Museum tower, may soon diminish the sunlight and the quality of the garden.

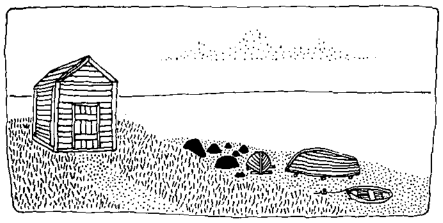
The sculpture garden itself is no bigger than before, but it has become part of the inside experience of the building, because the new way upstairs and down is by glassed-in escalators at the back, overlooking the garden. This miniature crystal palace, called the garden hall, was Cesar Pelli's idea. Pelli, dean of the school of architecture at Yale, designed both the tower and the Museum rebuilding. The Museum's exhibition space is now not so much a sequence of small rooms as almost an Appalachian Trail of small rooms, one after another and each one beckoning to still another, to take you, carefully, chronologically, the length of the past century of painting and sculpture. On and on you wander, through so many forests and mountain meadows of masterpieces that at last you get the idea: these wonders don't cease—*can't*. They are as much an ongoing part of human life as hats and socks. There is so much to see now in this single place!

One more instance: The photography department now has two and a half times as much space as it used to have. For the first time, the Modern can hang new work and photographs from the permanent collection simultaneously. How amazingly this enlarges what is available on a daily basis as a reference point of what has been real for people! In one little room, there's a print that shows that the aerial view is almost as old as the camera—an 1860 aerial view of Providence, Rhode Island (what there was of Providence, Rhode Island), taken from a balloon. And in another little room, next door, is a beautiful giant print of an 1888 shot by the New York reformer Jacob Riis, a photograph that originally appeared only as a small, smudged illustration in one of Riis's books: Bandits' Roost, a notorious alley not far from City Hall. Just look at the slick and the grease on the paving stones. Each detail of that moment has been so sharply arrested that you know that a hard New York drizzle—precipitation that does nothing for dust or air or spirits—stopped only a minute before Riis showed up with his camera.

But all this is as nothing compared with the cumulative effect of the Museum's objects and their relationships, their placement, and the spaces around them. Everywhere you walk, everything in sight and just beyond sight and already seen is reaching out to a part of you that itself waits to reach out—is calling to you to remember that you can give your attention to a part of yourself whose function is to receive. If that receptive part of your mind and body had a voice (quiet, competent, familiar), it, too, would be talking now: "Here I am, over here, your old friend, always ready to show you whatever's around, the everyday and the never-before, as it truly is."

•

IN the days just before the reopening, when three-ton sculptures zoomed through the air with a nonchalance that might surprise the very reverent, we had a chance to hang around out back and watch craftsmen and curators use both their receptive and their logical powers to reassemble the garden as a setting that invites one's experiencing of it. From what we saw and heard, here is a brief guide to your next stroll there:

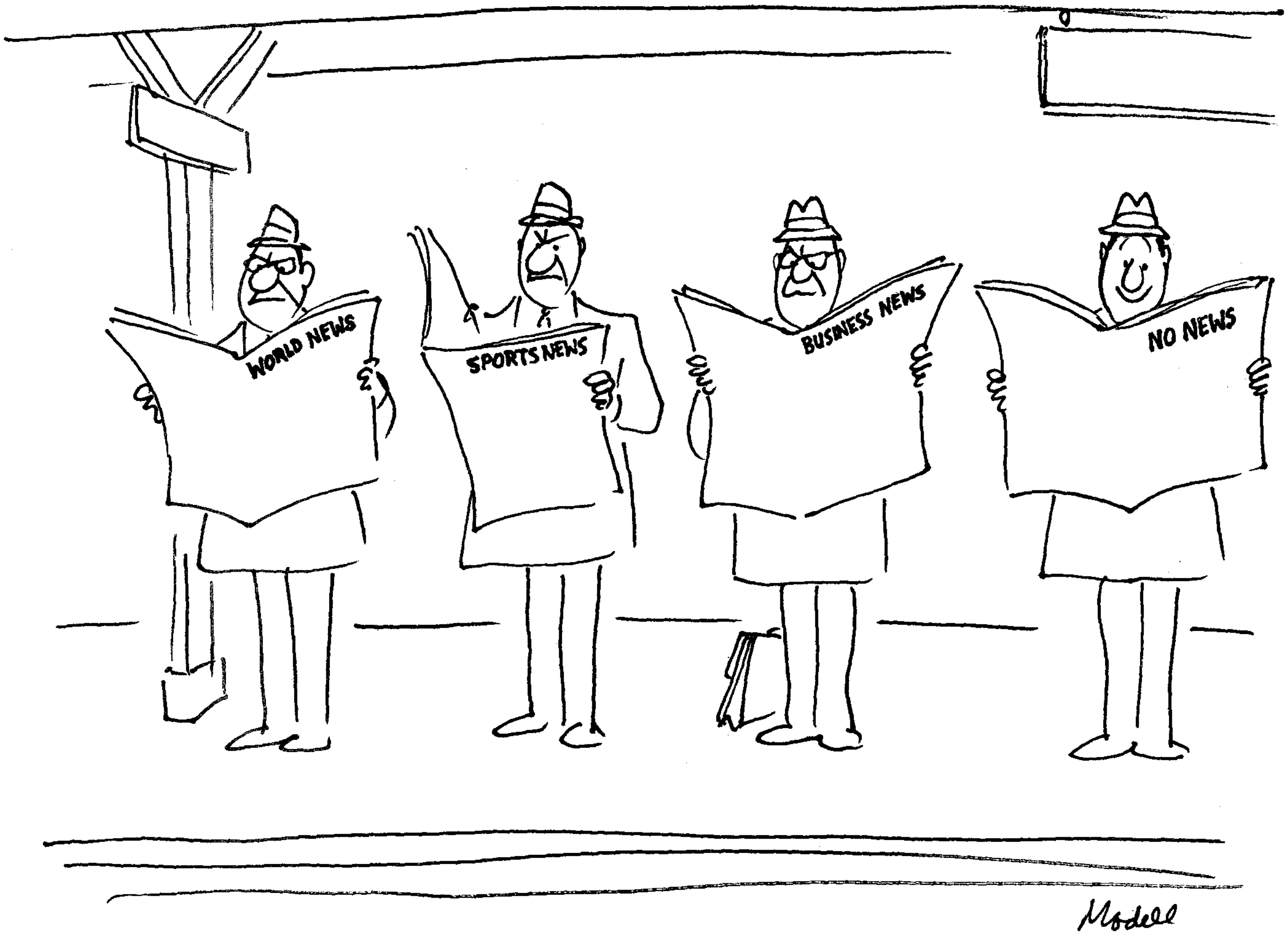


The Westernmost Sycamore. The oldest thing in the garden, this fifty-foot tree, which is one of three sycamores in front of the gray brick wall along the Fifty-fourth Street side of the garden, originally grew here when part of this garden formed part of the gardens around the Fifty-fourth Street town house of John D. Rockefeller, Sr. (A bedroom and a dressing room from this house are now part of the Museum of the City of New York. A smoking room is in the Brooklyn Museum.) In the early nineteen-fifties, when workmen were clearing the site to install the present design—Philip Johnson's marble-flagged, brick-walled garden—John D. Rockefeller, Jr., sent a memo to the landscape architect James Fanning, Johnson's co-designer: "Please save one of Mother's trees." The white birches and weeping beeches in the garden were Fanning's idea. He thought the form of the beech echoed the flowing robes of Rodin's "Balzac."

The Wall. Johnson could not have designed this "outdoor room," as he sometimes calls it, if he had not been able to hold an idea in his head for over thirty years. The impressiveness of an enclosed quiet space in the middle of a huge city first became apparent to him in 1919, when his father took him to lunch at his Paris club, the Cercle de l'Union Interalliée, a grand old pile on the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré with a dining room in the back that looks onto a garden that only the diners can see.

Sniffing Statues. The smell may have worn off by now, but the Modern protects its bronzes—like Rodin's "Balzac"—with a special paste prepared by its conservators, which contains both beeswax and oil of lavender.

Looking at Sculpture. The placing of the twenty pieces in the garden is the work of Alicia Legg, a longtime curator in the department of painting and sculpture, who has an international reputation in the positioning of sculpture. She joined the Modern staff in 1949. Although Alicia Legg has been forced to walk with



• •

a cane and a brace for the last twenty years, after a bout with encephalitis, she is one of the most active Museum employees. This is because she believes that sculpture is not a thing but an experience, and that "people must use themselves as a tool," moving through space and time and taking in the work from every angle. Only in this fashion can they hope to receive the message that has been placed there for them. With a crew of riggers from Auer's Van & Express ("Move 'Auer' Way") and a forty-thousand-pound crane out on Fifty-fourth, Alicia Legg directed the high-rise moving of Henry Moore's "Animal Form," a travertine shape that has some resemblance to an albino buffalo or a Brahmany bull and on the ground looks rooted and immutable. With three wide nylon slings under its neck and belly, the "Form" was hoisted into the air far above the garden. Immediately, it looked buoyant and frisky, and when it paused with its head just at the very top of the westernmost sycamore it seemed that the obvious thing for it to do was to enjoy a light snack of tender buds.

LIGHTING SCULPTURE. Claude Engle, the lighting designer for the garden, calls his uplighting of the birches, beeches, and sycamores "moonlight upside down." The full lighting of the oldest sycamore is a happy accident. The pool lights used to light the fountain jets, but the fountain pipes corroded during the three and a half years the garden was closed. Two weeks ago, when Engle and James Snyder, the Museum's deputy director for planning, were thinking about what to do now with the lights, they noticed that a breeze was ruffling the surface of the pool and that this motion threw a beautiful faint shimmer onto the old tree. They decided not to let the moment die, so they put a garden hose in the pool to keep the water gently moving and rearranged the lights to shine on the sycamore.

Exchange

MANY building superintendents in Manhattan come from Malta. Students at Junior High School 51, in Park Slope, have made a model of the human brain. A young composer and arranger will perform his own one-man symphony at New York University next month. Pretzels at a cocktail party look tacky. These are some of the things we learned the other evening at a party held by the Language Exchange, an organization that brings together people who want to practice their foreign languages in a social setting. The party was in the apartment of a fashion designer named Paulette Postol, on West Eighty-sixth Street. On arriving, we were taken in tow by Madalyn Margoles, an attractive, animated woman, who is the Exchange's president, and she led us into the dining room, where a buffet was laden with food—"We've *got* to get rid of those pretzels," she said—and sat us down. "I started the Exchange in June, 1982," she explained. "I used to teach languages—I speak English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese—and it occurred to me that people might like to have an opportunity to use their languages in a nonthreatening atmosphere. Classes are great, but the Exchange provides a relaxed social setting. Of course, most of our members are quite fluent, and many speak several languages. When they come to our parties, they really seem to have *fun*. We have two hundred and twenty-five members now, and they include doctors, dentists, psychiatrists, dancers, actors, and computer specialists. We meet three times a month, at various places—at Casa de España, for instance, and several times at the Algonquin. Once, we took a cruise in the harbor. I'm trying to plan a day in the country. *Who* brought those *pretzels*?"

"*Madalyn, où est la salade de crevettes?*" said a woman in a green dress.

"*Mais, je croyais— Dans la cuisine, je suppose,*" Miss Margoles replied, and the two women headed for the kitchen.

"*To jest najlepsza sztuka, jaka on kiedykolwiek napisal,*" said a tweed jacket to a gray suit. (That, we learned, was Polish.)

"*Vecherom ia s trudom dostal taksi,*" said a red necktie to a mauve scarf. (And that, we learned, was Russian.)

"*Hola, Betsy,*" said a blue suit to a beige dress. "*Tenemos una buena comida esta tarde. Quisiera unos . . .* uh . . . pretzels?"

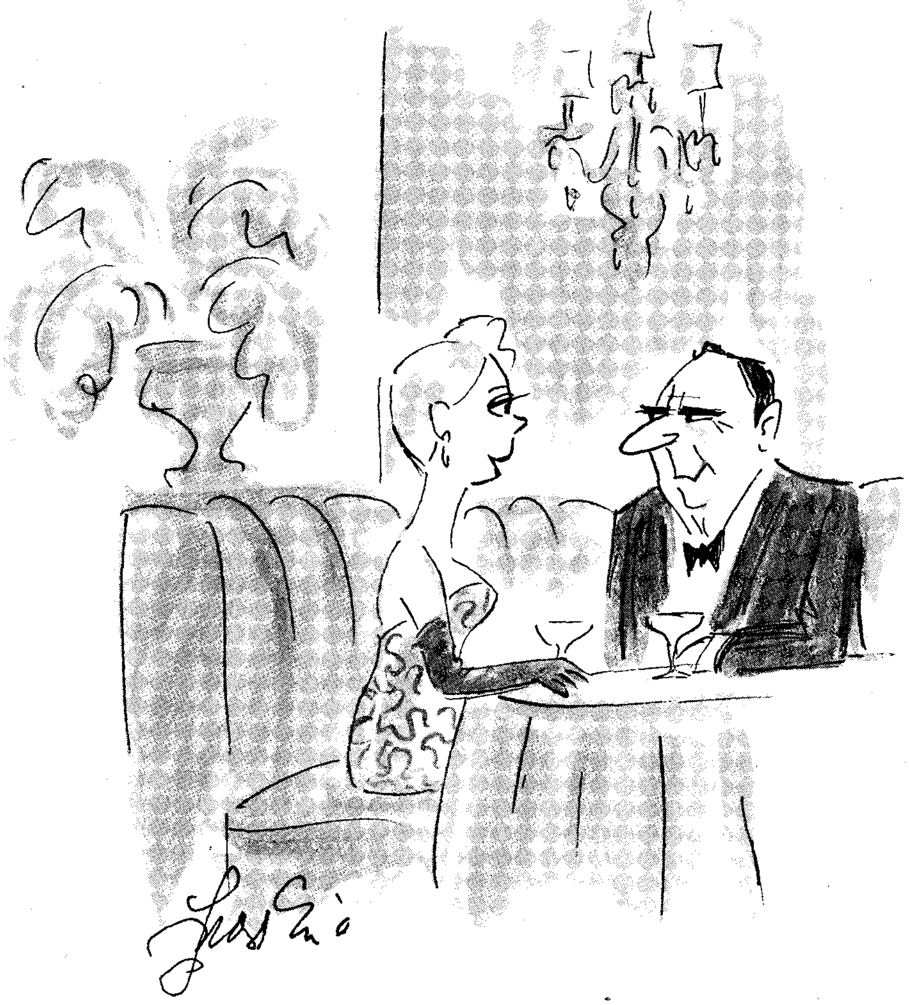
We learned about the Maltese supers from Salvina Scerri, a dark-haired young woman, who told us that she was born in Malta and speaks Maltese, Spanish, French, Italian, and English. "Between six and seven thousand Maltese live in Astoria, mixed in with a lot of Greeks," she said. "Lots of the Maltese end up working as supers on the upper East Side—mostly in the Seventies and Eighties. Don't ask me why. They just do."

We learned about the model of the human brain from Graeme Sibirsky, a blond boy who is in the seventh grade at J.H.S. 51 and had come to the party with his mother, Gaye Leslie, who speaks English and French. "I'm studying French myself," Graeme told us. "We're doing conjugations. J.H.S. 51 concentrates on the arts, and stuff. It's a magnet school. We compete with a magnet school that specializes in science, and we built this model of the brain. We're just as good in science as they are."

We learned about the one-man symphony from the composer, Daniel Werts. "I do it all with overdubbing," he explained. "In February, I lectured on the method in Vienna—in German. I also know French, Italian, Spanish, and Latin, and I can't wait till I learn Russian."

Miss Postol, a small, blond woman, who is a native of Paris, showed us some hand-knitted sweaters she had designed. "Two years ago, I was in China," she said. "Unfortunately, I speak only a little Chinese."

A woman in blue approached a gong and gave it an experimental whack with a mallet. Three people speaking Russian stood near a print of Nefertiti. German, Italian, and Hebrew floated through the air. Miss Margoles returned to the dining room and approached the buffet, apparently intending to remove the objectionable bowl of pretzels. "*Mon dieu!*" she exclaimed. "*On les a tous mangés!*"



"*You're like President Reagan, Mr. Burnside— a young old person.*"

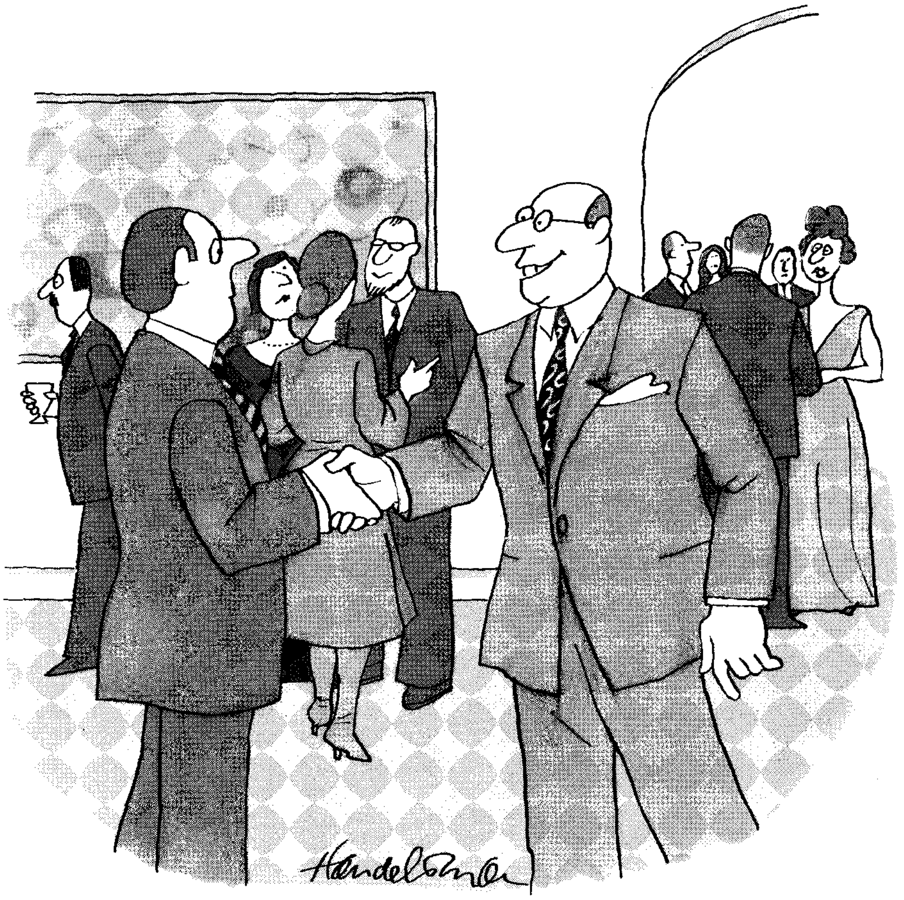
Wonder

SOME people—people in heavy-soled boots—may have tried to convince you that nature is full of marvels. The Grand Canyon. The Matterhorn. The *sky*. Even John Muir, though, would have to admit that none of these boast a modern fibre-optic lighting system. Sure, there's always the stars, but can they be made to twinkle on the downbeat of, say, "Jump," by Van Halen? Earlier this month, a week before it opened to the public, we paid a preliminary visit—a possibly less exalted one than our visit to the Modern—to Visage, the city's newest night club and, with thirty-two thousand fibre-optic lights in the ceiling above the dance floor, one of the eight or ten Wonders of the West Fifties. The thirty-two-thousand figure, incidentally, doesn't include the fibre-optic lights twined into the Mohawk haircuts of the ice skaters who will be giving the little shows on the rink down by the V.I.P. Room.

We arrived to tour Visage just as the city inspector left, and found it full of people giddy with the anticipation that comes from seeing a two-year dream just about ready. The resin rocks for the mermaids to lie on had been delivered but not yet installed in the pool. The Marie Antoinette costume was done. "Some of the swimmers are going to be lowered out of the ceiling, and one of them is going to step from the Marie Antoinette costume and dive in the pool," Linda Lynch, the club's artistic director, told us. The mermaids won't wear historical dress; they'll wear fins. King Neptune will wear a sequinned crown and cape. The pool—designed to be "a conversation piece," according to Gregory Fibble, the water-show producer—is the first thing patrons will see once they've paid their twelve dollars (eighteen on weekends) and come in the door. "We'll have new themes each month," Fibble promised. "We've been instructed, as a company, to be as wonderful and zany as possible. Even though we might punk out, we will still be very elegant."

Past the pool, and past the plush, sofa-lined bar area, Linda showed us the dance floor, which has four thick pillars at its corners. "Those pillars look very uninteresting at the moment, but when we take away the plywood they'll be covered with mirrors," she said. "This pillar here houses our laser. It hits off the suspended mirror ball, which is one of the biggest mirror balls around, and it can also fire off the fibre optics, and it's just, just— I can't say. There are no words. Even when you do it slowly, it's the freak of the week. And with the flick of a switch the laser can create the effect of the ceiling falling in on you. Phenomenal."

Linda, who is from Glasgow, showed us the powder room with purse-check attendant, and the hydraulically operated ice rink (some of the skaters will be dressed as luminous spiders), and the V.I.P. Room, a preserve that will feature champagne and beluga caviar and fresh pears with Brie and "chocolates from Trump Tower" and Lalique crystal. "The idea of the room is to separate out the people who want to be separated," she told us, and then she invited us to come back the next week for opening night, and we promised.



"Harold P. Wembley III. That is both my name and my registered trademark."

•

DAMNED if we'd been there five minutes before someone introduced us to a member of the Go-Go's. We're not a hundred per cent sure which Go-Go she was—she may have been one of the guitarists. She was short, with blond hair, and she seemed to be having a marvellous time. Also, Melba Moore was there.

The lights, the lights! It was as if there were a thousand Christmas trees—with the little twinkly kind of lights—hanging from the ceiling. We asked Howard Davidson, who was running the lights and the lasers, if he was having a good time.

"It's a job," he said. "We all have to work."

Scott Blackwell was standing next to Davidson and mixing the music. "I am trying for a high-energy environment—a private-party sort of energy," he said. He was succeeding; the dance floor stayed crowded, especially when he played "It's Raining Men," by the Weather Girls, and that old Tommy James and the Shondells tune "Mony Mony."

The things we really wanted to see, of course, were the pool and the rink. The pool was deserted when we arrived except for a plastic lobster and a plastic crab. Soon, though, the platform lowered from the ceiling, and there were the mermaids on their rocks, along with two guys in shorts. The mermaids flapped their fins in the water, and the fellows paddled around a little. Except for being so crowded, it was a lot like watching kids at the lake who had swum out to the raft and were dangling their feet over the side. The fins added something, but just what is hard to say. The skating, though—that was *really* something. First of all, the rink was not much bigger than your dining-room table when you've put in all the leaves for Thanksgiving. And it wasn't really ice. It was some sort of plastic, and not even cold. But did that bother the man and two women in the pink-and-purple costumes? No way, nohow. They spun and twirled and lifted and danced around, absolutely in time with the music, and their hair lit up, just as we had been told it would. If we'd had little scoring cards, we would have given them a 5.8, at least.

FINE POINTS

ONE great thing about Margaret was that she wore exactly the same size clothing that I did—an excellent quality in a roommate; she had, however, completely different taste, with an inclination toward plunging necklines, crimson tights, and minidresses in big, bold Scandinavian prints. My own wardrobe ran to jeans and black turtlenecks, odd little sombre-colored tunics that I felt made me look like a wood nymph, and short pleated skirts that seemed to me to convey a sexy *jeune fille* air worthy of Claudine at school. "You literary types are always trying to look understated," Margaret would say whenever she saw me dressed for seminar, for an *Advocate* meeting, or for a date. It was the winter of 1972, our junior year at Harvard. Margaret was a chemistry major from Wellesley, Massachusetts, an avid lacrosse player with a terrific figure and a pair of unabashed blue eyes that revealed a forceful, stubborn nature; she could keep an argument going for days. She adored fresh air and loathed reticence and ambiguity, and she had little patience with a roommate who, languid from lack of exercise, spent weeks reworking a four-word line of poetry.

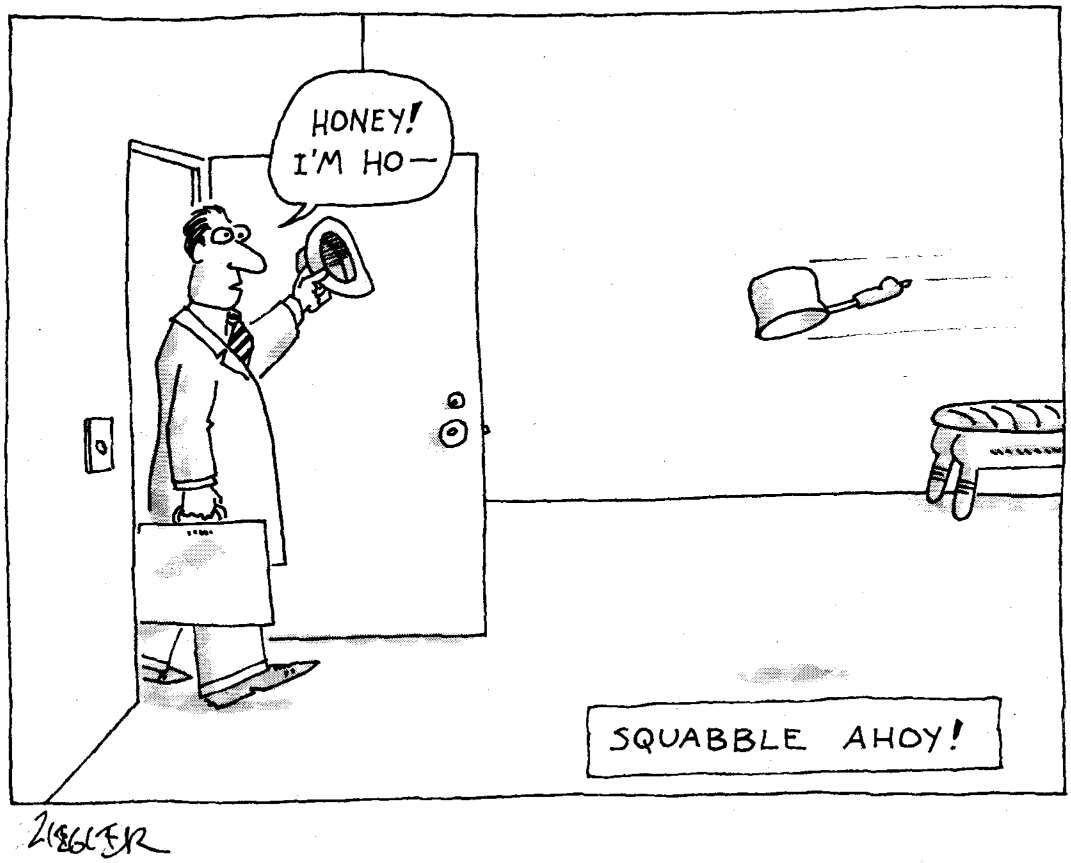
"It's a question of fine points," I would retort loftily, though I had only a vague idea of what that might mean.

Margaret and I got along well, for young women with such different bodies and souls. We spent a lot of time together in our cramped dormitory suite, squabbling comfortably over clothes and discussing romance—the one subject on which we were, to some extent, in agreement. The suite was on the fourth floor of Currier House; it consisted of two tiny rooms, a bathroom we'd decorated for a giggle with pinups of the bustiest *Playboy* Playmates we could find, and a kitchenette filled with moldy oranges stolen from the cafeteria. Our windows faced north, toward the corner of Garden and Linnaean Streets—a lovely view, really, with the Observatory woods, the flat-bottomed, whale-shaped clouds that came sailing down from Maine, and the tall, dark Cambridge houses back of the trees.

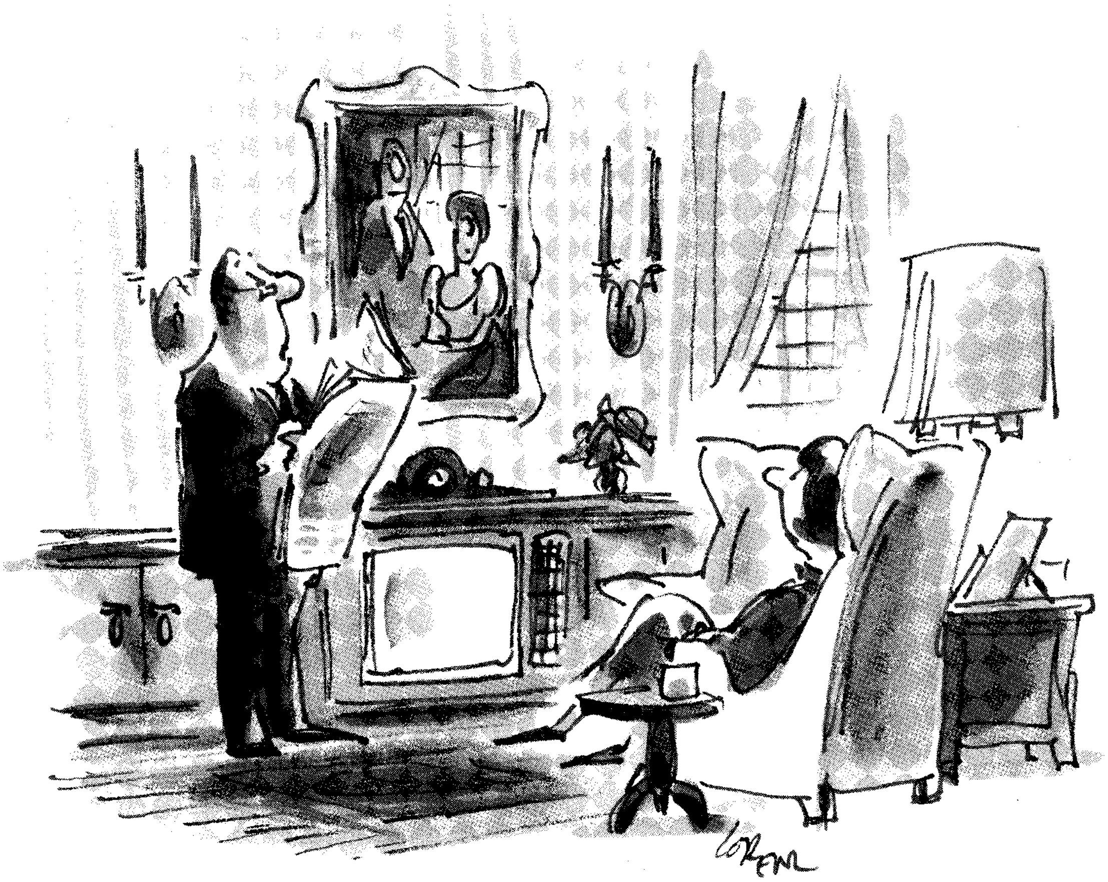
On afternoons when Margaret was back from the lab and I was supposed to be at my desk reading Donne and Herbert for seminar or writing poetry for Professor Hawks' versification class, we would hang out in Margaret's room and drink oolong tea, which Margaret brewed so black it became a kind of solvent. Lounging on Margaret's bed, below a periodic table she'd tacked up on the wall, we'd complain at length about our boyfriends. These young men, a couple of blameless seniors from Adams and Dunster Houses, were certainly ardent and attentive, but they bored us, because they seemed appropriate. We yearned, in concert, to replace them with unsuitable men—an array of gothic-novel types who didn't seem at all hackneyed to Margaret and me. (Margaret, the scientist, had a positively Brontëesque conception of the ideal man.) We envisioned liaisons with millionaires the age of our fathers, with alcoholic journalists, with moody filmmakers addicted to uppers; Margaret's particular thing was depraved European nobility. A few years earlier, it might have been possible for me to find the necessary thrill simply in going out with white boys, the forbidden fruit of my mother's generation, but in the arty circles I frequented at Harvard such pairings were just about required if one was to cut any dash at all.

What our fantasies boiled down to was that Margaret and I, in the age-old female-student tradition, ended up angling for members of the faculty.

"It's just a question of days before Dr. Bellemere tumbles," said Margaret one afternoon. (She flirted shamelessly with her adviser, but for some reason could not bring herself to call him by his first name—Don.) "And *then*, what naughty delights!"


HONEY! I'M HO—
SQUABBLE AHOY!
ZIEGLER

AS it turned out, I was the one who first was offered the chance to taste those delights. In February, a genuine instructor, Geoffrey Knacker—who had taught my Metaphysical Poetry Seminar the previous semester, and who shared an apartment in Central Square with Millicent Tunney, another junior-faculty member—asked me to meet him for a cup of coffee. Margaret sat cross-legged on my bed while I got dressed for the date—we were to meet at six at the Café Pamplona—and grew snappish when I refused the loan of a pair of red tights. She



"Here's something: 'Life Styles of the Moderately Well-to-Do.'"

told me that if I hid my light under a bushel I wouldn't even get him to kiss me. I didn't listen to her. I was busy making myself look as beautiful and mysterious as I could, and when I had slicked my hair back into a bun, rimmed my eyes with dark pencil, and put on a severe gray dress and a pair of black high heels I had bought in a thrift shop, even Margaret had to applaud the result. "If Hopalong calls, tell him I'm riding in the Tour de France," I said. Hopalong Cassidy was the name we had privately given my boyfriend, who had what I thought was an unnecessarily jaunty gait.

"You're a cold, hard thing," said Margaret, in an approving tone.

I owned a rather rubbed-looking sealskin jacket that had belonged to my mother. When I had wrapped it around me, waved goodbye to the girl who stood studying behind the bells desk of the dormitory, and stepped outside into the February twilight, I had an agreeable feeling of satisfaction about the way I looked, and an agitated romantic feeling about the meeting to come. "Perhaps I'm in love," I thought, though in fact I could barely remember what Geoffrey Knacker looked like.

It was ten minutes to six. I walked down Garden Street toward Cambridge Common, listening to the unaccustomed click of my high heels on the brick sidewalk, slippery with melted snow and patches of dirty ice. In the darkness around me, students riding bicycles or walking with book bags were returning to dinner from classes in the Yard. The sky over the dark buildings and narrow streets was a deep, lustrous blue, streaked at the edges with pinkish light, and the air was cold and damp. Near Follen Street, a small battered Datsun was trying unsuccessfully to park between a jacked-up Riviera and a Volvo plastered with psychedelic stickers. The sound of grinding gears made me think of the time during sophomore year when a predecessor of my boyfriend Hopalong had got very stoned at the Dartmouth game and pursued me along Garden Street by backing up his car for a whole block, all the while declaiming the words from the Temptations' song "My Girl." The incident had infuriated me at the time, but now I thought of it as something gay and romantic, the sort of thing that happened constantly to a woman destined to exercise a fatal influence upon men.

My feeling of agitation increased as I approached the Common. The usual shouts and guffaws were coming from the war monument in the middle, where Cambridge townies liked to hang around smoking dope and drinking wine, but they seemed far away. I looked through the rows of leafless maples at the university towers and traffic lights clustering ahead of me and felt an unreasonable, blissful happiness to be walking in high heels and a fur jacket on a clear evening to a meeting with a man who was likely to mean trouble—the kind of trouble that mothers and magazine stories particularly warned against. I felt a bit like Anna Karenina, burning with a sinful glow, and, as if someone beside me in the darkness had spoken a few passionate, muted words, it seemed to me that I was ravishingly beautiful. I began to pretend that someone *was* walking with me: a lover who didn't resemble my boyfriend, or even Geoffrey Knacker. This imaginary lover didn't have much of an appearance at all, only a compelling simplicity of character that granted every dangerous wish I had ever had. As I walked through the Common, giving a wide berth to the monument, where two long-haired girls were giggling beside a guy who looked like Jimi Hendrix, I crooked my fingers very slightly inside the pocket of my fur jacket, as if I were holding hands with someone. And then I did something I never afterward admitted to anyone, not even Margaret: I recited a poem to my invisible companion—Donne's "The Flea."

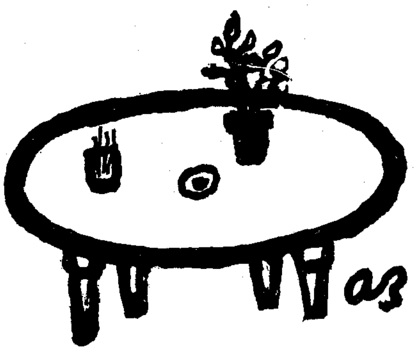
BY the time I got to the Pamplona, I had almost forgotten Geoffrey Knacker, who rose from his tiny table to greet me with an air of being slightly startled by my appearance. He was a tall, thin man, with a mournful, rather handsome face, and gray half-moons of skin under his eyes. In the white-tiled, low-ceilinged interior of the Pamplona, surrounded by graduate students chatting over cappuccino, he appeared curiously yellowish and misanthropic, as if he'd lived most of his life in a remote tropical outpost. He helped me with my coat, and I ordered an ice cream. Then the two of us began to talk, rather constrainedly, about the Metaphysical Poetry Seminar, until Geoffrey began paying me heavy-handed compliments.

"I always felt that behind your reserved manner in class was a rare sensitivity of nature," he said, giving me a slow, gloomy smile, and I, who had been attracted by just that smile in seminar, found myself filled not with rapture but with an inexplicable annoyance. It occurred to me that this meeting was just like a coffee date with any callow Comp Lit major, who would begin by throwing out portentous hints about his ideal woman and end, ritually, by suggesting we drop mescaline and swim nude in the Adams House pool. I tried to think of the romantic circumstance that Geoffrey Knacker was an instructor and that both of us were flouting lovers in order to meet, but all I could seem to feel was irritation at a flat, straw-colored mole that Geoffrey had where his jaw met his neck, and at the fact that as he talked he joined the tips of his fingers together and pumped them in and out in a tiny bellows-like motion. We were sitting at an inconspicuous table in a corner, but it seemed to me, in my hypersensitive state, that all the other students in the Pamplona could see the mole and the working fingertips and were laughing discreetly at them.

As I rattled my spoon in my ice-cream dish, some demon prompted me to say, "But certainly you must have seen hundreds of exceptional students in all your years as a teacher."

"Hundreds?" repeated Geoffrey Knacker, in an injured tone. "Why, no. I finished my dissertation three years ago. I am only thirty-one."

We didn't really have much to say to each other. It was clear, in fact, that our initial attraction had become puzzling and abortive, and that this meeting was one of those muted social disasters that can be devastating if one cares. I didn't care much; nor, it seemed, did Geoffrey Knacker. We shook hands and parted outside the Pamplona without even the polite device of mentioning plans to get in touch. When he zipped up his jacket and, with one last unhappy smile, trudged off in his Bean boots toward Central Square, I clicked off back to Radcliffe in my high heels, feeling positively elated. Geoffrey Knacker, I decided, was a bore, but the *fact* of Geoffrey Knacker was exciting. As I came into Harvard Square and threaded my way through the slush and evening traffic on Mass. Ave., the romantic sensation I'd had while walking through the Common returned to me in full force. I seemed to be taking up the strands of an interrupted idyll, and in my right palm, deep in the pocket of the fur jacket, was the pleasant tickling feeling that denoted the grasp of my imaginary lover.



WHEN I got back to the suite, Margaret was working on a problem sheet for Chem 105, and her boyfriend—a young man with such an earnest, childlike gaze that we'd nicknamed him Christopher Robin—was seated cross-legged on her bed using a metal-mesh contraption to sift seeds and stems out of an ounce of grass he'd just bought. (One of Margaret's complaints about him was his methodical attitude toward sex and drugs.) "*Oo*-la-la—very thirties," said Christopher Robin, giving my outfit the old once-over, and then Margaret dragged me into the bathroom.

"Well, what happened?" she demanded, locking the door, turning on both faucets, and settling herself on the sink counter under the enormous bosom of one of the Playmates we'd pinned up. "He must have kissed you—or did you fall into bed together? You're absolutely beaming."

ONE THING FOLLOWING ANOTHER

Colorless guiding light,
showing the unending lines of following feet
how to walk their true road,
I see you but I do not follow:
Your road is not my road,
nor are the ways of your minions.

Your minions,
what you do not do for them—
hands cupped in snow-light,
you hand them their fame.

Their fame,
over which they have fought like brutes,
few rules to the game.

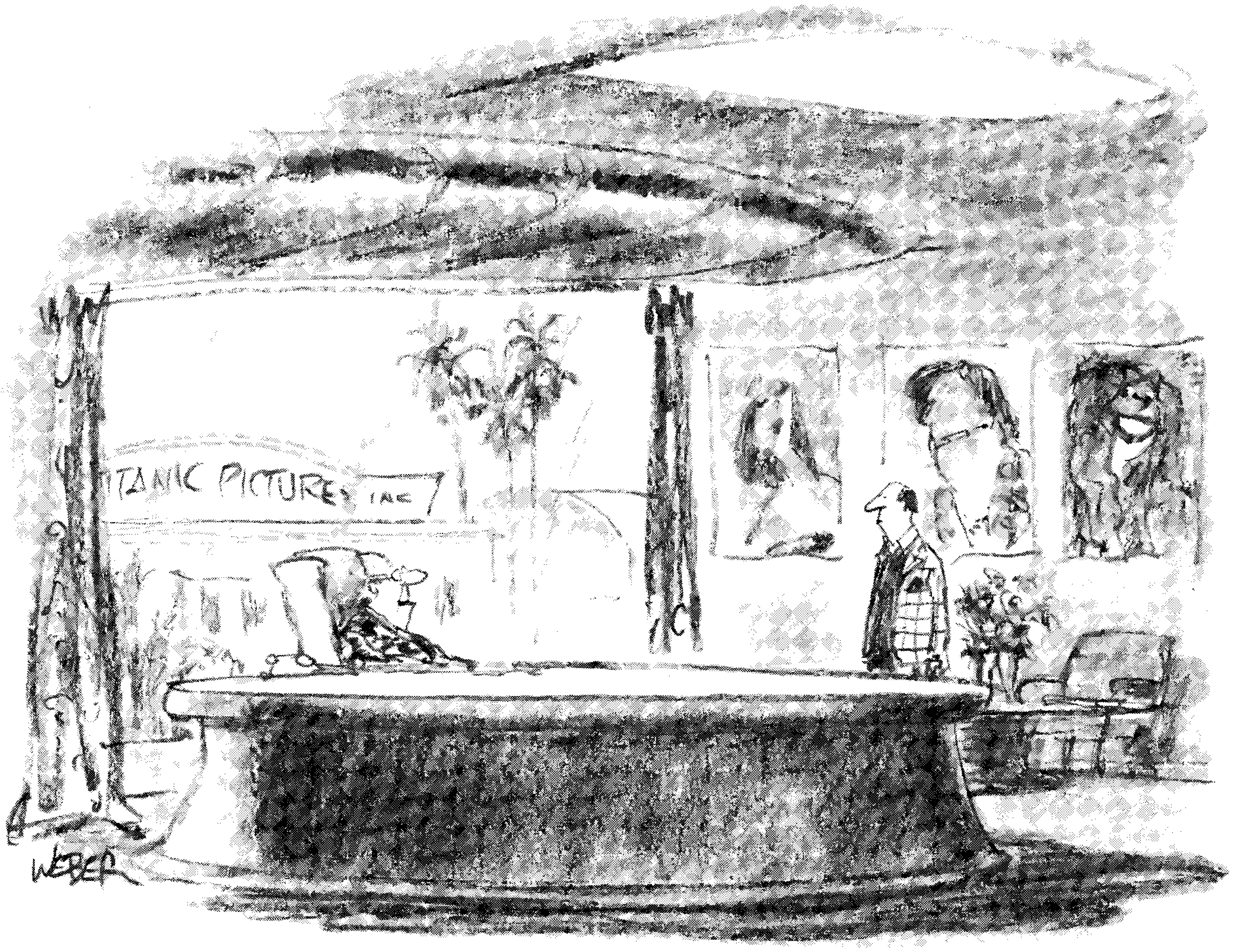
Few rules to the game
excepting silence,
adhered to,
owner of everything.

Owner of everything,
poets to presidents,
to the cheerful
baseball star
who has so many followers.

Who has so many followers?
You do,
colorless guiding light,
showing the unending lines
of following feet
how to walk their true road.

—JOSEPHINE SAUNDERS

• •



"I understand you have something to say to me, Sid. Could you make it short and amusing?"

• •

"Knacker was actually kind of a fizzle," I said. "But it was fun anyway."

"Idiot child," said Margaret. "Take off that coat—you've wasted it. I knew you should have worn red stockings."

When I tried to explain myself, she leaned back against the bathroom mirror, closed her eyes, and giggled so that the frame of the mirror shook. "My artistic roommate," she said. "The woman of epiphanies. You're going to kill me with your fine points."

A FEW weeks later, Margaret was dancing to a Stones tape at a party in a converted airplane factory up near M.I.T. when she ran into her adviser, Dr. Bellemere, whom she had at last succeeded in calling Don. Bellemere, who was a post-doc a bit older than Geoffrey Knacker, and who fluttered hearts all through the chemistry department with his leather vest and Buffalo Bill mustache, had had a lot of the punch, which was a Techie grape-juice concoction laced with acid. He led Margaret out of the strobe lights into a dark corner of the loft, kissed her passionately, and told her he spent every lab session thinking about her legs. A triumph for Margaret—except that she inexplicably discovered a preference for Christopher Robin, and so the thing with Bellemere went no further, except for a bit of embarrassment in lab.

"But there was something really solid there—a kiss, not just daydreams," Margaret told me pointedly when we discussed it later. For a change, we were sitting among the scattered books and papers of my room, while I packed my book bag to go down and visit Hopalong at Adams House.

"I don't think the two situations were so different," I said. "I'm afraid, sweetheart, that whatever we try to do, in our two different ways, we end up being just a couple of nice girls."

"Oh, I hope not!" said Margaret, flopping backward on the bed. "But anyway," she went on stubbornly, after a minute, "a real kiss is better than an imaginary one."

And she thumped her booted feet on my bedspread for emphasis.

I wanted to contradict her, but then I remembered how bullheaded and tenacious Margaret could be in an argument, how tiresomely withholding of her oolong tea and the little English butter biscuits that her mother sent her and that I loved. In the end I just raised my eyebrows with the air of one to whom has been granted higher knowledge, and kept my mouth shut.

—ANDREA LEE

•

So, little by little, the credit card folks are wearing us down. The estimate is that seven out of every ten households in the nation now have some 600 million credit cards at their disposal.—*Milton Moskowitz in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

Sounds like home.

WHILE HOME

THE Deforest kids were in the Lakebreeze Laundromat.

"Whose treat is lunch?" asked Jonathan. He and little Lana looked over at their older brother, Shane. Severely handsome, he was barefoot and in swim trunks, taking his ease in a shrimp-pink scoop chair. Lana, who was seven, had been lifted up and set on top of a broken clothes washer.

"I guess I'm the only one with money," Shane said morosely.

A machine, beginning its spin cycle, let off a shivery whir.

"Tie my shoe for me," Lana said.

Jonathan, who was eighteen, had already flicked through all five of the laundromat's magazines. He gave up pacing now and drew what string remained of Lana's shoelace back and forth between the lowest eyelets of her sneaker, evening the shredded ends.

"Tight," Lana said.

From his chair, Shane said, "I know who *had* money. The dog. This morning, I found the corner of a ten in its bed, Lana. The rest of the bill obviously chewed up and swallowed."

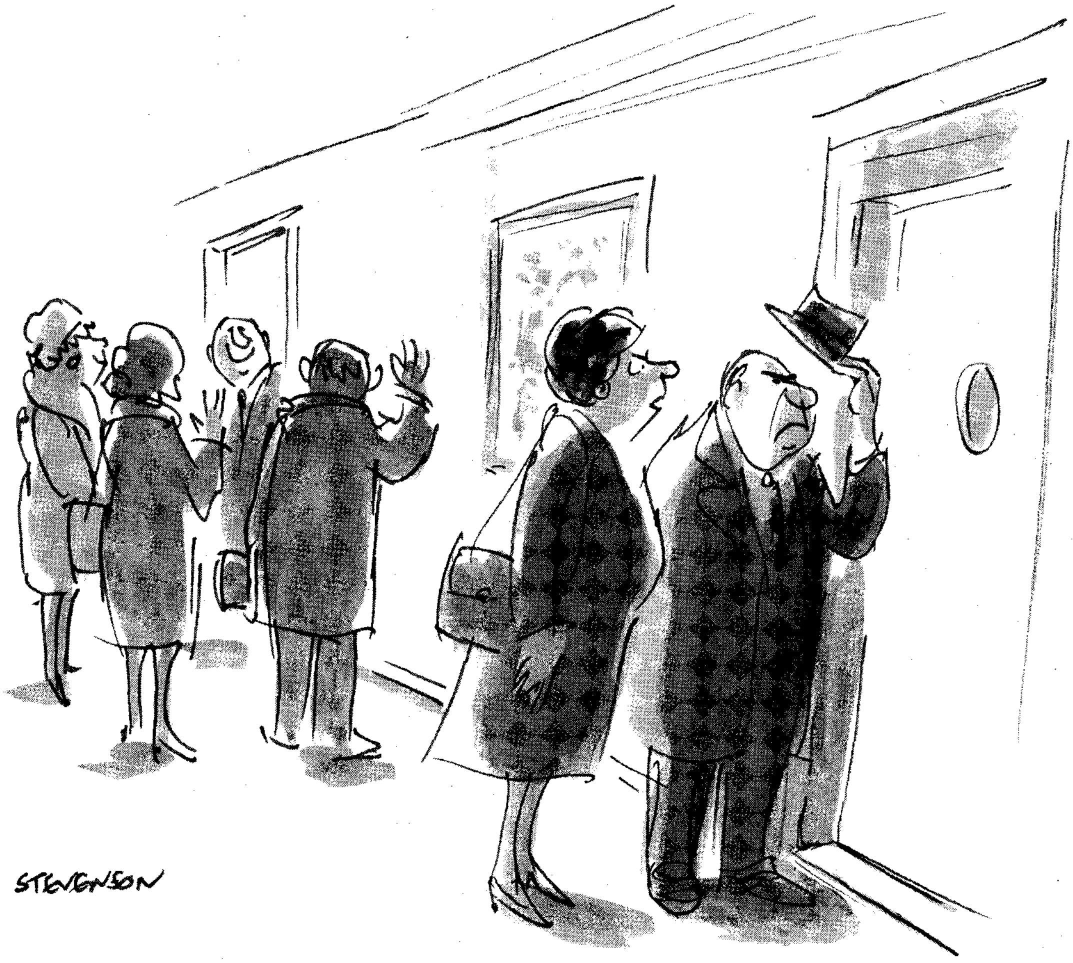
"No, sir," Lana said. Rosalie was her dog.

"Probably my ten," said Jonathan, as he secured a bowless double knot on Lana's shoe.

"You ate the money, if Rosalie didn't," Shane said to Lana. He sighed. "O.K., I'll cover lunch," he said. "But one of you has to bring it here to me. I'm not sitting in any restaurant in a swimsuit. You've got to go get the food—is that agreed?"

Shane was conscious of his nice good looks and his light voice, which made these orders seem less than demands. He was a sometime model and actor, who had come back for a while to recover from a year and a half of spectacular unsuccess in Los Angeles. If he found a decent job here at home, he might just change his plans. His present role, of returned prodigal and older brother, was the best of his career so far.

"Sure, sure, agreed," Jonathan said.



"When was the last time you cottoned to somebody?"

Their town was Ophelia, Ohio, on the lake. The three of them had been swimming in Erie's friendly little surf. Jonathan's blond hair formed into stiff bunches now as it dried.

"Let's get pizza from Sub Hut," Lana said dreamily.

"Too much salt," Shane said. "I like a subtler pizza." He took a sandwich baggie, folded many times for waterproofing, from the buttoned pocket just below the waistband of his swim trunks and extracted a twenty-dollar bill.

"Hey!" said Lana, in admiration.

"I'll have a B.L.T., rings, and a Strawberry Blizzard," Shane said.

"That a regular or a Blizzard Supreme?" Jonathan asked.

"Second one," Shane said. He almost had to shout, because water was firing into a nearby machine.

They had been waiting for their beach things—towels, Levi's, a pullover, and Lana's terry coverup—to finish in the tumble dryer. They had a clothes washer and dryer at home, on the other side of town, but they were temperamental machines, tricky to operate, and their mother had forbidden their use while she was away. She was in Milwaukee taking care of their grandmother after an operation. "That means especially Lana," she had said. "No, especially *you*, Jonathan."

Jonathan was on his way out of the laundromat now, but he circled back. "Look outside," he said, and directed Lana to the front bank of windows. "At this man. He's coming by any second. You've got to see this, Shane. It's like his hair was sculpted on. Like it's carved out of wood putty."

"Here he is," Lana said.

"Here, Shane, quick!" Jonathan said. "Is that not carved hair?"

But Shane did not get up. He sat lower in his chair, with his neck bent. He was hugging himself.

"Uh-oh. Shane's thinking again," Jonathan said.

"I believe I might be going to have a damned seizure," Shane told them after a moment. "I only said 'might,' so try not to get hysterical."

"Nah, you're not. Are you?" Jonathan said. "Please say no, because I don't remember what to do. Maybe you just have water in your eardrums. I get it every time I swim."

"It's more than that," Shane said.

Lately, he had been using a new anti-convulsant for his epilepsy. He had developed an allergy to his regular medication.

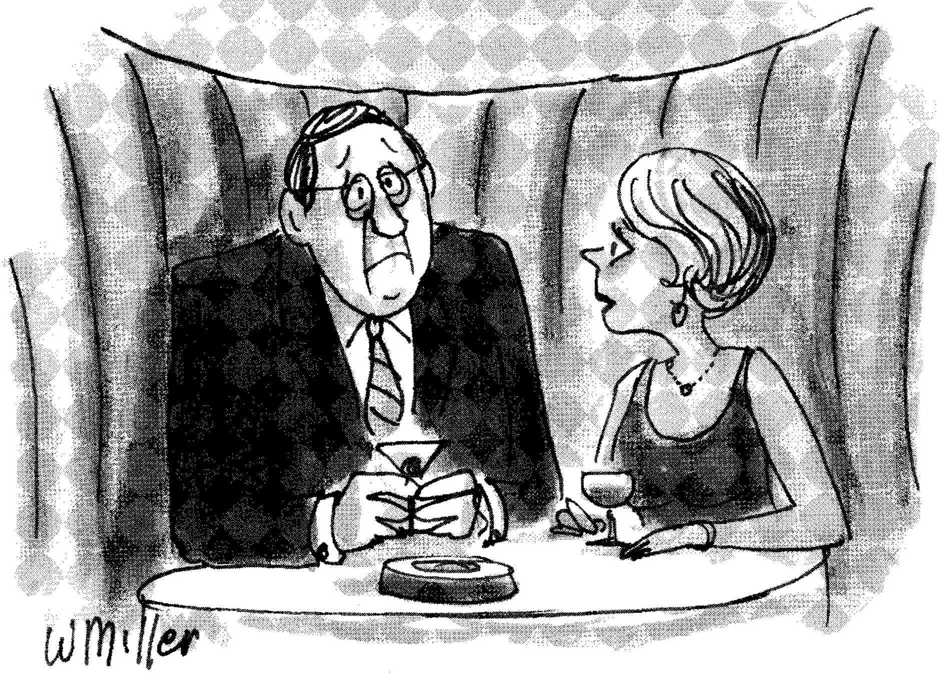
Lana kicked the machine beneath her with the heel of one sneaker. "But this is the first time I was allowed out!" she said.

Lana had been confined to the Deforests' front yard for the past couple of weeks. This was for her own good, her mother had reminded Mr. Deforest and the boys before she left, because Lana had recently come home, after an afternoon at the little Kristerson boys' house, with her dress on backward and the buttoning sequence missed by two.

"Please wait until after we eat, and then you can," Lana said to Shane. "You shouldn't lie down here or anything."

"Lana, he can't control *when*," Jonathan said.

Without taking his eyes from the floor tiling, Shane said, "No, and I really think I'm going to."



"Golly, Mr. Napler, one million a year isn't so much nowadays. I don't know why your stockholders don't understand you."

• •

BACK home, Shane rested in a rope hammock that was strung between two sweet-apple trees. He had not had a seizure. "Quit waiting!" he ordered Lana.

She kept watching him. She was lying on her belly on a green upholstered chaise outside the trees' shade. She had stripped down again to her red-checked gingham swimsuit, which she had worn swimming at the lake. "I'm not bothering you," she said.

"You're waiting for me to have a convulsion. If you weren't, you'd be helping Jonathan dig or you'd chase Rosalie. You'd be doing anything but lying still, Lana. I know you."

"I don't care," Lana said.

"Not responsive," said Shane.

"Tomorrow, I want to help Jonathan. Today, I'm getting more suntan," she said.

Jonathan was on the other side of the modest yard, working a patch of worn lawn with a shovel. Whistling rhythmically to himself, he jimmied loose a stone and then kicked the point of the shovel into the ground again for a new bite of dirt. He was digging a shallow trench around a mound of earth he would eventually dress with rocks—making a strawberry patch, he had announced. His real idea was to strengthen his back and shoulder muscles. He wanted to be able to manage a more serious, faster motocross bike than his aging Suzuki. He had talked this over a few days before with a mechanic at the Cycle Corral—a fellow who had once raced professionally.

"I'd forget about a KTM or a Husky, if I were you," the mechanic had said. "A real thunderbutt bike'd just intimidate you. Way too much power in the mid-range, with your little arms. You'd get blasted out of the saddle. See, I could give you this 495 and take your old bike and in the woods I'd still beat you, because you have to stay lower in the power band or lose it. While you're fighting, I'm gone. And you won't want to take a monster bike off to college with you anyway. Not freshman year, you don't."

Jonathan twisted his shovel on a carrotlike section of root he had struck. He chopped at it, rested, and chopped. He looked up as two young women approached the split-rail fence that bordered the yard. The Deforests' neighborhood was old enough to be very shady, but the women were in a stretch of sun at the moment, walking jauntily and seeming carefree and entertained by each other.

"Shane," Jonathan said in a low voice. "Two girls coming."

"Describe them," Shane said without raising his head.

"They look nice. One has sort of beaming red hair. I mean bright-bright."

"It's Kay," Shane said. "A chatterbox and sort of a rival. I don't want to see her. Are you positive they're coming here?"

"They're *here*," Lana said. "Open up your eyes and find out, Shane, instead of always asking Jonathan."

"Can it, Lana. I have a good reason. I can't just gape around at them. I mustn't show interest. Kay works at the store where I've been desperately trying to get a job."

"Well, I'm not here," Jonathan said. "They're your problem, Shane. I'm not talking to them."

Sitting forward in the hammock, Shane said, "Kay—hey, hello."

The girls had stopped, still in the sun. They had roller skates slung around their necks.

"Shane? I remembered your name," the redhead said. She folded her pretty freckled arms on the fence's upper railing and planted a green espadrille on the lower. “And you remembered mine.”

“His name is *what?*” the other girl asked. She was more delicate than Kay, and darker.

“It's Shane. Isn't that cool?” Kay said. “Hey there, Harpo!” she called to Jonathan.

“He'll never forgive you,” Shane said. “He hates his curls.”

Jonathan had turned abruptly and was facing in the opposite direction now, digging away at the already trenched earth.

“That, whose whole life you've just ruined, is my brother Jonathan,” Shane said. “This is Lana, my illegitimate child.”

Lana made a show of covering herself up to her nose with her beach towel.

“He's joking,” the redhead explained. “That's not his kid.”

“So let me take a guess where you two are going,” Shane said. “I have the gift of sometimes seeing right into the future. You're on your way to . . . to Skateland.”

“Astonishing,” the red-haired Kay said.

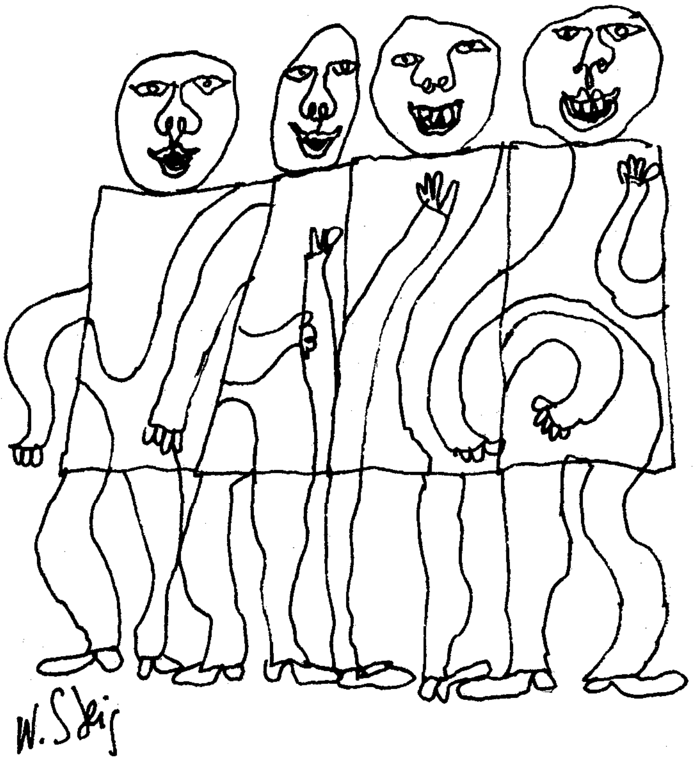
“One of my gifts,” Shane said.

“You didn't get the job at Carlton's,” Kay said to Shane. “Have they told you yet? They're hiring this other guy.”

Shane had met Kay before his interview at Carlton's two days ago. She worked in the ladies' half of the apparel store, which specialized in expensive tailored wear. He had applied for a position as a clerk and salesman. With his modelling history and his looks, he figured he'd be good at fitting and convincing menswear customers, although he had no experience at the work.

“They haven't said anything *official,*” Shane said.

“Well, they're not hiring you,” Kay said. “Say, I forgot. This is Maria. Remember, I told you about Maria? My friend that lives in the other half of my double? Only she owns, I rent. She's my landlady! Aren't you?” Kay said to Maria.



Quartet

“It's true, I swear,” Maria said. “I'm sorry about it.” She patted Kay's arm.

Shane closed his eyes again for a moment, and both girls were instantly quiet, watching his beautiful profile.

LATER on in that week, Mr. Deforest sat in his carpeted kitchen watching daytime TV. He was home on his lunch hour. The air in the kitchen was cool and full of the aroma of the oniony egg salad Mr. Deforest had just prepared.

“Looks good. Thank you and greetings,” Shane said, as he entered through the archway. “Now, please, Dad, say only the best things you can think of about my appearance.” He was dressed in a poplin suit, a blue shirt, a navy-and-yellow silk tie. He was going to another interview in the afternoon.

“You're good enough for a royal wedding, but you'll have to model somewhere else, honey,” Mr. Deforest said. “You're blocking Beirut.”

“Dad, this suit failed me once before at a job interview. Does it look cheap or something?” Shane said.

“Affordable, I always say, not cheap. But no. Hell, no, Shane. It's a better summer suit than anything I own. You look like a store-window dummy.”

“Maybe that's the trouble.” Shane scraped some egg salad from its bowl with the wire whisk and ate very carefully, his head far out over the table.

Lana darted into the room and immediately took her father's lap for a seat. Jonathan came in from the yard, shirtless and newly sunburned. “Surprise, surprise, everybody. Egg salad for lunch,” he said, sitting down.

“If you know how to make anything different, I pass the apron to you,” said Mr. Deforest. “I'm a genius with thermocouples, but this and potpies are just about it for me and cooking.”

Lana was eating handfuls of the salad, straight from the bowl. “Sure hope you washed your hands,” her father said.

“A *month* of eggs,” Jonathan went on. “Our family cholesterol level must be right off the charts.”

“We've had lots of other foods,” Lana said. Her face was smeared with mayonnaise.

“I'm seeing this guy today, over in Lorraine—a sporting-goods store,” Shane said. “My last shot. If he doesn't hire me, I'm closing out my savings and heading back to L.A.”

There were groans of protest from the table. “Your mother wanted you around at least until she got back,” Mr. Deforest said. “Grandma's getting better every day. Why don't you hang in here a little while?”

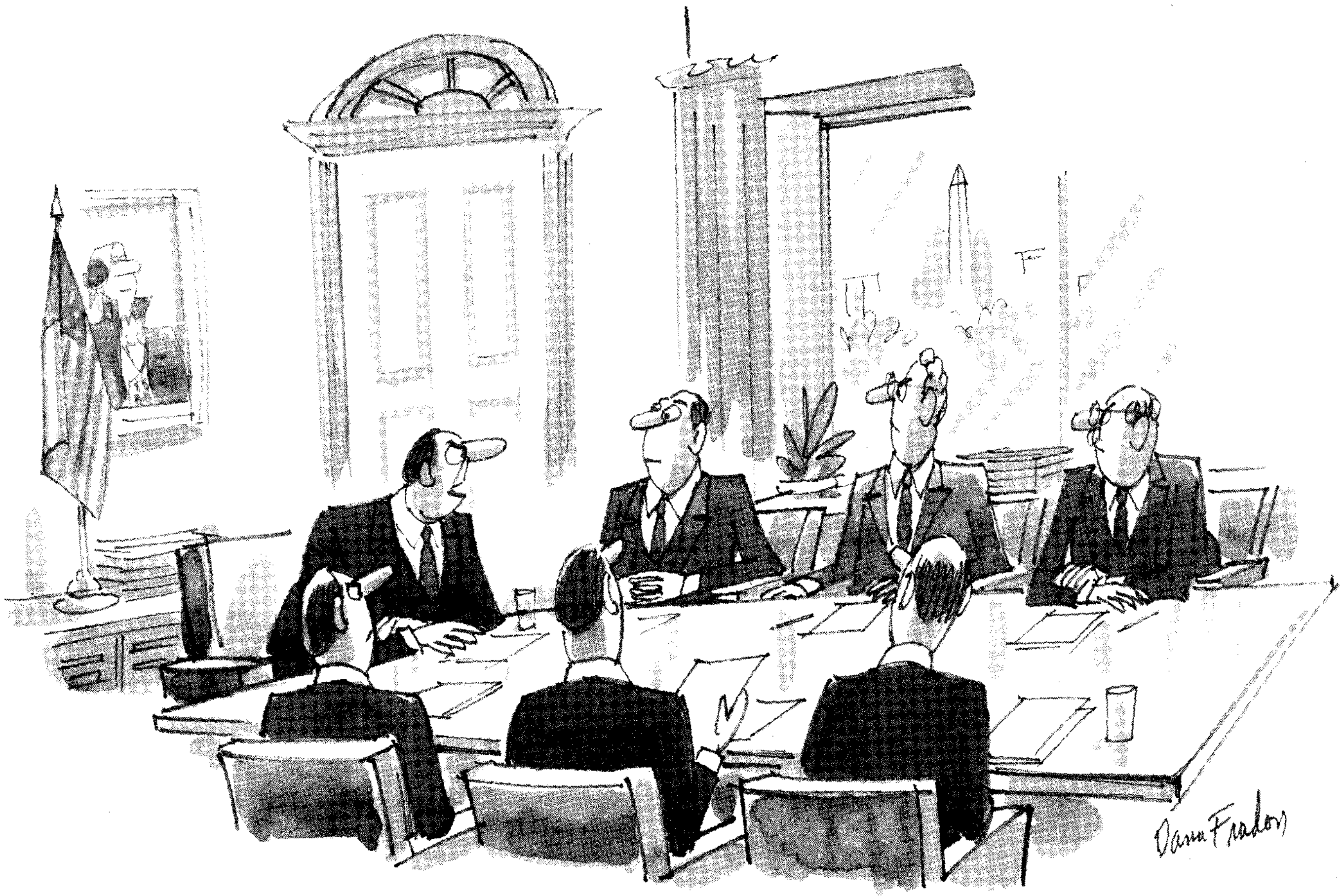
“Because it's devouring my pathetic bank account, Dad, and I'm also sponging off you. When I was out on the Coast, I made fun of this place, and now I don't feel good enough for it, since nobody around here will hire me to shine shoes. So to hell with it.”

“Will you be in movies?” Lana asked.

“Yes,” Shane said absently.

“He really could be. That was next,” Jonathan said, more to Shane than anyone else.

The television news ended with an admonition from the anchorwoman: “It's twelve-twenty-eight and ninety-four degrees, so have yourselves a record-



"I blame everything on the Russians, except for the few things, Stacey, I blame on you!"

• •

buster, but take it slow out there. Stay cool."

"Talking directly to you, Jonathan," Mr. Deforest said. "You ought to take some salt pills if you're still going to work on those strawberries."

"Salt pills after this egg salad? I'll be the only teen-ager to die of sodium poisoning," Jonathan said.

An old episode of "Hawaii Five-O" started up, and Mr. Deforest ticked his spoon on the table in rhythm to the show's opening theme. "I wish I could stay for this," he said.

"What's the big deal about ninety-four degrees?" Shane said. "In L.A., that's the norm."

"Well, for June," Jonathan said.

"You'd think it was some *crisis*," Shane said. After a moment, he said, "You know, things were looking up out there. I had a sort of letter of inquiry from the William Morris people after my commercial. That's what hurts. To get turned down here by some wimp in a button-down collar."

"Don't be too hard on your home area," Mr. Deforest said.

"*Will* you be on television, Shane?" Lana asked.

"I already was, Lana. You know about that. And can't you eat with slightly better manners than Rosalie—which you forgot to clean the burrs off," Shane said. "You have to *groom* this sort of dog, Lana."

The chimes of an ice-cream truck sounded out on the street. "I hear dessert coming," Mr. Deforest said.

"Quick, Pop, give me money," Lana said, hopping down from his lap.

"We just hoped you'd stay around for the summer, before you go chasing your stars," Mr. Deforest said to Shane, reaching into his pocket.

"It all depends on this job," Shane said.

"I'm sure glad it's not me," Jonathan said. "I might do all right during actual exposure time, during the interview, but right now, beforehand, I'd be throwing up."

IT was Sunday. Lana was on the screened porch, fixing round stickers onto her tissue-wrapped gift for her father. The stickers said things like "Grin and Ignore It" and "Things Are Getting Worse—Send Chocolate!" Shane was lounging on the wicker sofa with a copy of *Variety*. He wore a black polo shirt and white trousers today. "Lana, tell me again, did you really check for ticks in your hair?" he asked. "There were three on Rosalie last night."

"Yes, Shane."

The east wall of the porch held tendrils of ivy. Through the ivy and the screen's mesh, out above the trees, the sky looked chalky with clouds. It was much cooler this Father's Day morning.

Jonathan lay in the hammock outside—a curled sleeping bundle. One hand dangled loose, still wearing a cowhide work glove.

The day before, Jonathan had ridden Lana on his Suzuki through a meadow and a shady woods where they knew they'd find butterflies feeding on the wildflowers and among the willow and wild cherry trees. It was Lana's plan to supplement her Father's Day present with a framed specimen. They captured and let go a few cabbage whites and one faded viceroy. Then, in a lucky swoop, Jonathan netted a red-spotted purple. Back home, he chloroformed the butterfly in their killing jar—a thing he had learned in biology class. "It's gone to sleep," he said to Lana.

"He stayed in the hammock last night," Lana said now to Shane. "I had another present for Dad, but Jonathan let it go."

"I know," Shane said.

Jonathan had confided to Shane about pinning the butterfly the evening before, only to find that it wasn't quite dead. Its wings rose and quivered, and now and then beat rapidly enough to make a fluttering noise. Jonathan fled his bedroom, leaving the butterfly impaled, and hadn't yet gone back there. He told Lana he had changed his mind and released their specimen.

"Everything set?" Mr. Deforest yelled to them on the porch.

"Sixty seconds!" Shane called. He collapsed his paper. "Lana, get Jonathan. Those're enough stickers."

Lana went out and returned with Jonathan, who looked sun- and sleep-dazed. He took the seat next to Shane on the wicker sofa.

Mr. Deforest entered with his face bright, his hands folded behind him. "Well, hot ziggetty, a holiday for me. What have we got going here?"

"Cards first," Lana said.

Her father obeyed. "Great card, Shane. Your mother's is nice, too—I opened it after breakfast. She asks how you're doing on that new medicine. I'm wondering the same."

"If the moon's full, I grow huge hands and fangs, and hair all over my face, but those are the only side effects so far," Shane said. "I'm settling into it."

"This one, of mine," Lana said.

Mr. Deforest opened Lana's envelope and showed around the contents—a bumper sticker with the message "I Love My Mutt!"

"And if that's not Rosalie's picture on there, I'll eat it with mustard," Mr. Deforest said. "Good for you, Lana girl. This goes right onto the car."

"Over my dead corpse," Jonathan whispered to Shane.

Mr. Deforest opened his gift from Lana, saving the wrapper stickers for her. "Lana, you are a shopper! Men's formula hair spray. I do need this."

Lana took the can from her father and showed him how to work the nozzle.

"Excellent, baby, but not so much on the ivy. The ivy doesn't need it too bad today," Mr. Deforest said.

"Mine," Jonathan said. He reached under the wicker sofa.

Mr. Deforest hefted the big package, wrapped in gold foil. "Is this a joke? It's too big."

"I still had some graduation money and nothing to do with it," Jonathan said.

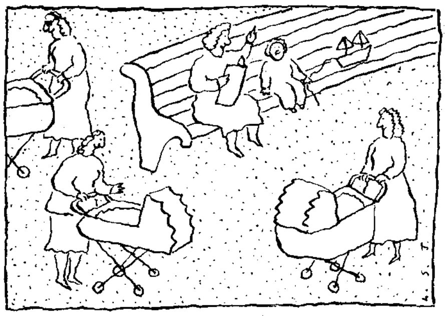
"Well, you made me look awful," said Shane. "Aside from my card, I didn't do anything. I've been pinching every cent for L.A." He had not been hired by the sporting-goods store.

"Holy mother! Look at this, Shane. Lana, look," Mr. Deforest said. He swept aside tissue wrap.

"Damn, it is nice. Really nice," Shane said. He got to his feet for a closer look.

"Extraordinary. A duffelbag you would call it?" Mr. Deforest said. "Get a load of this leatherwork. A place for socks, toiletries. I got a hundred zippers here."

"Where'd you get it?" Shane asked.



"Carlton's—before they didn't hire you. Sorry," Jonathan said.

"I thought so," Shane said.

Their father said, "You could put a *suit* in here."

"You wouldn't, though," Shane said. "You'd wear the suit."

"Thank you, Jonathan, thank you," Mr. Deforest said. "Now I have to think of someplace nice enough to go."

"I've got a nice trip all lined up for a bag like that," Shane said. "You wouldn't want to let me break that in for you, would you, Dad?"

"Hint," Mr. Deforest said.

"Are you really going to go?" Jonathan said.

"Yes. I wish I could wait for Mom, but— I'd sure feel better about myself if I were stepping off the Trailways bus with that bag over my shoulder. I'd send it right back to Dad."

"It would have to be in virgin condition," Mr. Deforest said to Shane.

Shane said, "Well, you know me."

Lana was in the yard now, running with Rosalie and giving off screams.

Jonathan stretched, groaning. "Lana had a butterfly for you, Dad, but I messed it up trying to mount it."

"From the meadow? You check her for ticks?" Mr. Deforest said.

There was a silence on the porch, and Shane and Jonathan and Mr. Deforest all looked out at Lana, who had straddled the dog.

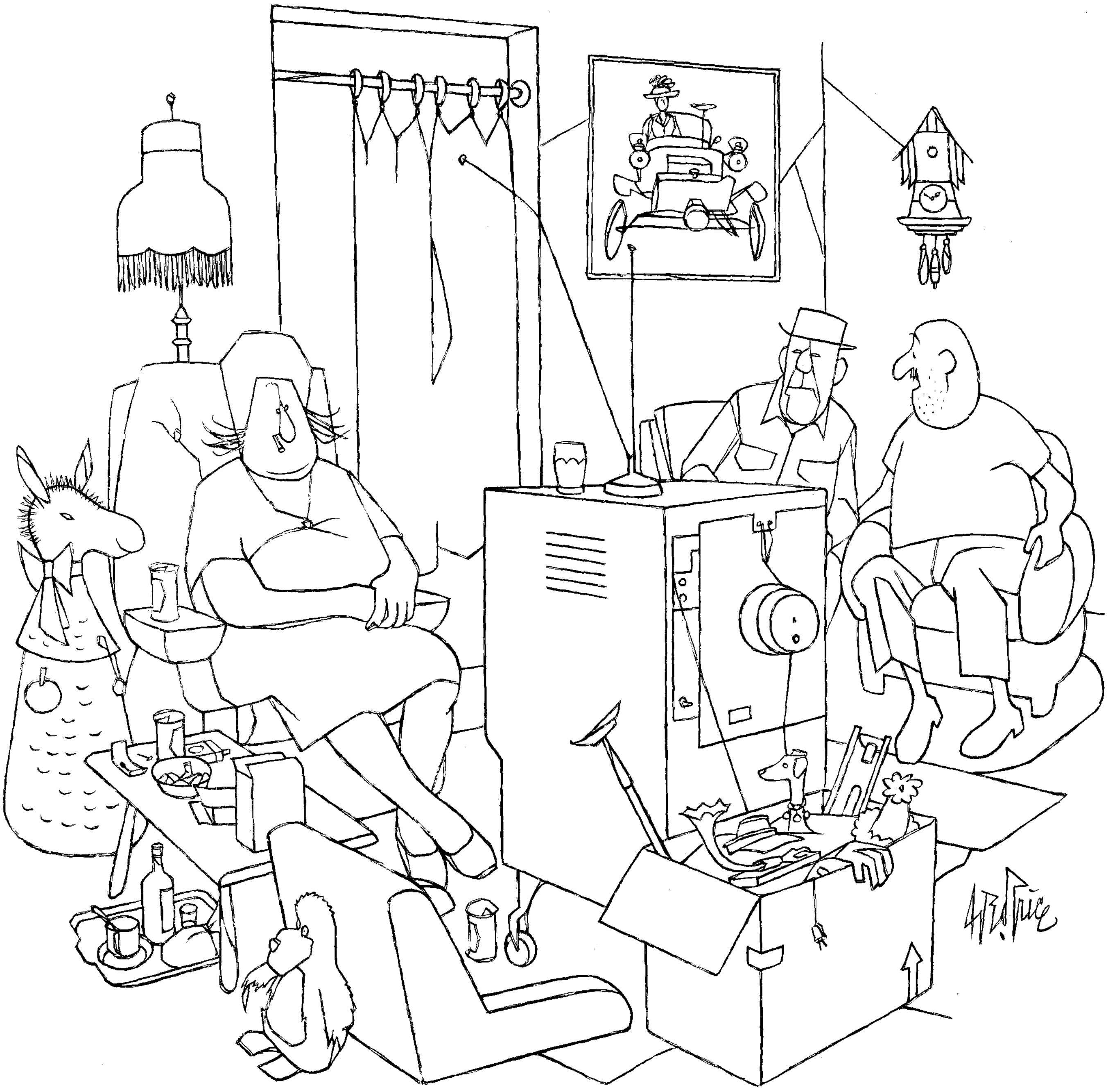
"I better rescue Rosalie," Shane

THE HYPOGEUM

Below the movable gardens of this shopping center
down concrete ways
                              to a level of rainwater,
a black lake glimmering among piers, electric-lighted,
windless, of no depth.
                              Rare shafts of daylight
waver at their base. As the water is shaken, the few
cars parked down here seem to rock. In everything
there strains that silent crash, that reverberation
which persists in concrete.
                              The cardboard carton,
Lorenzo's Natural Flavor Italian Meat Balls, has foundered
into a wet ruin. Dutch Cleanser is propped at a high
featureless wall. Self-Raising Flour is still floating
and supermarket trolleys hang their inverse harps,
silver leaking from them.
                              What will help the informally religious
to endure peace? Surface water dripping into
this underworld makes now a musical blip,
now rings from nowhere.
                              Young people descending the ramp
pause at the water's brink, banging their voices.

—Les A. Murray

• •



"Just between you and me, I'm beginning to rue the day she emerged from her cocoon."

• •

said. "Lana still doesn't believe you can't tickle a dog and make it laugh." He pushed the screen door open but then paused and said to Jonathan, "You maybe ought to come to the Coast with me. We could have a wild time."

"Yeah, it'd be fierce," Jonathan said.

"Feelings aren't hurt, are they?" Mr. Deforest said to Jonathan when Shane had gone. "It was your graduation money, I know."

"I can't believe I'd ever pick out anything he'd like so much. That's truly a first," Jonathan said.

"But you wouldn't consider what he said? I mean, about going with him. I don't think he meant it literally."

"No, I know he didn't," Jonathan said. "Don't worry, I know."

Mr. Deforest had picked up the bag again and now practiced walking up and down the porch with it. "This is first-class," he said. "You can hang it on your shoulder or carry it by hand." He put it down again and directed a look at Jonathan. "O.K., the truth. You're hurt," he said. "And you want him to stay here, stay home with us."

"Yes, but no—no, I'm really not. There's something else. I have to go up to the bedroom to make sure that butterfly's croaked, once and for all. And throw the damned thing away. It'll put a couple years on me, so expect an older son to come back down. I'll be about caught up with Shane."

"You might want to rethink," Mr. Deforest said. "Before catching up with Shane. I sort of remember being his age. It was terrible. Maybe just skip it when your turn comes."

—Mary Robison

•

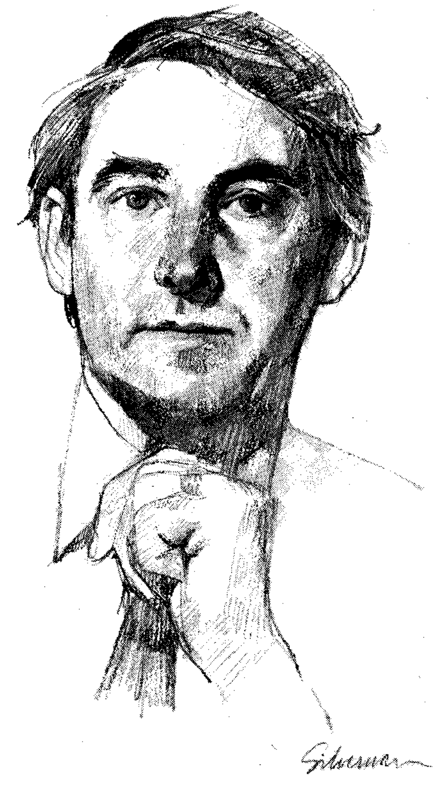
1984 & Animal House by George Orwell (Box Set).—*Adv. in the University Times, newspaper of the California State University at Los Angeles.*

Ah, those wild parties at Eton!

PROFILES

BREAKING THE MOLD

BRITAIN's most highly regarded political figure may be Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, whose Conservative Party was returned to power last June with a landslide majority of a hundred and forty-four seats out of six hundred and fifty, or it may be David Steel, a forty-six-year-old Lowland Scotsman who is the Member of Parliament from Tweeddale, Ettrick, and Lauderdale and is the leader of a rather quirky band that now constitutes the once grand and preëminent Liberal Party. The polls don't establish either of them as the clear favorite of the British people. Mrs. Thatcher continues to be judged best qualified for her job, while Steel has gained ground. A poll taken last November by Market & Opinion Research International for the London *Sunday Times* showed Mrs. Thatcher scoring fifty-four and Steel forty-six on a question about Downing Street qualities. Mrs. Thatcher's rating in some negative categories is much higher than Steel's; she is judged to be more out of touch with ordinary people, more inflexible, and more inclined to talk down to people than Steel, whose net rating invariably shows him to be exceptionally well respected—to be judged more trustworthy than the other luminaries. During the election, a Gallup poll asked voters who of the four party leaders would make the best Prime Minister and who the worst, and the results gave Steel a significantly higher combined "best-worst" score than Mrs. Thatcher.



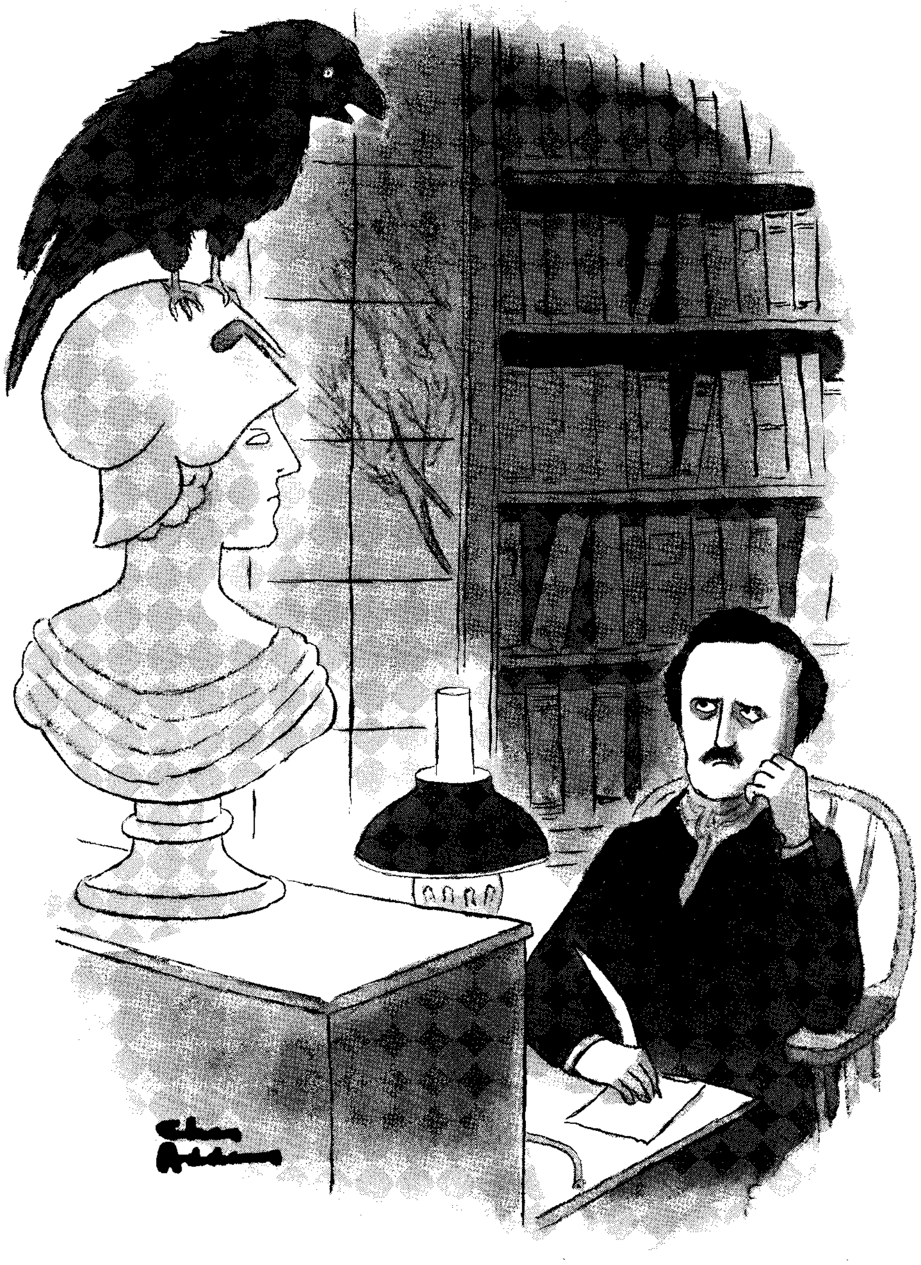
David Steel

The newspapers normally characterize Steel as the country's most popular politician. He is an anomaly. Although he has been a major figure in British politics for longer than his rivals in the other parties (except Mrs. Thatcher), persistent exposure to the public has not eroded his popularity, as so often happens, but, rather, enhanced it. The source of that popularity is far from obvious. Steel hasn't distinguished himself in office; no Liberal has held a government job since the Second World War, when Sir Archibald Sinclair served Winston Churchill as Minister for Air. He isn't a charismatic figure—certainly not in comparison with Neil Kinnock, the Labour Party's new leader and a sparkling new face. David Owen, who replaced Roy Jenkins as the head of the new and still chic but dwindling Social Democratic Party after the election, is more versatile and more intellectually robust than Steel, and has a stronger grasp of the major issues. Actually, Owen, who was Foreign Secretary in the Government of Prime Minister James Callaghan, in the late nineteen-seventies, may have a stronger grasp of national issues than anyone else currently seated in the House of Commons. And while Steel likes power he has spent his entire professional life within a small third party—one whose prospects for acquiring or sharing power during the past half century have been exceedingly remote. Today's Liberals are regarded as an amiable and well-intentioned lot but also as muddled, quaint, and largely irrelevant. "An enjoyable, chaotic mess" is how one of Mrs. Thatcher's former ministers describes them.

For some time, the Liberal Party has been an anarchy of deeply contrasting opinions and attitudes, sheltering many people whose values are traditional—rather like those of the Conservative Party's moderates—and also many who exist politically on various fringes, including the extreme left. Steel himself can be as bemused by his party as anyone, and he is often irritated by it. His detractors, of whom there are remarkably few (Mrs. Thatcher is actually one of the few politicians he doesn't get along with), are mostly fellow-members of the Liberal hierarchy—people who feel that he isn't really one of them, and who in some cases are openly hostile to him. They say he doesn't talk like a true Liberal and certainly doesn't think like one. His detractors have a point. In attitude and style, Steel, who is probably the best—certainly the most effective—leader that the party of Gladstone and Asquith has had since Lloyd George dominated it, is outside the Party's mainstream, chiefly because, like most leaders, he thinks and acts in national terms, whereas his troops think mainly in local, community terms and strive to protect local political gains. Steel intends to return the Liberals to the front bench of the House of Commons, but his party, by and large, while keenly aware of its past and its traditions, is indifferent to the future and is satisfied with a small share of the back benches as long as it can be a force in municipal affairs. "Liberals aren't interested in hard choices, because they haven't had to confront any in a very long time," says William Rodgers, a member of the so-called Gang of Four—former stalwarts of the Labour Party who abandoned it to create the Social Democratic Party. "So they can be individuals," Rodgers explains. "They have survived by being themselves—by being concerned with what is wrong but not with putting it right. Steel is different. He is a genuine leader, with a taste for power. He is really a Social Democrat, even when he does talk like a Liberal." All of the S.D.P.'s senior members told me, in one way or another, that at heart Steel was one of them, and not much of a Liberal. One of his oldest friends sees it as ironic that Steel, "a supreme realist, is in charge of Britain's most romantic, most nostalgic political group." And a prominent Tory says, "Steel is leading a protest group. But since they all protest about different things, it's hardly a party." Antivivisection and animal protection are among the topics that preoccupy many Liberals, and Steel is therefore a trifle furtive about his occasional forays after pheasant and grouse in the fields near Ettrick Bridge, the tiny village where he and his family live. A Tory friend of mine with a safe seat in the House of Commons told me that in last summer's election his Liberal opponent, who belongs to an animal-rescue society, campaigned for an end to experiments on animals but did advocate performing them on human beings. (The Liberal ran second.)

What most sharply divides Steel from numerous leaders and activists of the Liberal Party is his commitment to a cause. He is seeking to transform British politics by creating a new force capable of competing on equal terms with the Conservative and Labour Parties and of eventually superseding the latter as the Tories' main rival. "Breaking the mold" is the phrase that he and those who agree with him often use to describe their goal. They want to draw together the principal strands of the center and the center left. These are currently found mainly in the S.D.P. and the Liberal Party, which fought the recent elections jointly under the banner of "the Alliance;" the country's constituencies were divided between the two parties, and each supported the other's candidates. Steel favors an outright merger of his Liberals with the S.D.P. A large part of British society, he thinks, is awaiting just such a step. He sees disunity and intellectual schizophrenia within the two major parties as depriving the country of moderate and reliably good government. Obviously, a great many Britons, in and out of politics, feel the way Steel does about this situation. The S.D.P. was created by and for such people. But none of the other mold-breakers have applied as much time and energy to the cause as Steel has, let alone dedicated themselves to it. Nor do many of these others share Steel's passion for combining the two parties into one entity.

A great many Liberals oppose a merger with the S.D.P. because they see the new party as *arriviste* and trendy—as the creation of a handful of celebrities and the London media. Most ambitious Liberals see themselves as the obvious alternative to the Labour Party, and to the Thatcher brand of Toryism as well. They are a larger and somewhat better-financed body than the S.D.P., and they have more organization. With their party having been supplanted by Labour as the other great party over sixty years ago, these Liberals dream about turning the tables and restoring the natural order, in which only they and the Tories would matter. Other, less romantic Liberals are content with things about as they are. The Party's most vivid personality is Cyril Smith, who is the Member of Parliament from Rochdale, a town about ten miles from Manchester. Smith, a former mayor of the town and a former Labour Party councilman, is interesting not only because he is a shrewd and sometimes effective rough-and-tumble politician but also because he calls spades shovels and is irrepressibly hostile to Steel. Around the country, Smith is probably best known for his immense girth. His politics are mercurial, and, according to colleagues, his views on a centrist coalition have varied greatly over the years. In an autobiography called "Big Cyril," which was published in 1977, Smith advocated a new center party. In 1981, however, he suggested to a BBC television audience that the S.D.P. be "strangled at birth." I talked with Big Cyril in the central lobby of the House of Commons not long ago, and asked him what he thought of Steel's quest. "Steel is a Social Democrat," he said. "His aim is to destroy the Liberal Party in order to create a new center party, and to take us into the new party lock, stock, and barrel." Smith is opposed to any merger. "The Liberals have a future of their own," he said firmly. "And the S.D.P. can't survive as a national party. It is already disintegrating in some parts of the country." Another of the Liberals' notables, and



"One more time."

"Now, each and every one of these beautiful diplomas is suitable for framing."

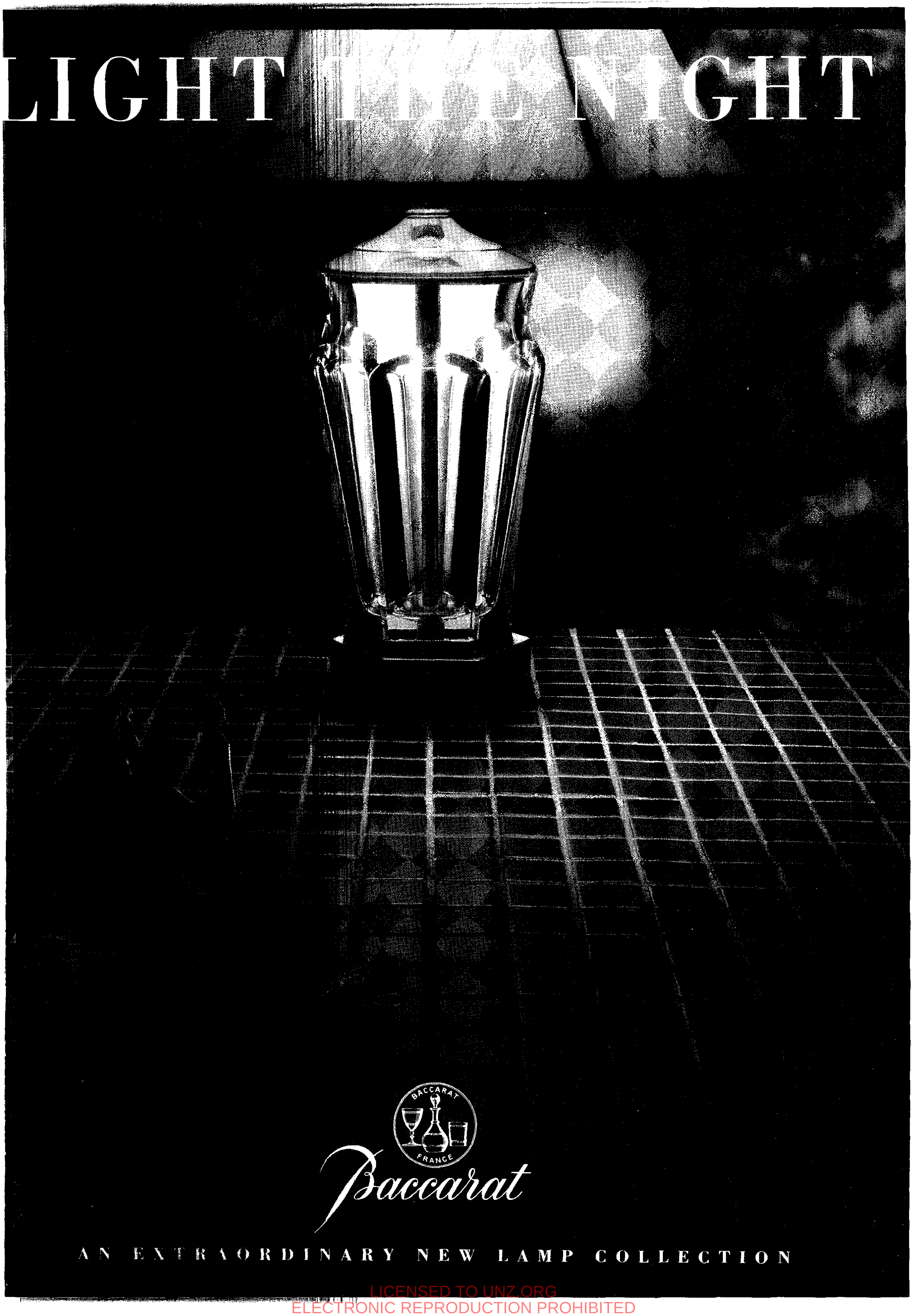
• •

a potential candidate for Steel's job when it becomes vacant, is Michael Meadowcroft, a forty-two-year-old Member of the House of Commons, who, while not hostile to Steel, also opposes his grand design. Meadowcroft criticizes Steel for having failed to dominate the Alliance; he could have done so, according to Meadowcroft and others, given his stature in the country and the greater strength of the Liberal Party.

Steel's critics within the Party have fared badly in every important test of strength with him. "Some of them are afraid of responsibility and want to keep the Party as it is," Steel told me. "They also want to protect their position within the Party. I have to knock heads together at regular intervals." We discussed divergencies among Liberals, and he said at one point that "Party policy is what I say it is next weekend." Of the S.D.P., he observed, "It thinks of itself as more down to earth, more in touch with the real world." He didn't seem to disagree.

With the conspicuous exception of Roy Jenkins—a friend and admirer of Steel's as well as a kindred spirit—the S.D.P. leadership on the whole opposes merger. David Owen, who is perhaps the most strongly opposed to it, worries that merger would breed incoherence. He sees "anarchical tendencies in the Liberal Party which make it difficult for them to stand firm on key policy issues," and says, "Far too many Liberal candidates espoused different and conflicting policies in the last election. But merging is not going to solve that problem." Others within the S.D.P. hierarchy worry, with reason, that the Liberals would be the dominant force within a combine, because they are the larger body and have almost triple the number of Members of Parliament (seventeen versus six). Still, there are a few senior and experienced figures in the S.D.P. who agree with Jenkins and Steel that merger is the only sensible course, and they don't seem to fear it. "The Liberals have the troops, the S.D.P. the brains," one of them said to me recently. "All the brightest young economists come to us," he added, "and none to the Liberals"—the party of John Maynard Keynes. Also, he and others in the S.D.P. know that the policies of the Liberal Party on most sensitive national issues are whatever Steel says they are, and therefore are currently similar to those of their own party. There is actually very little disagreement between the two parties—still less between Steel and Owen—on how Britain's economy should be managed. And both parties support Britain's membership in the European Community. The Liberals are somewhat "greener" than the S.D.P. on a few environmental issues, and especially on nuclear energy; they flatly oppose it. The issue that bears watching is nuclear defense. The attitude of many—probably most—Liberals toward Britain's nuclear role is softer than the S.D.P.'s, although here, too, Owen and Steel are close together, and have managed, with some difficulty, to paper over the differences within their parties. Each of them opposes the Government's plan to modernize Britain's aging nuclear deterrent by purchasing the Trident II, a new American submarine-launched ballistic-missile system. In fact, neither favors clinging indefinitely to an independent British deterrent. They do support keeping the present force of Polaris submarines and missiles, but Steel would allow the force to drift into obsolescence and disuse, whereas Owen favors extending its operational life, if possible, and perhaps eventually turning it over to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Owen and Steel both supported NATO's so-called dual-track decision to deploy the controversial new American missiles in Britain and four other European countries while striving for an agreement in Geneva to limit such weapons.

Within the Alliance, the dominant issue is merger. It is divisive, and can only become more so—first, because it divides Steel and Owen (the two Davids, as they are now called), and, second, because it has placed the parties in what seems a damned-if-we-do, damned-if-we-don't situation. Not to merge could sap the credibility of the Alliance as it prepares to fight by-elections and makes plans for the next general election. The Liberals and the S.D.P. alike constantly call at-


LIGHT THE NIGHT
BACCARAT
FRANCE
Baccarat
AN EXTRAORDINARY NEW LAMP COLLECTION

BE·A·PART·OF·IT.
Canadian Club®
IMPORTED
Canadian Club
C.C.
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
86.8 U.S. PROOF

86.8 PROOF BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MI © 1984

tention to the deep splits within the Labour Party and the somewhat lesser ones within the Tory Party. An S.D.P. leader wondered aloud recently, "What shall I say when the voters ask, 'If, as you say, there aren't any differences between you and the Liberals, why don't the two of you unite? Have you both so much money you can afford to maintain separate organizations? Who is your leader? You still have two leaders? Well, if you acquired power, which of them would lead?' There are no good answers to those questions." Still, no one, including Steel, has any illusions about merger. It would force the issue of leadership, and Steel, unless he stepped aside, would be selected, since he commands the larger party and has the higher national standing. Moreover, a merger now would create bitterness and lead to defections from both parties. "We're both strapped for money," one Liberal said. "But we can't talk about merger right now. The aggro-level"—the level of aggravation—"is running too high."

THE Social Democratic Party made its début in March of 1981, and was an instant success. It took a strong hold on people of moderate instinct who were fed up with the immoderation, disunity, and staleness they saw in the major parties. The four—Roy Jenkins, David Owen, William Rodgers, and Shirley Williams—who deserted Labour to create the new wave were national figures of considerable stature. Each had had ministerial experience, and Jenkins, the senior figure and the new Party's first leader, had distinguished himself in several major offices, including those of Chancellor of the Exchequer and Home Secretary, and also as president of the European Community. A decade or so ago, the polls showed him to be Britain's most widely admired political figure, and he is sometimes described now as "the best Prime Minister Britain never had." Jenkins' prestige exceeded Mrs. Thatcher's and dwarfed that of Michael Foot, an engaging left-wing intellectual, who in 1981 was the leader of the Labour Party—its weakest in modern memory. Most of the S.D.P.'s prominent personalities were popular with journalists, some of whom actually joined it and contributed to its reputation as the party most favored by the better newspapers.

The S.D.P.'s slide from fashion was nearly as rapid as its rise. The Party's peak of popularity was reached, according to polls, in the autumn of 1981, and its somewhat inexplicable descent began a few weeks later—just before the end of that year. Today, membership-renewal drives do not seem to be going well, and money is a serious problem; the Party has been forced to rent out the fourth floor of its headquarters—a house in Cowley Street, just behind Westminster Abbey. At the outset, twenty-six Members of Parliament—twenty-five from Labour and one from the Conservatives—crossed the floor of the House of Commons to help launch the S.D.P. Now it has only six. Of the Gang of Four, only two—Jenkins and Owen—managed to hold their seats in the last election. If its fortunes don't improve, the S.D.P. could become a caricature of itself—"a party that is all head and no body," in the words of one prominent Liberal, who also feels, as others do, that the S.D.P. is becoming more and more a vehicle for its leader, David Owen.

Owen and Steel—partners in one sense, rivals in another—are alike in a few ways but are mostly very different. They were born in the same year, 1938, and possess a youthful style: each has kept his hair—Steel's is still fairly dark, Owen's grayer—and a trim figure; both are usually well and conservatively turned out. Steel has rather angular features and looks Scottish; Owen looks English. Neither is gregarious, or even outgoing. Each can be impressive in public, but their strengths are quite different. Owen, thanks to his front-bench experience, especially as Foreign Secretary, is a polished performer in the House of Commons, and the more difficult or sensitive the issue is, the more he tends to shine. He has also become quite a good public speaker—better than he once was—and is considered effective on television, especially when he is asked to comment on foreign-policy or defense matters. Steel, conversely, is better on the speaking platform than in the House of Commons, where he is a competent but undistinguished performer. Steel shines on television; indeed, by most accounts he outperforms everyone else in British political life on television. "David is to television what Lloyd George was to the platform," one of his Liberal colleagues said recently. "He is, in fact, Britain's first post-McLuhan politician." Steel is well aware that his popularity has something to do with his talent as a television performer. And he takes a detached view of his virtuosity; performing well on television, he says, is

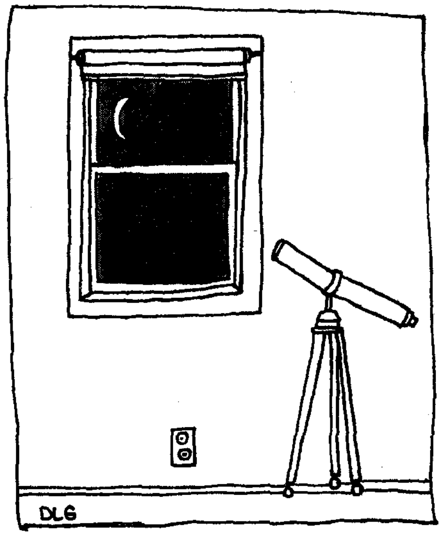
RUE DES REFUSÉS
Stuart Leeds

mainly technique. Steel learned technique in the late nineteen-sixties, when, for nearly a year, he supplemented his income by doing a regular Sunday-evening television broadcast. However, some politicians I spoke with feel that Steel's success on TV is attributable largely to personal qualities, which in his case emerge most clearly on television: integrity; self-control; a genuine belief in something; and a simple, untedious style of advocacy. Also, as one of his advisers says, "that slight Scottish accent of David's spares him any association with class in this class-ridden society."

The political styles of Steel and Owen are as different as those of their parties. A founding member of the S.D.P. who has known them both well says, "Steel has absolutely sure political instincts. I've never seen him put a foot wrong in the years I've watched him. He'd be a good Prime Minister. He'd learn it quickly and handle the Cabinet well. David Owen has many more ideas than Steel but far less sure political instincts, though these are improving. Owen can be very bloody-minded in a good way—not yielding when he shouldn't. He can also be very hard to work with." This view of Owen is widely held, especially among people in the Foreign Office and in his own party who have worked with him closely. I myself have known Owen for many years, and have always found him easy to talk to and also stimulating—as stimulating as anyone I know in public life today. But those who deal with him at close range, however impressed they may be by his intellectual gifts, say that he is often impatient and very abrasive. Steel, on the other hand, is patient and diplomatic, and he manages to get along with most people, including even his detractors within the Liberal Party. Owen, like his party, is the more admired in London, particularly *le tout* London, which respects Steel but finds him a trifle dull. Outside London, Steel is still much the more popular figure of the two.

Steel has had to concentrate on managing his party, whereas Owen can concentrate on issues, since his diminished party doesn't present much of a managerial problem. Steel is interested in foreign policy, and if he lacks Owen's considerable expertise he can discuss the subject quite comfortably—especially its African and Middle Eastern aspects. However, a close associate who admires him described him to me as having "more sympathy than feel" for various large domestic problems, including urban poverty. And his view of economics—"I don't like it and have trouble with it," he told me—is one that many another political figure may well hold but would not admit to. What he and Owen share besides similar views on most issues is a strong commitment to giving British politics a vigorous shakeout. Steel's goal of realigning the parties is one that he has pursued with a quiet Calvinist determination that may be natural in a son of a former moderator of the Church of Scotland and a descendant of Scottish working people. Owen, who was the last of the Gang of Four to defect from the Labour Party, describes the plight of the British system in far starker and vivider terms than Steel does. "I'd rather bust the system than be Prime Minister," he told me. "We must persuade people to go for coalition government. I'm not buyable on this issue. I would be prepared to serve in such a government under David Steel as Prime Minister if he"—that is, the Liberal Party—"had more seats." Owen speaks bitingly about Britain's decline. "Our standards are deplorable. You can't go into a public lavatory in this country—or a public building, for that matter—that isn't a disgrace. We must jerk ourselves up. The Falklands gave us the illusion we weren't in a decline. We are. Our economic decline is relative, but a decline nonetheless."

Only rarely in the past have any of Britain's political parties been so closely identified with their leaders, or so dependent on them. This may be partly because the rhythm of change in British politics is exceeding the ability of the parties to adjust. A more volatile—certainly a less predictable—electorate has created a blurred and confused political scene; most of what passed for continuities in the nineteen-sixties and seventies (for example, the influence of trade unions and big industries) are losing their force. Late in 1980, the Labour Party, although it was deeply divided and badly led, stood at fifty per cent in the polls—mainly because the Conservative Government of Mrs. Thatcher had become the most unpopular in contemporary British history. A year later, however, the same polls showed both Labour and the Conservatives lagging seventeen percentage points behind the newly formed Alliance. Then, in mid-1982, Britain's military victory over Argentina in the Falkland Islands, a rousing personal triumph for Mrs. Thatcher, gave the Conservatives the commanding lead that got them reëlected last June with the largest margin in seats since 1935, when they captured four hundred and thirty-two of six hundred and fifteen seats, with Stanley Baldwin as their helmsman. Mrs. Thatcher became the second Conservative Prime Minister in this century to be reëlected after serving a full term. (The first was Lord Salisbury, who managed it in 1900.) However, her party's triumph was less resounding than it appeared. The Tory share of the popular vote, about forty-two and a half per cent, was down by one and a half per cent from the preceding election, in 1979, and was actually less than what the Party had received in other recent elections, some of which it won, and one of which—in 1964—it lost. For that matter, only twice before in British parliamentary history—in 1974 and 1922—had the margin of popular support for the victorious party been so small. Indeed, the figures show that the outcome last June wasn't so much a victory for the Tories as a major defeat for the Labour Party, whose share of the vote fell to less than twenty-eight per cent—its lowest since 1918. Roughly a fourth of that part of the electorate which normally votes Labour turned elsewhere or didn't vote. A majority of the deserters voted for the Alliance, which drew more than a fourth of the total electorate—nearly as much as Labour's share. Although this showing was far and away the best by Britain's political center in several decades, Jenkins, Steel, and the other Alliance leaders were disappointed. They had hoped to capture more votes than the Labour Party, thereby hastening its decline. Still, the handwriting was on



Northern Ontario/Canada

The Sounds of Silence

The dip and pull and ripple of the paddle, the whistle whirring of the reel, the echo of the loon. This is the place to refresh your senses far and away from the workaday world. Come North to 400,000 lakes, to wilderness excursions or fly-in fishing camps, or resorts of all sorts in our great out-of-doors. North to greet the dawn and the call of the wild. Phone TOLL FREE 1-800-828-8585 or from New York State 1-800-462-8404 or write: Ontario Travel, Queen's Park, Toronto M7A 2E5, Ontario/Canada.

ONTARIO
yours
to discover!

THE UNFALTERING WISDOM OF BUYING THE FINEST.

PRESENTING THE IMPRESSIONS™ COLLECTION BY VENTURA.

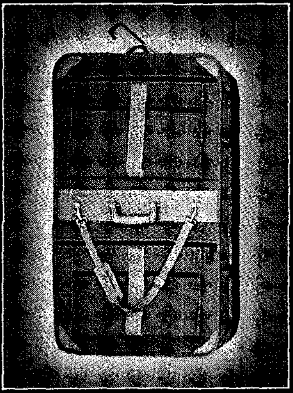
Buying Ventura luggage is not an "expense." Rather, an investment in luggage that will last virtually a lifetime.

Ventura's almost fanatical devotion to quality is responsible. First-grade belting leathers are used exclusively. Unlike most luggage, linings are stitched—not glued. Seams are double, even triple stitched. And layered handles, entirely handmade, support more weight than you want to carry.

This tenacious attention to detail is evident throughout the Impressions collection. Carry-on and hang-up bags are soft, lightweight, and for the perennial over-packer, ingeniously designed to expand. Larger, wheeled suitcases come with a unique added feature: a "take-along" bag inside.

And every Impressions is covered with our exclusive TarpCloth™ TarpCloth will ensure your luggage won't stain, soil, wrinkle or crack. And in a revolutionary process, color is permanently built into the fiber, so luggage looks crisp and beautiful even after vacations.

Ventura luggage is made in the U.S.A. and is protected by a two-year warranty. However, considering our 92 years of luggage experience, we're certain you'll be enjoying Ventura luggage for many years more.



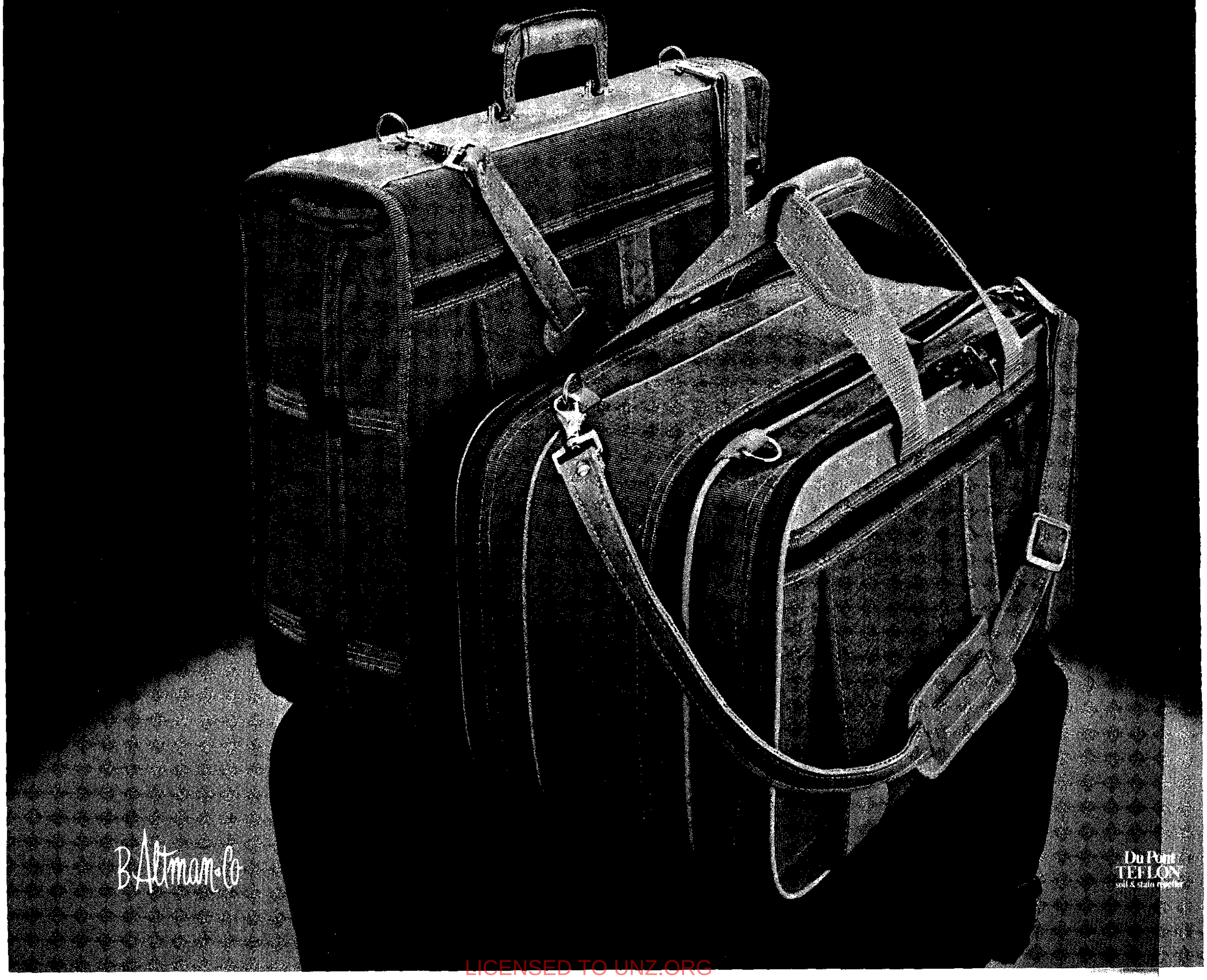
Shown: The Zipaway Carry-on and the Deluxe Hang-up Bag in Gunsmoke Gray. Also in Gentry Green, Marine Blue, Winter Wine, Briarwood Brown. These and other pieces in the Impressions Collection priced from $75 to $450. At better stores everywhere.

Send for our free "How to Pack" booklet.

VENTURA®

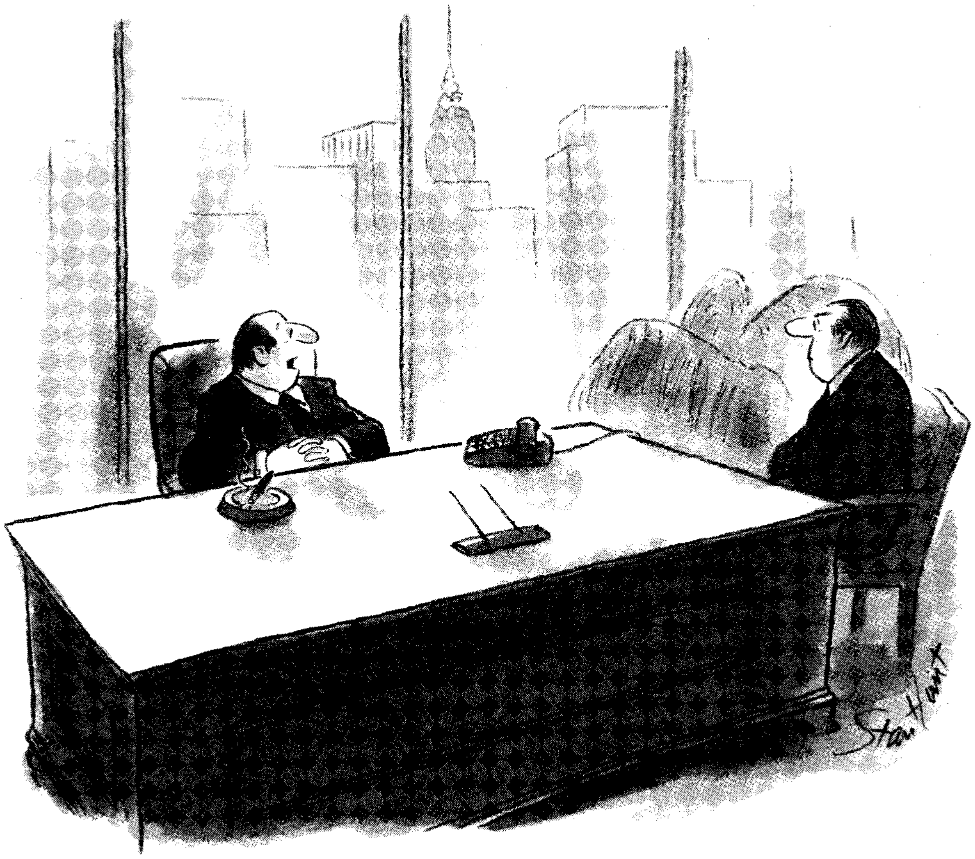
Ventura Travelware, Inc., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101

THE LAST STRONGHOLD OF LUGGAGE QUALITY.



B. Altman & Co

Du Pont TEFLON soil & stain repeller



"I'm afraid you've come to the wrong man. I'm only the titular head of this organization. The real chief is in an underground bunker in Idaho with an unlisted phone."

• •

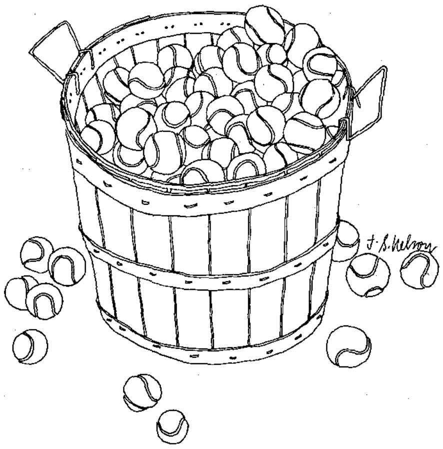
the wall, it seemed. What lay ahead for the Labour Party was an eclipse of its fortunes—that is, unless some new and spotless leader could manage to neutralize the Party's radicals, not to mention the trade unions, and begin to restore its credibility. The message that the outcome held for the Tories was about as simple: they owed their victory to Argentina for having started and lost a war, and to Labour's immoderates for having discredited their own party. Without the war in the Falklands, the Conservatives might still have won, though barely. But the right-wing populism around which Mrs. Thatcher had been refashioning the Party would probably not have moved the electorate in her direction last June if Labour had not drifted into such a deplorable state.

The election was something of an ordeal for the Alliance, and particularly for Steel, on whom the greatest burden rested. He was ill with a severe case of flu throughout the latter half of the three-week campaign, during part of which he was under heavy pressure to replace his friend Roy Jenkins as the Alliance spokesman. The polls were not encouraging, and Jenkins was being blamed, especially because of his performances on television; these were judged ineffective, and even damaging. (He apparently impressed viewers as being more like a Tory of the Macmillan era than like a Social Democrat of the nineteen-eighties.) It was an awkward situation. Jenkins had been selected as the leader of the Alliance—its "Prime Minister-designate"—despite strong Liberal sentiment that Steel, because of his greater popularity, should have had this role. Steel, however, had argued that Jenkins, the older man, possessed the prestige and Cabinet experience that were required. On Sunday, May 29th, just ten days before the election, the issue was taken up at a meeting held in Steel's house in Ettrick Bridge. Besides Steel and Jenkins, those present were the three other members of the Gang of Four and a few senior Liberal figures. It was decided that Jenkins would remain the nominal leader of the Alliance but stand aside for Steel as spokesman. No one gained much satisfaction from the episode; Owen remained silent throughout the discussion, and, according to Steel, even seemed to be embarrassed by it. For many Liberals, simply replacing Jenkins as spokesman was inadequate. "They didn't sharpen the knives well enough," one of them says. In both parties, some people wondered why "Roy and David hadn't just taken a walk through the fields beyond Ettrick Bridge and worked it out themselves." But that would probably have been expecting too much of Steel, given his close ties to Jenkins.

The election took a heavy toll of the leading personalities in each of the two parties. David Owen was an exception. Owen kept his seat and, a few days later, replaced Jenkins as leader of the S.D.P.; he had competed unsuccessfully against Jenkins for the job a year earlier. (At the end of the campaign, Foot and Jenkins stood well beneath the other Prime Ministerial candidates in terms of combined "best-worst" scores, with Steel on top.) The intensity of the campaign seems to have exhausted them all. In July, Neil Kinnock, who was about to succeed Foot, totally wrecked his car while returning to London from his home in Wales; he wasn't seriously injured, although he could easily have been killed. Mrs. Thatcher, a woman whose physical stamina had always seemed inexhaustible and had been a source of deep pride to her, was abruptly slowed down at this time by a detached retina and related complications; she required surgery, and several months later did not seem to have recovered fully. Her illness could have contributed to the drift and aimlessness for which her Government has been attacked by major newspapers and numerous Members of Parliament, many of them Tories, since the election. "METAL FATIGUE IN IRON LADY" read the headline of a *Sunday Times* editorial, which described her as "isolated and exhausted;" it recommended a number of steps, including a "decent holiday." Steel, however, may have been the most severely done in by the election. "I was physically and mentally exhausted," he says. "A number of things came together. There was the flu, and Roy leaving the stage as he did." Steel had expected Owen to displace Jenkins eventually, but not so quickly; and he didn't learn of the decision until it was publicly announced. He was upset by it; he and Jenkins saw eye to eye on Alliance matters—especially merger—and he wasn't at all sure then that he and Owen could work together. Moreover, the failure of the Alliance to finish ahead of Labour in the popular vote had been anticlimactic and disappointing. A day or two after the Jenkins affair, Steel indicated in a radio broadcast that he might not stay on as head of the Liberal Party. Then, a few days later, he took the rather odd step of formally announcing that he intended to take a long vacation from politics, and he thereupon withdrew to Ettrick Bridge and wasn't heard from again, let alone seen, until Saturday, September 17th, when he appeared at a Scottish Liberal Party conference. In isolating himself over the summer months, Steel created confusion within his party and aroused intense speculation about what was really wrong with Britain's most popular politician. He was surprised, he told me, that some of the most respected papers were among the most aggressive seekers of the source of his supposed difficulties. He mentioned a highly regarded political reporter who, it seems, called an associate of Steel's and asked him to confirm one of three lively rumors: "he's been taken off in a straitjacket; he's left his wife; he's hitting the bottle." Steel's associate replied, "I can give you three short answers: no, no, and no more than usual."

Steel's explanation is that he simply needed a long vacation; apart from fatigue and persistent flu, he says, there was nothing wrong with him. Most people, however, including close friends, feel that he was suffering from more than the wear and tear of the campaign; they point, for example, to the exacting nature of his life. It differs from that of other political leaders, whose families live with them in London. Steel's wife and children live in Ettrick Bridge, and rarely come to London. He spends his weekends with them there; it means flying to Edinburgh on Friday afternoons and making an hour-and-twenty-minute drive to the village, and then returning to London, usually by overnight train from Edinburgh, on Sunday. Another important Liberal—a Steel man—says, "It's crazy to have a party leader living off in Scotland with a full-sized family and having all that travel time." In London, Steel lives in a small flat in Pimlico. He has been leading this dual existence since he was first elected to the House of Commons, in 1965. He and his wife, Judy, he told me, didn't want to raise their children in London. They have three of their own—two sons, Graeme (seventeen) and Rory (ten), and a daughter, Catriona (sixteen)—and another son, named Billy, a foster child from the village, whom they adopted eight years ago. At the time, Billy was thirteen, three years older than Graeme, and his entry into the family required a considerable adjustment on the part of the other Steel children, and hence of Judy—a strong figure, who has managed the household while also helping to look after the interests of her heavily burdened husband in his large constituency. Steel admits, "It is difficult—the travel, of course, and not being available to slip into a TV studio."

In his earlier, and less frenetic, years in the House of Commons, Steel lived as a tenant in the household of Michael Shea, who is the Queen's press secretary and has been a friend of Steel's since they were students together at Edinburgh University. Steel's current London existence would be judged a lonely one by most people—if it were less demanding. Much the larger part of his time is spent in a narrow, cramped office in the House of Commons. His flat, in Dolphin Square, is a twenty-minute walk from there, but Steel, who likes walking, is discouraged from taking that walk by the Home Office security people, who frown on political figures' tempting terrorists by exposing themselves at fixed times. So he is driven between a garage in the basement of his building and a garage beneath the House of Commons—"moving like a mole from one bit of underground to another," he says. Steel is very good at appearing to be unaffected by the turbulence of life as leader of the Liberal Party and co-leader of the Alliance. Whether in meetings or at press conferences or on television, he is invariably in good humor and in control. Friends and admirers, of course, see qualities that don't meet the casual eye, some of which they relate to his recent difficulties. "David is a very private person who finds it easy to imagine people being against him," says someone who has known him a long time. "He is a loner," says a friend and fellow-Liberal. "He hasn't even the spurious warmth thrown off by most politicians, even the other loners." One is often reminded that Steel was only twenty-six when he arrived in the House of Commons, and that for some years he was the youngest member of the House but also among its most experienced politicians. In fact, Steel is one of the few truly professional politicians in the House of Commons. Most members have had and, in many cases, continue to have other careers; Steel's first full-time job was as an employee of the Scottish Liberal Party. Apart from his family, third-party politics has been the focus of his life. According to one prominent Liberal M.P., Steel had been wounded by a diatribe against him delivered by Cyril Smith a few days after the election, during a small meeting in a House of Commons committee room. Smith, according to this colleague, resented Steel's unwillingness to give him more television exposure during the campaign. His highly personal attack on Steel, by this account, "was appalling and totally unexpected—no one knew how to respond." One of Steel's oldest friends, commenting on what happened last June, says, "He wasn't sure he wanted to carry on. He was, of course, depressed by the results—not finishing ahead of Labour—and depressed by his party, but there was also guilt about his family." A leading figure in another party—a man who admires Steel and takes an interest in him—volunteered, "In clinical terms, it was a depression." Yet another of his friends says, "He was having a midlife crisis. He was tired of that Greek chorus of whiny Liberals and wondering what he was doing with his life and thinking perhaps he ought to be doing something else." Steel is aware of this kind of talk, and in a conversation with me last November he noted that he had led the Liberal Party since 1976, adding that if he were to continue doing so through the life of this Parliament he would have been leader for longer than any predecessor in this century except for Asquith. "It's a tiring job," he said. "It wore out Jo Grimond"—a former head of the Party, of whom Steel is something of a protégé, and who married Asquith's granddaughter Laura Bonham Carter. Quite clearly, Steel felt last summer that he had had



Chubb People.

They can relax about the things they own.

Chubb people own fine homes and fine things. For them these are a source of pleasure rather than concern.

They've chosen Chubb to insure them and they know they've chosen well. Since 1882, Chubb has been the preeminent insurer of valuable homes and the belongings they contain. Chubb insures more jewelry than anyone else in the world. Works of art, antiques, fine automobiles–Chubb brings unique expertise to each.

One example of this is the Chubb appraisal.

Most companies never see the homes they insure. But when Chubb insures a fine home, one of Chubb's own skilled appraisers visits and makes a written evaluation.

What they find is often surprising. Over 80% of the homes they inspect have been incorrectly insured, with policies that fail to keep pace with rebuilding costs or that overlook the value of such special details as carved moldings or an antique mantelpiece.

If a major loss occurs, mistakes like these could cost you tens of thousands of dollars. Chubb appraisers help you avoid these mistakes.

Chubb charges nothing for this service, because Chubb is a special kind of insurance company. The more you have to protect, the more you need Chubb.

They'll help you prevent loss, too, by providing advice on burglar alarms and fire detection systems, as well as on the safest place to keep precious jewelry or hang valuable paintings.

When you're insuring your home or your possessions, it's good to be Chubb people.

Phone Chubb at 800-922-0533 for a complimentary brochure and the name of your independent Chubb agent or broker.

CHUBB

Insuring proud possessions since 1882

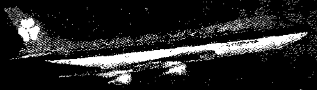
The Chubb Group of Insurance Companies is proud to participate in "American Playhouse." Watch for it on PBS.

How to get your vacation to Ireland off the ground.

Fly Aer Lingus, Ireland's national airline. First class, executive class or standard, the moment you step aboard our wide body 747's, you'll feel the warmth and hospitality of Ireland itself.

Aer Lingus offers more flights to Ireland than any other airline. And if you're headed to Europe, it's the most convenient and economical way to include Ireland on your trip from almost anywhere in the U.S.

Call your travel agent soon for all the details. Or Aer Lingus at 1-800-223-6537, (New York City 557-1110). No one can transport you to the magic of Ireland like we can. Because of all the airlines that go to Ireland, only one comes from there. Aer Lingus.



We fly to eleven countries.

Aer Lingus

But we never forget where we came from. And neither will you.

enough of politics—and to some degree he may still feel that way.

STEEL'S career, like so many other people's, owes considerably more to chance than to design. Shortly after arriving at Edinburgh University, in 1957, he joined the Liberal Party—"more out of curiosity than conviction," he says. He had lived in Kenya with his parents and four brothers and sisters from the time he was eleven until he was fifteen; the experience aroused in him an interest in colonial questions, and he wanted some exposure to politics. "It was hard to find the middle ground in those days," he says. "I couldn't accept the Tories. This was just after Suez"—a reference to the invasion of Egypt by Britain, France, and Israel in November of 1956. "And I didn't feel I was a Socialist. Intellectually, it wouldn't have been difficult to join Labour had I thought it was the party of Hugh Gaitskell. But I knew it wasn't. By a process of negatives, I was left with the Liberals." He had never meant to go in seriously for politics. "I intended to go to the bar," he says. "I took two mediocre degrees—one in arts, one in the law. But I wasn't especially interested in the law, and about halfway through I gave up the idea of becoming an advocate." He did, however, become president of the university's Liberal Club.

Until then, Steel's life had followed a rather predictable and unremarkable course. He was born of Scottish parents near the Firth of Forth. His father was the Church of Scotland minister in a small mining town called Buckhaven, on the north bank of the Firth. Steel was a typical son of the manse. As a boy, he was a reasonably good student—not exceptional but promising enough to win a scholarship at age eleven to George Watson's College, a well-known preparatory school in Edinburgh. However, his father had just accepted the post of minister to the East African territories of Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika, which were British dependencies at that time, and the entire family went along. Steel's African experience, it is widely agreed, was a turning point for him. What he saw inspired a strong commitment to racial justice; apart from his determination to rearrange Britain's political landscape, it is probably his deepest commitment.

Steel feels that being a manse child is good preparation for life. In a venerational biography of him that appeared three years ago, he is quoted as saying, "A Manse child has considerable advantages over others in that he meets all kinds of people from all strata of society in the Manse. He might be meeting the Lord Lieutenant one minute and a miner the next, and he's taught to treat all people automatically the same way. Manse society is a very democratic society." It is also said to foster self-reliance. At fifteen, Steel left Kenya and his family, and took his place at George Watson's College. Over the next four years, he saw his mother only once and his father not at all.

Meeting Jo Grimond seems to have been the next turning point in his life. As Steel became involved in student politics, he decided that Grimond should become Rector of the University, a respected elective job; at the time, Grimond, an immensely appealing figure, was leading the Liberal Party with zest and flair. After persuading Grimond to stand, Steel managed his campaign. It was no contest. Grimond far outdistanced the other candidates—Philip Noel-Baker, a distinguished Labour M.P., and Roy Thomson, the Canadian newspaper publisher. Steel was looking toward graduation from the university in 1962, and he was far clearer about what he didn't want to do with his life than about what he did want to do. By chance, the Scottish Liberal Party needed help in preparing for the next general election; Steel was offered the job of assistant Party secretary, and he accepted. He needed a job, for he was contemplating marriage—to Judy MacGregor, a contemporary at the university. Their romance began at a dinner given by Jo Grimond, who seated them together. To friends, they seemed an odd couple, as different from each other as they were likable. Steel, the friends say, was as rational and imperturbable and organized then as he is now, while Judy was his stylistic opposite, and struck some of them as "chaotic." According to Michael Shea, who besides being Steel's close friend is, like him, a past president of the Liberal Club of Edinburgh University, there were also political differences. "At the time, Judy was a highly opinionated Scottish nationalist, who made no secret of her opposition to a large number of things David stood for," he says. She was, according to another friend, "wholly unthinking in her approach to politics." A successful marriage seems to have changed things somewhat. Time hasn't re-

The many greens of Ireland.

It is often said that Ireland has more shades of green than anywhere else in the world. But there is another kind of green that remains virtually undiscovered. The many championship golf courses that circle the Emerald Isle from Ballybunion to Lahinch.

Tee up at an oceanside course likened to Pebble Beach. Later, feast on rack of lamb or Dublin Bay prawns. Then stay in a beautifully restored castle. Or a hotel with a legend of its own.

It's all a part of the unexpected pleasures of Ireland. And there's more in our 32 page book, "Ireland. The unexpected pleasures." Send for your free copy below.

Come visit Ireland. You'll find it's a most colorful country. Even if it's mostly green.

Please send me your free book
"Ireland. The unexpected pleasures."

Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________

City ______________ State ________ Zip ______

Mail to: **Irish Tourist Board**
590 Fifth Avenue, Dept. D, New York, NY 10036
Or call: 1-800-228-6455
(Nebraska only: 1-800-642-8777)

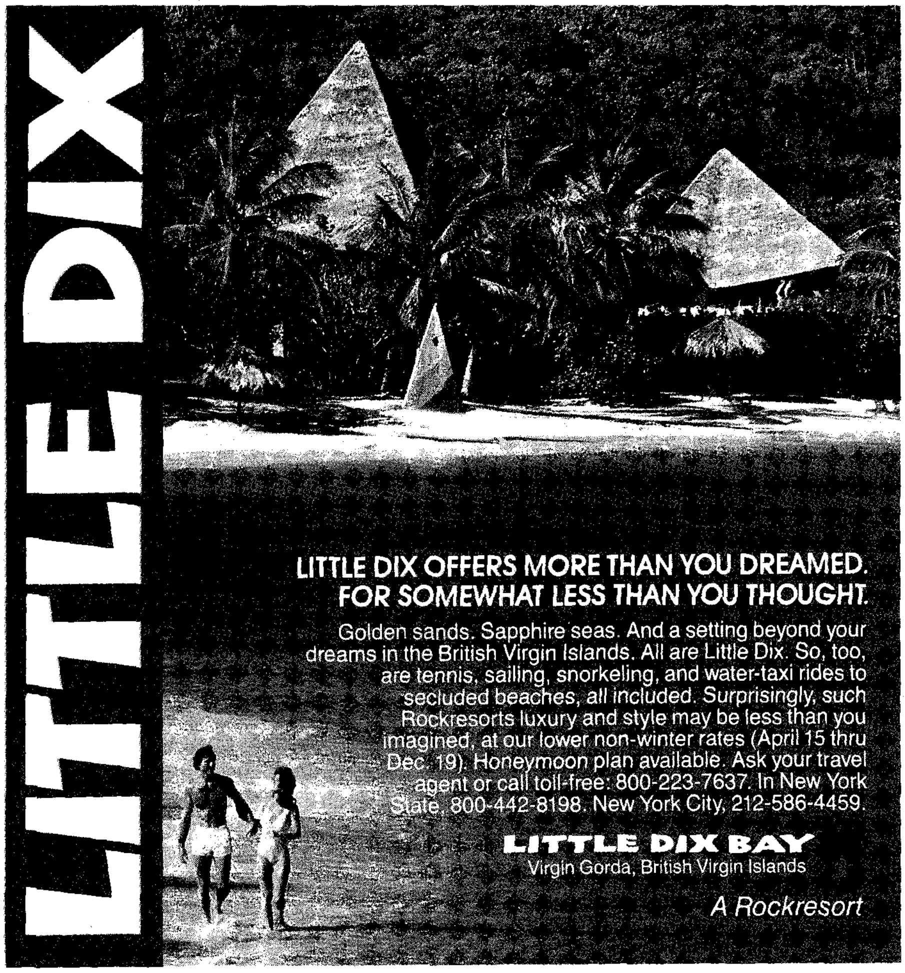
NY5214

IRELAND
The unexpected pleasures.

HONOR THY FATHER.

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

For all he's done, here's the classic way to show your affection. Cross Desk Sets in walnut, cherry, black crystal, onyx, or ebony. Suggested prices from $40 to $1250.



LITTLE DIX OFFERS MORE THAN YOU DREAMED. FOR SOMEWHAT LESS THAN YOU THOUGHT.

Golden sands. Sapphire seas. And a setting beyond your dreams in the British Virgin Islands. All are Little Dix. So, too, are tennis, sailing, snorkeling, and water-taxi rides to secluded beaches, all included. Surprisingly, such Rockresorts luxury and style may be less than you imagined, at our lower non-winter rates (April 15 thru Dec. 19). Honeymoon plan available. Ask your travel agent or call toll-free: 800-223-7637. In New York State, 800-442-8198. New York City, 212-586-4459.

LITTLE DIX BAY
Virgin Gorda, British Virgin Islands

A Rockresort

moved or effaced some of the qualities that distinguish the pair, but Judy more than adapted herself to her husband's politics, and has become politically shrewd and highly effective. Not much goes on in her husband's constituency that she doesn't hear about or, when it's appropriate, do something about.

Steel's first job was an important experience. "I became a professional, in the mundane, nitty-gritty sense," he says. "I learned party structure and the nuts and bolts of organization. That experience was essential." The next step was running for Parliament. At first, he planned to contest a seat in Edinburgh, but his destiny lay elsewhere—in the territory known as the Borders, which covers most of the area on the Scottish side of the border with England. The Borders is a poetic mélange of rounded hills and river valleys, interspersed with innumerable little mill towns and villages. It is the most intensive sheep-rearing part of Britain, and it seems to have a superabundance of lairds and peers as well. The countryside is dotted with their castles and stately houses. The ancestral homes of three dukes, one marquis, three earls, and assorted other peers are within the Borders. Steel thinks there are more of them in his constituency—the Borders has been his since 1965—than in any other in Britain, with the possible exception of London. The great houses tend to be built of a brownish local stone, as are the towns and villages, and this adds to the symmetry created by the uniform progression of hills and valleys.

Politically, the Borders is eccentric. It is the only heavily working-class constituency in Scotland in which Labour has never displaced the Liberals as the second party. Before Steel, the Tories, who drew support from all sides—townspeople, farmers, a profusion of retired military officers, and the squirearchy—had become the stronger party. In 1963, the local Liberals had a falling out with their candidate. Steel had visited the area only once, to address a large Liberal gathering; although he was otherwise unknown, was inexperienced, and was only twenty-five, he made a very good impression, and George Mackie, the chairman of the Scottish Liberal Party's organization committee, invited him to stand for the seat. Steel accepted. The Tory incumbent was assumed to have a majority of about ten thousand, but, as Steel says now, "there weren't many places around where Liberals normally finished second; also, Jo Grimond was pushing me." He knew he couldn't win; his goal was to halve the Tory majority. He actually did much better than that, finishing only seventeen hundred and thirty-nine votes behind the incumbent, out of more than forty-four thousand votes cast. Steel's performance showed that the seat was now winnable. He thereupon took a job with the BBC as a reporter and commentator on regional affairs—what proved to be his only timeout from politics. It was a brief one, however, because of a sequence of events that fixed the pattern of his life.

In December of 1964, just two months after the election, the Tory M.P. for the Borders died during surgery in London. Steel not only won the ensuing by-election but did so with an astonishing margin of forty-six hundred votes. And just ahead lay a remarkable bit of luck that allowed him to become a national figure—and a popular one, at that. Specifically, he acquired the right to introduce a Private Member's bill in the House of Commons; that is, a bill introduced by a non-ministerial Member of Parliament. At the start of each session, a great many M.P.s take part in a lottery to determine the order in which such bills are introduced; names are literally drawn from a hat. Since the calendar is always crowded with government business, the number of these bills that can be dealt with is usually no more than a handful—five or six at most. In 1966, Steel, in his first try, drew third in a field of over four hundred. He then had to decide what to do with his good fortune; it had abruptly made him a target of numerous groups lobbying in behalf of various causes, many of them laudable. "I had a choice between a safe and minor bill and a risky but worthy one," he recalls. No one was more concerned with Steel's decision than Roy Jenkins, who was serving then as Home Minister in the Labour Government of Harold Wilson, and had two issues—reform of the laws governing abortion and homosexuality—that he hoped to see taken up as soon as possible. Steel decided against a safe bill, of the sort that might have little effect other than to earn some credit for him in the Borders. He and Jenkins had a meeting, which became the start of a lasting political friendship. "I was equally in favor of the two bills," Jenkins recalls. "However, I wanted him to do the homosexual bill. It was the easier

If you haven't seen our multi-million dollar renovation, you haven't seen the St. Moritz.

Guests of the St. Moritz have always been taken with our dedication to superior service and elegant decor. And now they're also taken to their rooms (rooms with all new windows) by four new super-speed elevators. Our multi-million dollar renovation carefully blends the traditions of a fine European hotel with the pace of a modern day mecca.

You can linger over an aperitif in our recently remodeled Cafe de la Paix or snack on old world confections at world famous Rumpelmayer's. There's our popular piano bar for late night interludes. And sumptuous buffets catering to the business luncheon. The rates are surprisingly affordable for the best of both worlds.

And it's no wonder. Who oversees this hotel overlooking Central Park?

Leona Helmsley, who else?

St. Moritz on the Park
A HELMSLEY HOTEL

50 Central Park South, New York, NY 10019 212/755-5800
For reservations, call toll-free **800/221-4982**
In New York, 212/888-1624. Telex: 640-543. Or call your travel agent.

of the two to get through. But he was bold—very bold—rather than calculating. And in the end it was better that he did the more difficult one. I respected his handling of it very much." If the homosexual question, as Jenkins says, was the less controversial of the two in the House of Commons, it wasn't in the Borders. However, a number of considerations may explain Steel's decision to sponsor a reform of the law that treated abortion as a major criminal offense and hadn't been amended since 1861. "The abortion bill had been through the House of Lords and was awaiting action," he told me laconically. "There had been seven previous attempts. Roy and the Home Office were pushing hard. And Richard Crossman, who was then the Leader of the House, was also very much in favor. It took eighteen months to get it through."

I asked how it had gone across in the Borders.

"Not too badly," he said. "Public opinion was for it. We have three thousand Catholics, but not all of them opposed it." He added, "The important thing was that something had been achieved by a Liberal."

I said that he had seen and accomplished a lot in a very short time.

"I did have a streak of very good luck," Steel replied. By all accounts, however, his success in maneuvering a bill on so controversial a subject through the House of Commons owed nothing to luck and everything to political skill and hard work—the qualities for which Steel is best known by fellow-M.P.s. In the House of Commons, the youngest member was judged an obvious comer but one whose horizons were limited by those of his party.

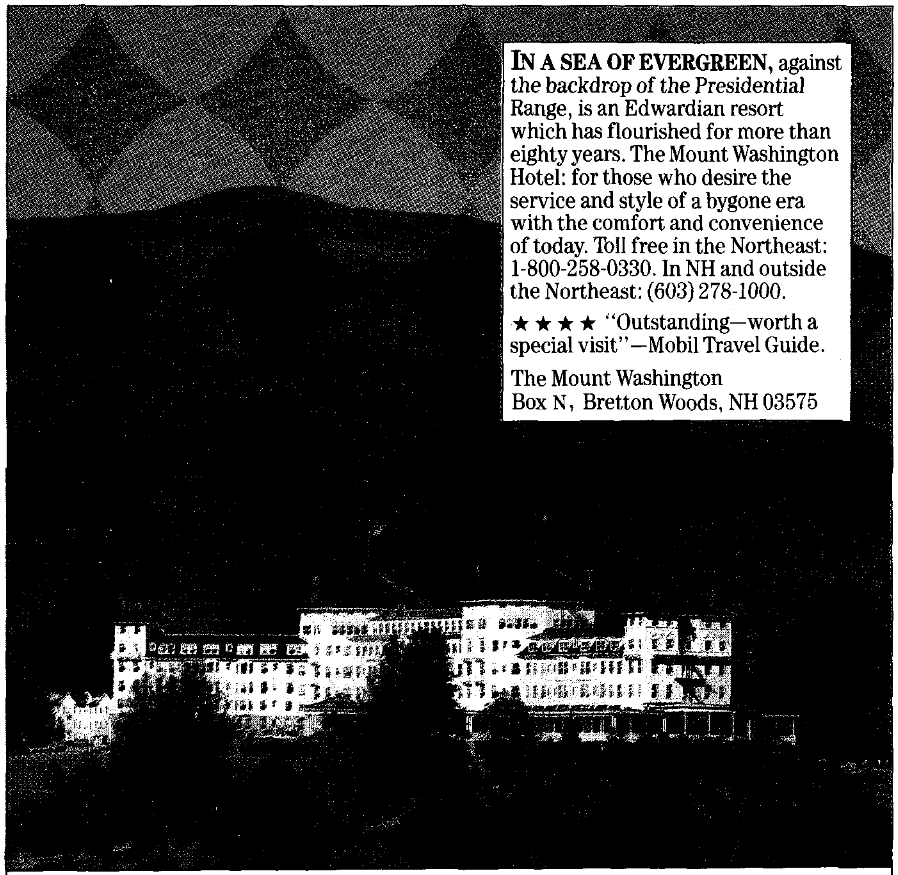
I asked Steel why the Liberals had prospered so little in the postwar era.

"Until 1945, they had the aura of being in government," he said. "Even though the Party was shrinking, it had credibility. Churchill had a soft spot for his old party, because it helped him bring down Chamberlain. But in 1945 the Labour tide swept the Tories from power and the Liberals almost from the House of Commons. They were down to a dozen M.P.s, and very divided between old free-marketeers and new-style social Liberals. This incoherence helped to hold them down. Lloyd George's daughter, Megan, a Liberal M.P., drifted out and into the Labour Party. Other Liberal politicians left. The Liberals became known as 'the party of lost deposits.' " Each

Emerald Aisle.

Our unique Irish River collection offers you distinctive octagon design. Frames and virgin vinyl strap available in 20 designer colors. Use your imagination with chaises, dining tables, chairs, ottomans. Write for our 76 page full color catalog. Only $1. Tropitone Furniture Company, P.O. Box 3197, Sarasota, FL 33578; 5 Marconi, Irvine, CA 92714.

tropitone
Probably the finest



IN A SEA OF EVERGREEN, against the backdrop of the Presidential Range, is an Edwardian resort which has flourished for more than eighty years. The Mount Washington Hotel: for those who desire the service and style of a bygone era with the comfort and convenience of today. Toll free in the Northeast: 1-800-258-0330. In NH and outside the Northeast: (603) 278-1000.

★★★★ "Outstanding—worth a special visit"—Mobil Travel Guide.

The Mount Washington
Box N, Bretton Woods, NH 03575

The MOUNT WASHINGTON

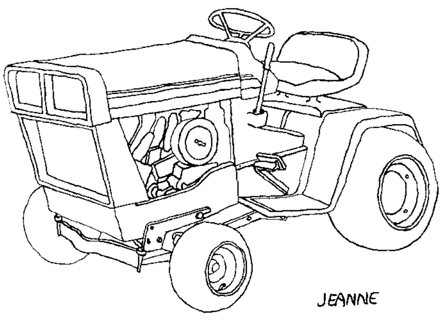
candidate for Parliament must put up a deposit of a hundred and fifty pounds sterling. If he obtains less than twelve and a half per cent of the vote, he forfeits his deposit. "In 1950, the Liberals lost over three hundred deposits," Steel continued. "The closing comment on each radio election report was 'The Liberal Party candidate lost his deposit.' This nearly finished off the Party." In the election last June, the Liberals lost five deposits, the Labour Party a hundred and nineteen. "Jo Grimond became leader in 1956, and by 1959 he had restored some coherence. The Party adopted Grimond's Europeanism"—his commitment to an active British role in the European Community. "Having been freed of government, it was free to do some thinking. Post-imperial Britain needed a role. The Liberals were ready to start from scratch in looking at the question."

When Grimond grew weary of leading the Liberals and resigned the job, in 1967, he was replaced by Jeremy Thorpe. Steel admired Thorpe, and if it had not been for Steel's resourceful help Thorpe might not have been chosen. Their views on major issues were much alike, and for a time Steel was Thorpe's parliamentary chief whip and hence the second-ranking Liberal. Thorpe, in his own way, was almost as engaging a character as Grimond, and he was an effective leader. He came to grief, of course, in a particularly sordid scandal, of which he was the central figure: in 1976 Thorpe was accused, among other things, of having had a liaison with a male model named Norman Scott and of misusing Liberal Party funds to buy incriminating letters written to Scott by a third party to the affair. Although Steel was shocked by the case against Thorpe and eventually suggested that he resign, he did remain loyal to him for longer than most other members of the Party.

I asked Steel about the leadership of Grimond and Thorpe.

"Grimond married into the Asquith family and represented the continuity of the Liberal Party," he said. "He tried, but found the job discouraging." When Steel began to consider standing as Thorpe's successor, Grimond advised him to stop and ponder what he was doing. "Jo said, 'Whenever you try to use it [the Liberal Party], it breaks in your hands.' " Grimond was imaginative and innovative. Thorpe was neither, and apparently lacked a sense of direction, but "he was a charismatic figure and an effective operator," Steel said. "He, too, had links with the past. He sat on Lloyd George's knee as a small boy and was acquainted with all the old Liberal families. Jeremy dotes on these old families. And he was fascinated by family history." Steel has no ties to the Liberal Party's past (or to its old families), and the subject doesn't seem to interest him much.

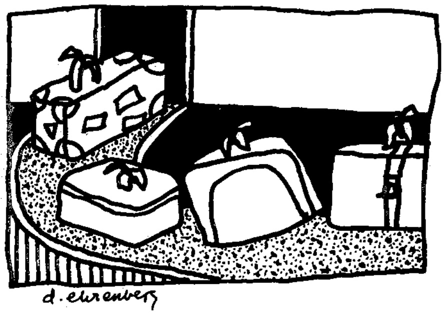
The Thorpe scandal jolted Britain, and was a lacerating experience for the Liberal Party. "It was left in a shocking state," Steel says. "Thorpe had been concentrating for eighteen months on his troubles. The Liberals had stopped canvassing. You couldn't knock on a door without getting a rude reply." Steel and John Pardoe, another Liberal M.P., asked Jo Grimond to return to the leadership. He refused, but then agreed to take over temporarily, until the Party could elect a new leader. The candidates were Steel and Pardoe. Their views were alike, and they had little to argue about, really, except each other, but that turned out to be enough to provide a high-spirited, occasionally bruising campaign—one that disclosed a side of Steel that people hadn't seen before: the clever infighter. (Some say that the parliamentary battle for the abortion bill toughened Steel forever.) For a time, Pardoe seemed to have the edge. Unlike Steel, he was a rousing speaker; he had more organization; and he had the backing of another flamboyant and powerful figure, Cyril Smith. Pardoe also seemed more determined to win—to want the job more. That probably wasn't true, although Judy Steel may have had reservations about its desirability. "I didn't know which one I'd vote for until I knew what Judy wanted," says one prominent Liberal, an ally of Steel's. He says she eventually decided to endure the additional strains on family life that go with the job. Steel's strategy was based on giving Pardoe, a man he liked and respected, plenty of rope. He felt that a subtle contrast of Pardoe's blustery style with his own more controlled and understated manner could be turned to advantage. And it was. I had heard that the turning point came late in the campaign, when Steel used a quotation from A. A. Milne's "The House at Pooh Corner" to characterize Pardoe's campaign rhetoric. Pardoe had just described himself as "the most effective bastard" in politics. At a rally in Sussex, Steel pointedly recalled how Milne's Tigger, after a long battle with a tablecloth, finally poked his head from beneath it and shouted, "Have I won?" Pardoe was made to look rather foolish. His fortunes fell rapidly—they weren't helped when Steel put it about that his rival was wearing a hairpiece—and the Liberals elected Steel by a huge margin. "Pardoe fought a bad campaign," Steel says now. "He was too tough." As for the Milne ploy, "that was Judy's idea," Steel said. She got it while she was reading the story to one of the children at bedtime.



The incident reminded me of the only time I've seen Steel on television. It was just after the New Year's holiday in 1982, and he and William Rodgers, of the S.D.P., having agreed to fight the next election as an alliance, were in the opening round of negotiations on the division of seats between their two parties. Steel was holding better cards, and Rodgers became miffed by his unwillingness to yield more of the "winnable" seats to the S.D.P. Rodgers, an astute and respected politician, then surprised everyone by making his frustration public by criticizing Steel. This gesture hadn't been cleared with Roy Jenkins, the senior S.D.P. figure, and Jenkins was distressed by it, for he felt that calling attention to the disunity within the new Alliance should be avoided at all costs. Moreover, Steel, as usual, was freewheeling—operating beyond the guidelines approved by his party—as the fallout from Rodgers' comments demonstrated. Steel was in Ettrick Bridge, and agreed to a live television interview from there on network news. Watching in London, I wondered what he could say that might calm things down. He came on the screen sitting before a fire and wearing a heavy sweater, and he seemed wholly relaxed and comfortable. Why, the interviewer asked, had Rodgers done what he did? Steel's answer casually played the affair down. "I think Bill may have had one or two too many mince pies," he said. That abruptly silenced the tempest—in the public view, at least. Steel had found a way of telling people that much had been made of very little. The affable put-down can be an effective political weapon—especially if it is spontaneous, or seems to be. Steel says that there was actually nothing spontaneous about his performance. He had, in effect, set up the interview, and had planned each detail of the informal setting—his house, the fire, the sweater, the one-liner. It all blended in nicely with the country's drowsy holiday mood.

Curiously, the Liberals selected Steel as their leader even though his devotion to political realignment ran against the grain of the Party. Grimond, who feels as Steel does, had never managed to move the Party in this direction. Part of the problem is that Grimond and Steel (along with like-minded Social Democrats) wish to expand the center at the expense of the left—the Labour Party—while many Liberal M.P.s, who are elected with the help of Conservative votes, fear that such a political realignment could alienate this source of support. Steel has never had much tolerance for that kind of thinking, which he seems to regard as narrow or overcautious. "The key thing we always lacked was credibility," he says. "We lacked a bit of money and organization as well. But we had to show that the Party wasn't just a collection of policy pamphlets. We were going on TV saying we'd do a better job. We had to give people a reason to vote Liberal—something to push the larger parties into a more acceptable style of government. We had to be seen to be doing that, at which point we could begin to argue reasonably for a larger mandate."

Steel hasn't convinced his party—certainly not the majority of it. But by single-mindedly exploiting each of his advantages—not least his popularity—he has managed, as Grimond did not, to make the Liberal ranks march more or less to his tune. For a time, he even had his country marching to it, by creating an alliance between the Liberal Party and the Government of Prime Minister James Callaghan. Like Grimond, Steel had always been tempted by the idea of being able to exert direct influence on the policies of a Labour Government. Such an arrangement, he felt, would show the country that the Liberals were serious people. Early in 1977, inflation in Britain was climbing above sixteen per cent, and the Callaghan Government's budget was under heavy fire from the other parties. In March, Mrs. Thatcher announced that she would propose a no-confidence motion—one that was certain to succeed, because of several Labour by-election losses and some defections from Callaghan's thin majority. He had to have fresh support to survive, and he turned to the Liberals. Callaghan apparently felt that Steel would help, if only to avoid the risks and burdens of a general election, which would follow the collapse of the Government. When they met, however, Steel said that his price for saving Callaghan would be a formal agreement that would give the Liberals some control over policy. Callaghan agreed; he had no alternative, really. An agreement consisting of six points, one of which ruled out any more nationalization of industry, was worked up. Most Liberals were made unhappy by the slightly notorious Lib-Lab Pact, as it was called, partly because of their aversion to responsibility. There was also great concern that the country would not easily or quickly forgive the Liberals for having extended the life of a used-up government that couldn't possibly have survived an election. The other Liberal M.P.s went along with Steel, though, mainly because they found the prospect of fighting an election even more intimidating than a Lib-Lab Pact. The experiment lasted for eighteen months; Steel ended it in the autumn of 1978, because he felt that it was time for an election, and because he didn't want his party associated with a renewal of serious economic difficulties, which he felt lay just ahead. The pact was controversial; some people, including some Liberals besides Steel, think that it was a modest success. The Party did become involved with government policy, for the first time since the war, and the country didn't suffer any from the experience; in fact, the economic news was better in the period of the pact than it had been in the months preceding it. A few of Steel's key Liberal supporters feel that his initiative was fine but that he should have got better terms from Callaghan. "David trusted him too much and didn't play his hand very well," one of them says. "But the pact showed the seriousness of the Liberals, and altered the way people looked at the Party." Moreover, the electorate, which besides being volatile has a short memory, either forgot or forgave Steel's decision to extend the life of an unpopular government in return for some exposure of his party to the real world.



Although Steel's intentions are understood, the British people, including many Liberals, are not aware of the degree to which he actually puts political change ahead of the orthodox interests of his party. In the creation of the S.D.P., for example, Steel was virtually a fifth, offstage member of the Gang of Four. Several years ago, at least one of the Labour M.P.s who eventually became prominent figures in the S.D.P. was toying with the idea of joining the Liberal Party. These M.P.s were allies and supporters of Roy Jenkins.

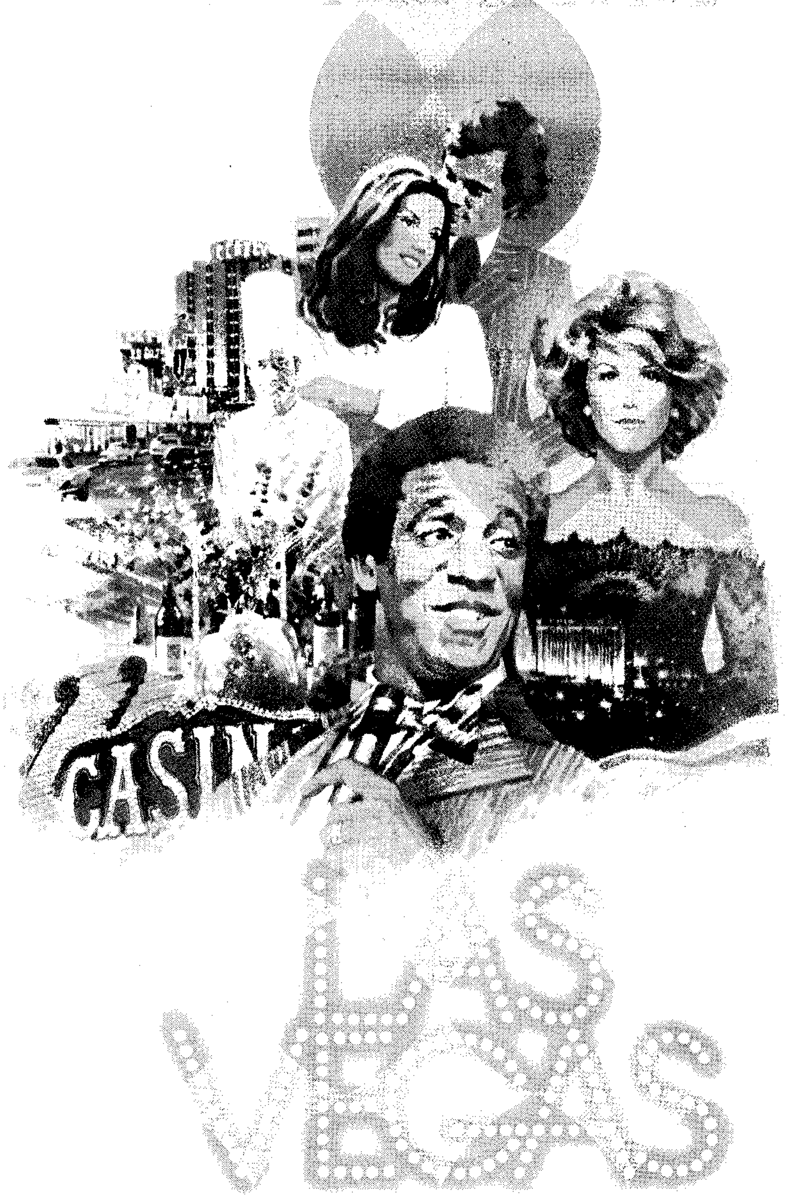
I asked Jenkins about the Liberal temptation.

"I always felt that joining the Liberal Party was a less good alternative," he says. "Steel supported me. We preferred two rivers flowing together—like the Tigris and the Euphrates, with a common delta."

And that was precisely Steel's strategy: to maneuver dissidents out of the Labour Party and into a new party with which his own could eventually merge. He didn't want them in the Liberal Party, because of its inherent weaknesses. A new entity, he judged, built around experienced people such as Jenkins, would have the sort of credibility needed to inspire further defections, whereas a somewhat enlarged Liberal Party would be unlikely to do so. Steel describes his own thinking rather circumspectly. "Yes, I did discourage David Marquand"—a senior member of the S.D.P., and its most imaginative political thinker—"from becoming a Liberal," he says. "It wasn't a question of creating separate parties—I didn't encourage that, either—but, rather, of creating a group that would move toward the Liberals." Whatever the distinction between "party" and "group" may be, the S.D.P. is generally believed to have originated in private discussions between Steel and Roy Jenkins. These began in Brussels shortly after the Conservatives were swept into power in May of 1979. Jenkins was then president of the European Community, and he invited Steel, who was there on one of his periodic visits, to dine with him privately. They discussed realignment, and during another meeting, over the Christmas holiday—this one in Jenkins' house, in Oxfordshire—they agreed that the new party Jenkins intended to launch would form an alliance with the Liberals. The path from that conversation to the creation of the S.D.P. fifteen months later was very bumpy. For a time, David Owen, William Rodgers, and Shirley Williams were a gang of three—opposed to a common delta and determined to have little to do with the other stream. This sentiment was reciprocated by a great many Liberals. Still, the Alliance did come into being along with the S.D.P. In a book about the rise of the S.D.P. called "Claret and Chips," the author, Hugh Stephenson, who is the editor of *The New Statesman*, writes, "Steel was much helped in his campaign by his ability to avoid provoking rancor in those with whom he is having the sharpest political arguments. His instincts are so obviously democratic that he has more capacity than most politicians to win a major point without making enemies and to lose a major point without losing face. Thus, if an opponent within his party says, 'When David knows what he wants, he's hard and devious,' the words carry none of the animosity that they would if they were uttered in the context of some similar political divide, say, in the Labour Party; indeed, there is even an undertone of admiration and affection."

STEEL's withdrawal to the fastness of Ettrick Bridge last summer was a political event. And it was treated by some of his opponents within the Liberal Party as an opportunity. In July, for example, he survived a censure motion inspired by his support in the June election for two S.D.P. candidates in constituencies that two Liberals also chose to contest, even though the seats had been allotted to the S.D.P. under the agreed procedures of the Alliance. In August, Steel was accused by one prominent Liberal, Tony Greaves, of having a "dictatorial, Thatcher-type" approach to leadership. Numerous Liberals, looking ahead to the annual Party conference, at Harrogate in late September, started a campaign to create a deputy leader of the Party as a means of weakening Steel's authority. "Mr. Steel has been jolted this past summer by attacks on him, both from a handful of his fellow Members of Parliament (notably Mr.

The Resort Bargain
Of The World



Las Vegas, a one-of-a-kind city. From the glamourous hotels that line the Strip, to the world famous lights of downtown Casino Center, there's no place that equals the excitement of Las Vegas.

We offer a choice of some of the most affordable accommodations, dining from gourmet to buffet, and entertainment that ranges from the biggest names in show business, to the intimate lounge performer.

Value and Variety, it's why Las Vegas is The Resort Bargain of the World. Call your travel agent for details.

LAS VEGAS CONVENTION AND VISITORS AUTHORITY.
Your "Pre and Post" Olympic Games Host.

anti perspirant deodorant
CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN
cream shave
CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN
scruffing lotion 3½
CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN

© 1980 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

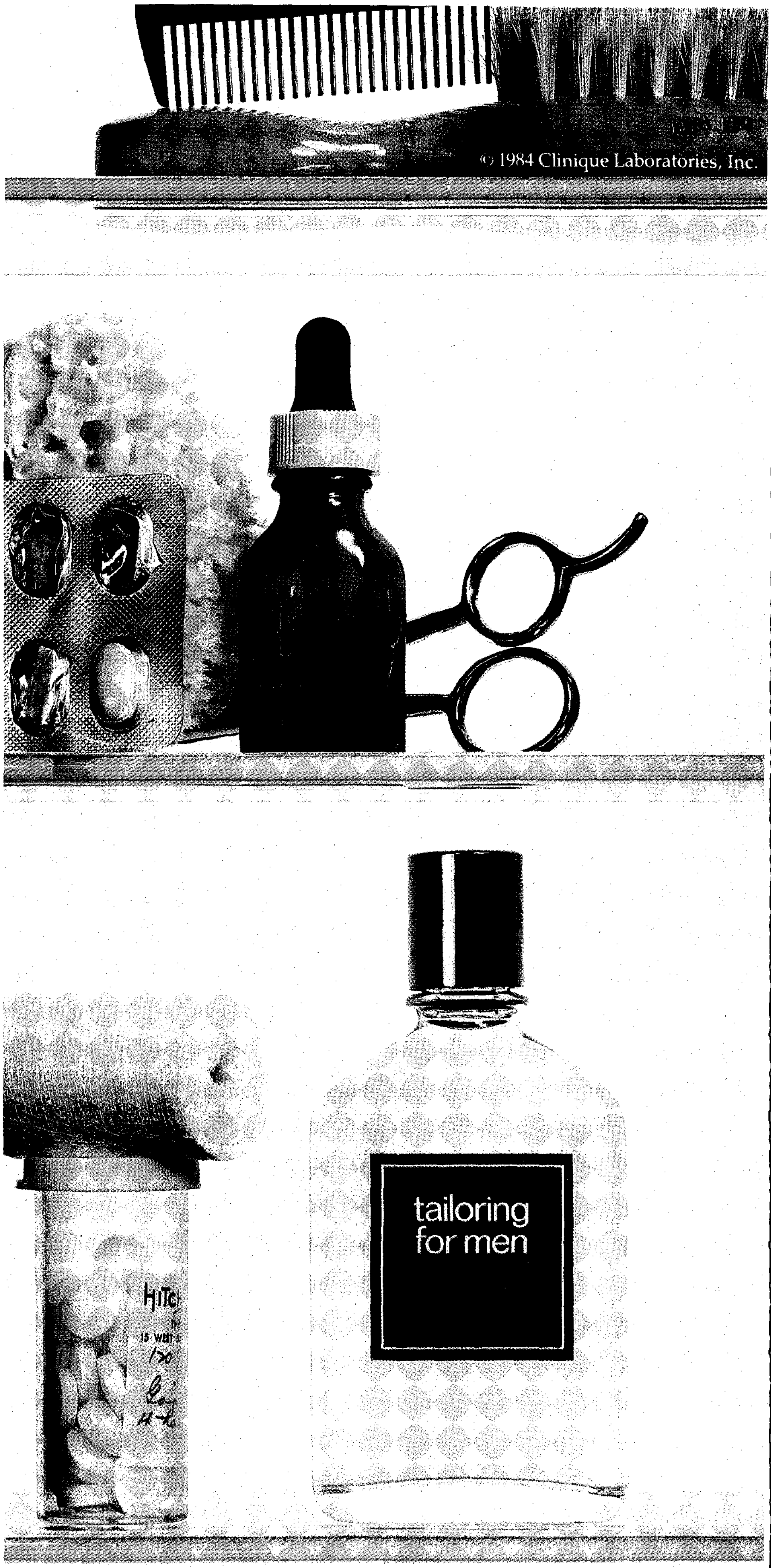
M
lotion
clean-scalp
shampoo
CLINIQUE

Clinique Skin Supplies for Men is a complete skin care system. Allergy Tested. 100% Fragrance Free.
You'll find it in selective medicine cabinets—and at Clinique counters across the country.
Photographed by Irving Penn for Clinique.

[Cyril] Smith) and from the eccentric Yorkshire-based Association of Liberal Councillors, some of whose members feel their parliamentary representatives are a lofty irrelevance," *The Economist* said in its report on the conference. On August 27th, the *Times*, in its lead editorial, delivered a warning to Steel. The Liberal Party, it said, "is no longer just a ginger group, a vehicle for political ideas on their way in or their way out, a phenomenon of the Celtic fringe, a gymnasium for working out political fantasies." The editorial continued, "There is now a real possibility that it may come to form a major part of the first alternative to Conservative government. . . . [But] if Prince Hal is to become King Harry, foolishness will have to be banished from the court." Steel would have agreed with all of that.

When Steel reappeared, on the eve of the Party conference at Harrogate, which began on September 19th, people in London remarked that he was thinner and less boyish-looking. There was concern that he might not be "up" for the hard skirmishing of the conference. It turned out that he was. *The Economist* noted, "Mr. Steel's popularity rating remains above that of all the other party leaders. Indeed, a Gallup poll indicates that it has actually risen by ten points during his absence (which may have a moral for other politicians). There is certainly no Liberal rival in sight, despite the delusions of Mr. Steel's bulky and rebellious subaltern, Mr. Cyril Smith, who each year ritually increases Mr. Steel's standing by pummelling him before the conference so that Mr. Steel is then seen to have triumphed without a bruise." The conference did go rather well for Steel, but it was something less than a triumph for him. He sidetracked efforts to weaken his leadership, but the restiveness of his party was fully displayed. Moreover, I was told, much the best speech was delivered not by David Steel or any other Liberal but by a fraternal delegate, the S.D.P.'s David Owen.

IN late October, a few weeks after the various party conferences, I spent a long weekend with Steel and his family in Ettrick Bridge. He suggested that we meet in the early afternoon at George Watson's College, in Edinburgh, where he would be talking to the students, and drive home from there. The faculty and students were obviously pleased to have the school's



Clinique Tailoring For Men. Most recent addition to the staples men count on. Pure cologne with tonic effects. The only scented grooming aid a Clinique man uses.

most famous old boy paying a visit. Steel's daughter, Catriona, is a student at the school, and his youngest child, Rory, had come along to look it over. When Steel had finished, he and Rory and I drove to Ettrick Bridge in a 1969 Jaguar, which Steel bought recently at a bargain price. He is an old-car buff, and also has a 1936 Austin Seven—a two-seater. We began talking about his constituency, and the first thing he told me was that it had recently shrunk, because of redistricting. He guessed that he'd lost about twenty-three thousand people from what had been a constituency of sixty thousand. He had acquired one new town, but had lost a larger one and several villages. The significance of the change is partly financial; a smaller constituency means a reduction in the funds he receives as an M.P. for his political expenses. The Steels do not have independent means, and Steel clearly thinks a good deal about money. The leader of the official Opposition in the House of Commons, he told me, receives an annual salary of over fifty thousand dollars. The leaders of other parties out of power receive nothing (apart from their salaries from Parliament). If the Alliance had edged Labour for second place in the election, Steel, rather than Kinnock, would almost certainly have become the leader of the official Opposition, and would be much better off financially.

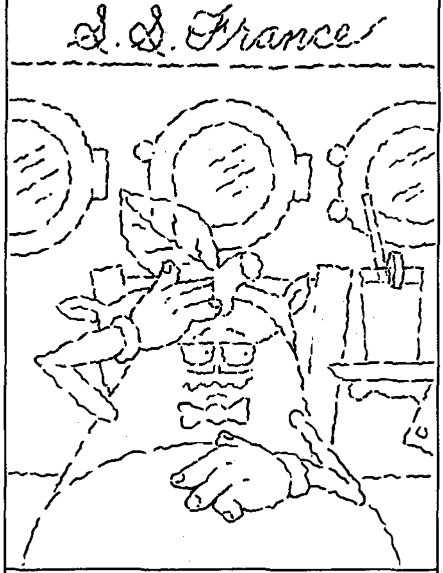
As we drove through the disconcertingly beautiful countryside, Steel described the weekend schedule. He had two political meetings that evening, in different towns, but would have to be back in Ettrick Bridge at 9 P.M. in order to see the third in a trilogy of one-act plays to be performed by a company from Edinburgh. Judy, who seems to be the person most directly responsible for the local theatre, was insisting that he be there at least for the last play. It would be a tight squeeze, he said. On Saturday afternoon, there would be a rugby match in Galashiels, the largest of Steel's towns. He said that it was important for him to be there, not least because he had been invited to attend a dinner after the match to be given by the local sponsors of rugby for the coaches, players, and officials. This, Steel emphasized, was truly an event, because he hadn't been invited to attend the official dinner for several years. When I expressed surprise, Steel mentioned the Springbok affair—a famous episode in British sporting circles, which nearly destroyed him politically. Early in 1970, South Africa's rugby team, the Springboks, was invited to play at Galashiels. Steel, an outspoken critic of apartheid, had always opposed allowing South African teams to tour Britain. However, the Borders is the most rugby-crazed part of Scotland, and perhaps of all Britain. Scotland's international team is often recruited largely from Steel's constituency. The Springboks were a major attraction, and the people of the Borders had looked forward to the match. It was an awkward situation for Steel—an M.P. from a provincial place that was unconcerned with racial issues. He could have simply absented himself from the event, or he could have deplored it and absented himself. Steel did neither. He organized a demonstration outside the rugby field in Galashiels on the day of the match, thereby provoking a hostile outcry, which turned into the most serious and disagreeable political problem he has had to confront. A general election lay five months ahead, and the Tories used the Springbok affair against Steel very effectively. He did win, but barely, and after a recount—by five hundred and fifty votes. Since then, he hasn't had a serious problem and is considered unassailable in the Borders.

We talked a bit about his constituency—especially its variety. Steel pointed out a town called Innerleithen; it is the smallest of his towns, he said, and has the highest per-capita export earnings of any town in Britain—the wealth comes from high-quality woollen products, most notably cashmere sweaters. It was dark when we reached Ettrick Bridge, a cluster of small stone houses and cottages surrounded by hills and fields. Steel's house is in the center of the village, just across from the pub, the Cross Keys Inn. The house is actually two small cottages and a stable joined together. The stable became the living room, with large windows offering a panoramic view of the countryside; the loft above the stable is now the Steels' bedroom. The house is exceedingly informal, with far fewer memorabilia than one normally sees in a politician's house. Most of the rooms have fireplaces, some burning coal, others wood and coal. The Steels bought the house, which took every penny they had, a week before the general election in 1966. Since the Borders hadn't voted in a Liberal M.P. in a general election in sixteen years, it was a very bold step.

Steel had time for a hurried conversation with Judy about the weekend's events, and then he and I were off in the car to the first meeting—in Earlston, the town that had recently been moved into his constituency. We were accompanied by a black Labrador retriever named Jill, who misses Steel when he is in London and insists on being with him when he is home. The drive took about half an hour, but then we spent a quarter of an hour trying to find the meeting. (Steel had visited Earlston only once before.) It was a typical small-town fund-raiser; several tables were piled with things for sale—all kinds of baked goods and hand-sewn articles. There was also a lottery, and Steel handed out a few prizes. While he shook some hands, I chatted with a man named Riddle Dumble, who has been Steel's election agent, or political organizer, for almost fifteen years. We were joined by John Barron, the chairman of the Liberal Association in a town called Melrose, which is also one of Steel's. Both men were very pleased about Steel's invitation to the rugby dinner the following day. It was a sign that all was finally forgiven. They explained that soccer was the dominant spectator sport in most of Scotland but not in the Borders. "This is fanatical rugby terrain," Barron said. "During the Springbok business, those of us who were canvassing got the stick." He and Dumble both recalled being warned by local clergymen that in the Borders religion comes second to rugby. They added that many people who liked rugby admired Steel, because the position he took was courageous and principled. Steel's second meeting was in Galashiels, and I asked Dumble and Barron if it could be considered the center of the district—a place on which a candidate might profitably concentrate his energy.

"No," Dumble said. "There is no

HOW THE ROYAL RIVIERA® PEAR GOT FROM THE SOUTH OF FRANCE TO THE SOUTH OF OREGON.



By steamship, of course. And then by train. Just like other fashionable passengers of their day.

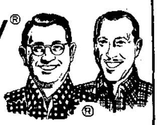
The earliest settlers here had started a few small orchards from seeds they brought with them on the Oregon Trail.

But in 1884, when the railroad came to the Rogue River Valley, whole carloads of sturdy young French pear stock began to arrive.

Royal Riviera Pear trees found themselves wonderfully "at home" here. And Harry and I and Fruit-of-the-Month Club members everywhere are mighty glad they did.

Because fruit like this doesn't just grow on trees.

Harry and David®



Bear Creek Orchards
Medford, Oregon 97501

Creators of the Fruit-of-the-Month Club®

Visit our Bear Creek Store in Medford. ©1984, Harry and David

center in the Borders. The towns and villages are all fiercely independent."

After twenty minutes or so, Steel and I departed for the Liberal Club in Galashiels—a surprisingly large establishment, with five bars. On the first floor, a bingo game with a hundred or so players was under way. None of them seemed to notice Steel as we made our way through the crowded room to a staircase. On the second floor, a dozen people—some middle-aged, some older—were playing musical chairs, and Riddle Dumble, who had preceded us, was moving the chairs. Steel and I had a drink and watched. When the game was over, he said—not altogether in jest, I thought—"I don't know why I bother with you lot." He then said a few words, thanking them for their efforts during the campaign and singling out a few by name whom he hadn't seen during his last visit. One woman interrupted, saying, "What about me? You didn't see me then." Steel replied, "Come on now, Hazel. I did so see you last time." After spending less than half an hour on the second floor of the Liberal Club—at least half of it watching the musical chairs—we sped back to Ettrick Bridge, arriving about five minutes after the play had begun. We had logged more time in the car than in the meetings, at both of which, it seemed to me, Steel had done no more than go through the motions. I said as much to a friend of his in London a week later. "His adrenaline flow isn't back" was the reply. "But remember, he is a buttoned-up person—not open, not a hail-fellow. He is rather reserved even with constituents."

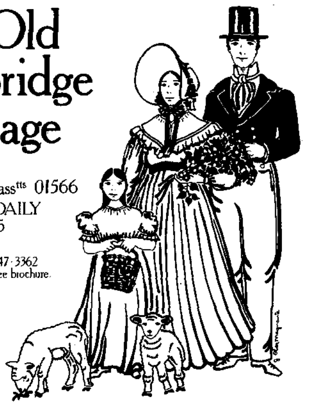
After the play, the Steels and I walked a few steps to the Cross Keys Inn for dinner. By then, it was ten-thirty, and Steel had been on the move all day and hadn't had lunch. In the pub, he relaxed and began to enjoy himself. There was a good deal of banter with the management and with other villagers who were eating and drinking. (Most of the hundred or so people living in Ettrick Bridge take Steel for granted except during elections, when caravans of press people arrive, bringing with them a bit of excitement and a boost to the village economy.) Although it was getting quite late, two of the local people, a man and a woman, crossed the road to the house with us for a nightcap. The man had done some folksinging, and after some persuasion by Judy he sang

Getaway from the City. Getaway from the Century.

Come to the Publick House and slow down to the 18th Century. $89.95 includes two nights deluxe accommodations at the Country Motor Lodge, dinner and breakfast both days at the Publick House or Crabapple's. Write: Publick House Country Motor Lodge, P.O. Box 250, Sturbridge, MA 01566. Or call: (617) 347-9555.

Yankee Getaway at Publick House
Historic Inn & Country Motor Lodge, Sturbridge, MA 01566

Old Sturbridge Village



Sturbridge Mass^tts^ 01566
OPEN DAILY
9to5

Call (617) 347-3362
or write for a free brochure.

Exit 3 off I-86
Exit 9, Mass. Turnpike

Hug Therapist

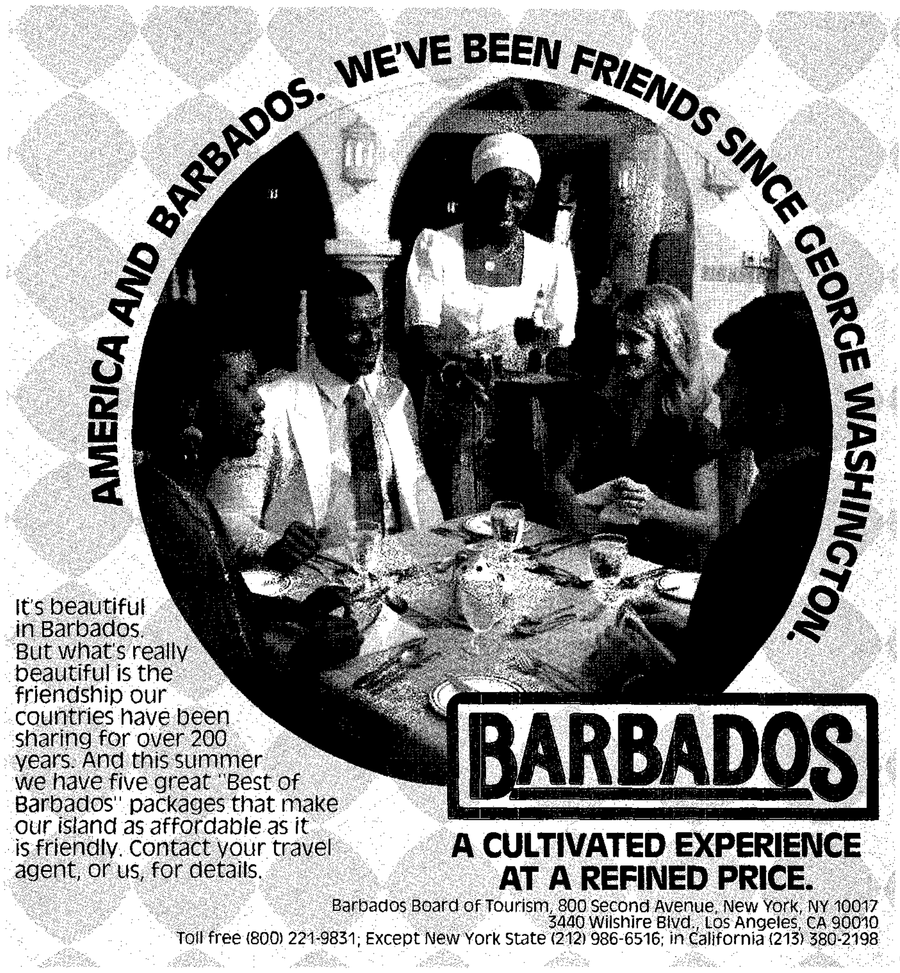
Support hugging wherever you go as a certified "hug therapist."
More than a T-shirt! Adult sizes S (34-36), M (38-40), L (42-44), XL (46), **$10** ppd.
Child sizes 2-4, 6-8, 10-12, 14-16, **$9** ppd.
Specify red, navy, or yellow.
MC/VISA: give exp. date & number.
(502) 459-9398
The Hug Factory™, Dept. NY-054,
P.O. Box 4353, Louisville, KY 40204

a few songs. By then, Steel looked weary.

Saturday was sunny but cold—ideal rugby weather, according to Rory. He explained the presence of two horses that were standing outside the kitchen door. He rides one of them—he's been riding since he was four—and the other was Hamlet, his father's horse; Steel does some riding, though not a lot. A teen-age neighbor—a girl named Jane—looks after the horses, and very expertly. There also used to be a family peacock, but it died some months ago. Numerous people—adults and children—come and go, often without knocking. One of the two doors is sometimes left open, and Steel continually refuels the fireplaces in the downstairs rooms. The phone rang constantly, but it was usually for Graeme or Rory—rarely for Steel. He usually lets someone else answer it. Over lunch, I asked him and Judy about their privacy. They said that unless it was absolutely necessary other politicians and the press didn't disturb them in Ettrick Bridge. "The political reporters are quite good about it," Steel said. Unlike most prominent politicians, he has a listed phone number. Still, his only call of the weekend that I remember came from an angry crank—a non-constituent in Edinburgh—and Judy dealt with her.

Steel and I, along with Rory and a friend of his, set off for the Galashiels playing field right after lunch. Steel, who has little interest in spectator sports, sat with the other official guests; the boys and I met him at the car after the match, which the local team, Scotland South, lost to New Zealand's formidable international team—called the All Blacks, because its uniforms are entirely black. Steel was again pressed for time. The rugby dinner was due to start in about an hour and a half, and he had to drive us to Ettrick Bridge and also have tea there with some Indian friends from Kenya whom he has known since childhood. He managed to spend half an hour or so with them before returning to Galashiels. Later, he joined Judy and me in a pub in another village, where we were having dinner. Later still—about eleven o'clock—Steel and I, taking Jill along, drove on to another village, about eight miles away, to pick up Graeme, who had been visiting his girlfriend and, because the buses had stopped running, needed a ride home. Graeme had applied for a driving permit, and was scheduled to have a road test the fol-

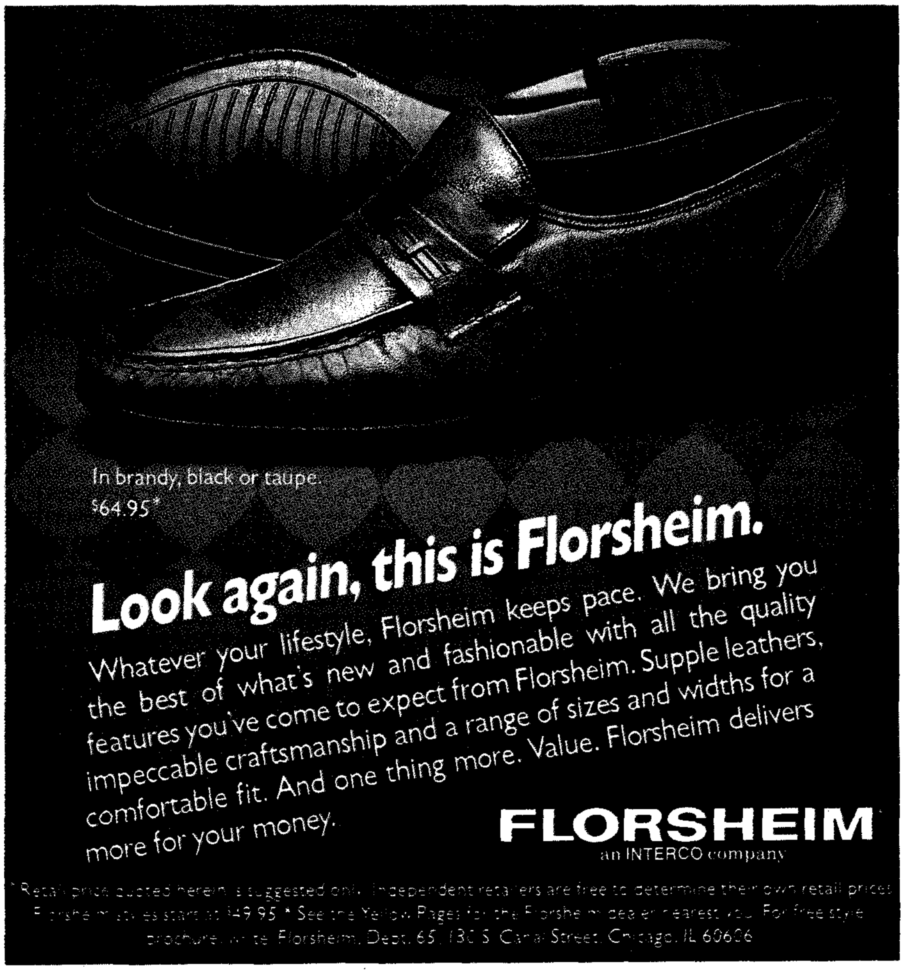
FOR AS LONG AS MEN AND WOMEN
HAVE BEEN PLAYING GAMES,
MEN AND WOMEN HAVE BEEN PLAYING
PENTE®
Pente. The classic game of skill.


AMERICA AND BARBADOS. WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS SINCE GEORGE WASHINGTON.

It's beautiful in Barbados. But what's really beautiful is the friendship our countries have been sharing for over 200 years. And this summer we have five great "Best of Barbados" packages that make our island as affordable as it is friendly. Contact your travel agent, or us, for details.

BARBADOS
A CULTIVATED EXPERIENCE AT A REFINED PRICE.

Barbados Board of Tourism, 800 Second Avenue, New York, NY 10017
3440 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90010
Toll free (800) 221-9831; Except New York State (212) 986-6516; in California (213) 380-2198


In brandy, black or taupe.
$64.95*

Look again, this is Florsheim.

Whatever your lifestyle, Florsheim keeps pace. We bring you the best of what's new and fashionable with all the quality features you've come to expect from Florsheim. Supple leathers, impeccable craftsmanship and a range of sizes and widths for a comfortable fit. And one thing more. Value. Florsheim delivers more for your money.

FLORSHEIM
an INTERCO company

*Retail price quoted herein is suggested only. Independent retailers are free to determine their own retail prices. Florsheim styles start at $49.95 * See the Yellow Pages for the Florsheim dealer nearest you. For free style brochure, write Florsheim, Dept. 65, 130 S. Canal Street, Chicago, IL 60606

lowing week. His parents couldn't decide whether they wanted him to pass the test or fail it. Graeme had dropped out of school for a while, and had a good deal of time on his hands. (Billy, the oldest, adopted son, wasn't on the scene. He is an actor, and while looking for work was living temporarily in Steel's flat in London.)

On Sunday morning, Steel and I returned to Galashiels, so that he could look over constituent mail that collects in an office he has there. But someone had changed the lock, and he couldn't get in. Along the way, we discussed his party and politics generally. Britain's winner-take-all system is very hard on third parties. The Conservatives dominate in some areas, especially in the South and in the West, while Labour dominates in the industrialized northern cities. The Liberals are strong on the provincial fringes—in both Highland and Lowland Scotland and in Wales. They are weak in most heavily populated areas. Many Liberal candidates run close races; their party polls a large vote but elects very few M.P.s. Last June, over four million people voted Liberal, and elected only seventeen M.P.s. But seventeen, Steel pointed out, was more than the Party had previously elected at any time since 1935; fourteen, he said, had been the largest number to win in an election in the postwar era. But still they grumble, I thought, recalling his retreat from politics last summer.

On Sundays, after lunch, Steel takes a walk from the house to an old ruin—a sixteenth-century tower on top of a hill. On a good day, the tower is visible from the house. This wasn't a good day. A stiff wind blew a persistent rain in our faces. Steel carried a walking stick and set a brisk pace. Jill ranged ahead of us, working the fields for grouse and pheasant. It is a forty-five-minute climb, mainly through gorse teeming with sheep. Every visitor takes the walk, Steel said. He told me with some relish about making one of his foremost opponents in the Liberal Party—a man who strongly dislikes the out-of-doors—take it. He said that during the campaign last June the three detectives sent to Ettrick Bridge by the Home Office to protect him drew lots for the privilege of avoiding the walk. David Owen, he went on, experienced it the previous December, when he and his family visited Ettrick Bridge. It was this visit, Steel indicated, together with a reciprocal visit by the Steels to

Owen's country house, in Wiltshire, that smoothed their relationship and showed Steel that they should be able to work together. The ritual walk may provide a release from the pressures of politics—national and local—and perhaps from those of family life as well. In London during the week, Steel isn't exposed to the routine problems and complexities of family life. In Ettrick Bridge, he is exposed to them in concentrated form.

That evening, we drove to the station in Edinburgh to catch the overnight train to London. The next day promised to be very interesting, because the House of Commons was scheduled to debate the bitterly controversial issue of the deployment of the new American cruise missiles in Britain—a major parliamentary event, which the whole country had been awaiting. Steel told me that he and Owen had worked out a position that both their parties could live with. The Thatcher Government, he felt, had played into their hands by not stressing the importance of the Geneva arms-control negotiations. He seemed to mean that London (and other European capitals) should have exerted more pressure on Washington to reach an agreement with the Soviets which would have removed the need to deploy the new missiles. And the Government had truly blundered, he thought, in having failed to get for Britain greater control over the American missiles by insisting on a so-called dual-key mechanism for using the weapons. The Liberal-S.D.P. alliance would, he said, recommend that Britain not accept the missiles until the current round of talks in Geneva had been concluded—and the possibilities for agreement exhausted—and Washington had been asked for dual control of the weapons. The Steel-Owen position struck me as disingenuous, since the Geneva negotiating round was almost over; the prospects for progress, let alone agreement, were judged to be exceedingly remote. As for the dual key, it was an anachronism, and, for various practical reasons, would probably be useless. The only issue, it seemed to me, was whether Britain should play host to the new missiles. I said as much to Steel, who acknowledged the fragility of his and Owen's position but felt that it was essential for the Liberals and their S.D.P. allies to stand together on the issue to avoid the disarray of the Labour M.P.s, who would be able to agree only on opposing deployment, and would be unable

"I built my business here. And it's the place I'm proudest of. But for certain personal financial matters, I also need the abilities and confidentiality of a small attentive Wall Street bank."
Rocky Mountain newspaper publisher

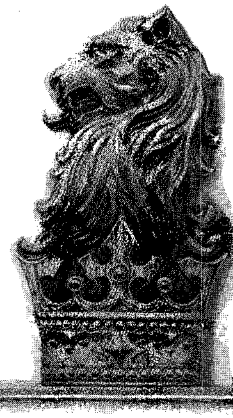
Truly private banking. Money management. Custody of securities. If excellent handling of such affairs concerns you, please contact Mr. Rodney I. Woods, Senior Vice President, United States Trust Company of New York, 45 Wall Street, New York, NY 10005. (212) 806-4444.

U.S. Trust
When you do something very well you simply cannot do it for everyone.

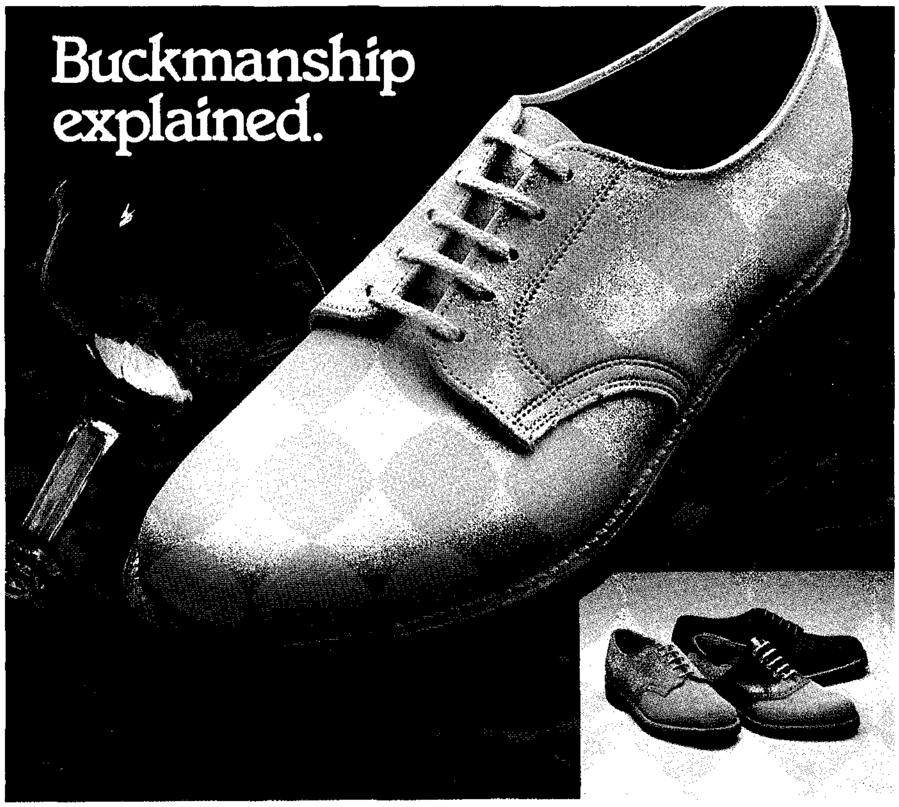
THE EXCEPTIONAL IS THE RULE AT THE RITZ-CARLTON, ATLANTA.

Welcome to an unusually warm and gracious hotel. The Ritz-Carlton, Atlanta. A hotel established especially for traveling executives. With two telephones and remote-control television in every guest room. Spacious suites furnished for dinner parties. Handsome conference rooms for presentations. A downtown location most convenient to Atlanta's legal and financial district. And service. Uncompromising personal service – a Ritz-Carlton rule since 1927. The Ritz-Carlton. In Atlanta, Boston, Buckhead (uptown Atlanta) and Laguna Niguel, California (open this summer). For reservations, call 800-241-3333 toll-free.

THE RITZ-CARLTON
ATLANTA



BRAHMA BEER
Brazilian Pilsener
IMPORTED
BRAZILIAN PILSENER
BRAHMA BEER
12 FL.OZ.355 ml
The taste for beer lovers.
Imported by EFCO Importers, Jenkintown, PA 19046



Buckmanship: The art of finding the best buck for the money. Where to look? Write for dealer locations. Walk-Over, Bridgewater, Mass. 02324. Dept. NY5. Tel: (617) 697-6104. Fine men's shoes . . . Since 1874.

Walk-Over

Geo. E. Keith Company. A Division of Official Industries, Inc.

FINALLY. A SHOE THAT WALKS AS GOOD AS IT LOOKS.

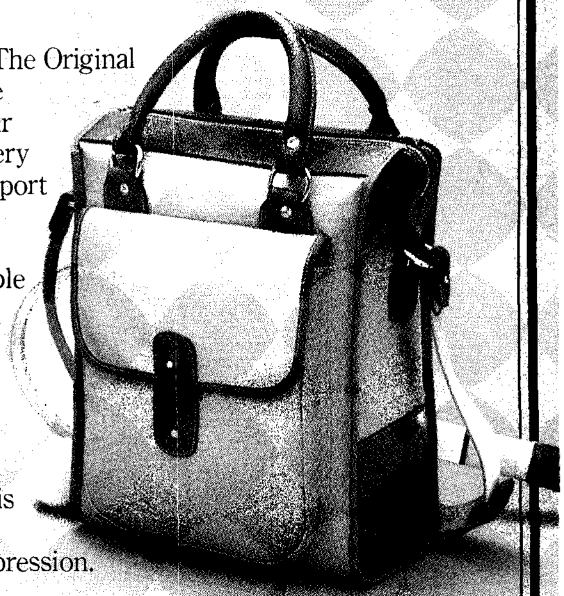
to offer a single constructive suggestion. But he was clearly looking forward to the debate, and planned to write his speech the next morning.

As theatre, the debate on Monday, October 31st, offered a great deal. Just a week before, the United States had invaded Grenada, apparently without consulting Mrs. Thatcher, who was embarrassed by this cavalier approach to what seemed to her and most of the country a Commonwealth problem; however, she was reluctant at the time to publicly reproach Ronald Reagan, her supposed confederate and political soulmate. All over the House of Commons—and especially on the Tory benches—she was accused of having "dithered," and was harshly judged. Moreover, she and her Government had acquired other vulnerabilities, and the opposition's appetite for combat was keen. The chamber and the galleries were full. I arrived in time to watch the major players file in. The first to appear was Michael Heseltine, the Secretary of State for Defense, who would do the heavy-duty work for the Government; he is one of two or three strong Cabinet figures and, although he is not popular within the Party, is said to be a potential successor to Mrs. Thatcher. She took her seat next to him a few minutes later; she was dressed in black and, as always, was carefully coiffed, but she looked much thinner than I'd seen her in the past. There was a slight stir as Denis Winston Healey, the Right Honorable Member for Leeds, East, and the shadow Foreign Secretary, took his place on the Labour front bench, directly across from Heseltine and Mrs. Thatcher. I became acquainted with Healey nearly twenty years ago, when he was in Heseltine's job, and he hasn't changed much; he is the same burly, slightly flushed, truculent, and immensely entertaining political warrior. Just a few days earlier, during the debate on Grenada, he had referred to Mrs. Thatcher as President Reagan's "obedient poodle," and to her foreign policy as "doormat diplomacy." His comments were judged abusive by many, and Healey was later called, as he had been before, a "schoolyard bully" and other names in various newspaper columns. Steel and Owen arrived and took their seats to the left of Labour's front bench.

Heseltine turned in a competent performance in arguing the case for deployment. Perhaps fearing the worst from across the table, he tried to preempt Healey. "The trouble with the

Right Honorable Member for Leeds, East, is that he has all the intellect, all the experience, and none of the integrity necessary for his job," he said. "He has become the worst sort of jukebox politician—he will play any tune that the occasion seems to demand." I began thinking about Healey—especially the what-might-have-beens. He is without question the most gifted and intellectually versatile front-bench figure of his era. He could have been—perhaps should have been—Britain's Helmut Schmidt. Healey is the only European politician of his time who could match and perhaps exceed Schmidt's grasp of foreign, defense, and financial questions, or Schmidt's intellectual energy. Few politicians anywhere are as cultivated as Healey, but a high gloss he acquired at Balliol College coexists with an incorrigible streak of Irish navvy that he was born with. That streak may account for his exploits on the beaches of Anzio (he was the British Army's beachmaster), which are often recalled even now, and which earned him military honors. (In the deployment debate, Heseltine, after being jeered by Labour M.P.s for his personal remarks about Healey, characterized Healey's war record as "quite remarkable.") A friend of Healey's says, "Harold Wilson could always dish the left [of the Labour Party] without leaving a mark, whereas Denis does it with gusto, leaves marks, and wonders why he was never elected to lead the Party." Helmut Schmidt was flawed by his abrasiveness, but Healey was undermined by his. Perhaps Healey was always too far to the right of his party's mainstream to have captured the leadership. Labour tends to go further to the left for leaders, who then drift to the right. (Michael Foot was an exception in that he didn't veer to the right.) I began comparing Healey and Owen, whose first government job was as a junior minister under Healey in the Ministry of Defense. On the issue of nuclear defense, Healey has logged more experience than any other member, and he knows it better than any of the others except Owen, who has as much knowledge and understanding but whose parliamentary style doesn't yet have the bite and flair of Healey's.

When Heseltine finished, Healey rose, slouched over the table in front of him, and glanced briefly at a few notes that he had placed on the Despatch Box (which contains a copy of the New Testament and is used in


Consider the details.

The Overlander. The Original No. 3 Ghurka bag. Note the careful attention our craftsmen lavish on every beautiful detail of this sport bag: The suede-lined shoulder strap. Solid brass fittings. Impeccable stitching. And our full-grain leather and specially woven twill are water-repellent and soil-resistant. Individually numbered, registered and embossed, this is an original Ghurka—from first to lasting impression.

GHURKA. A Lasting Tradition.

© 1984 GHURKA COLLECTION

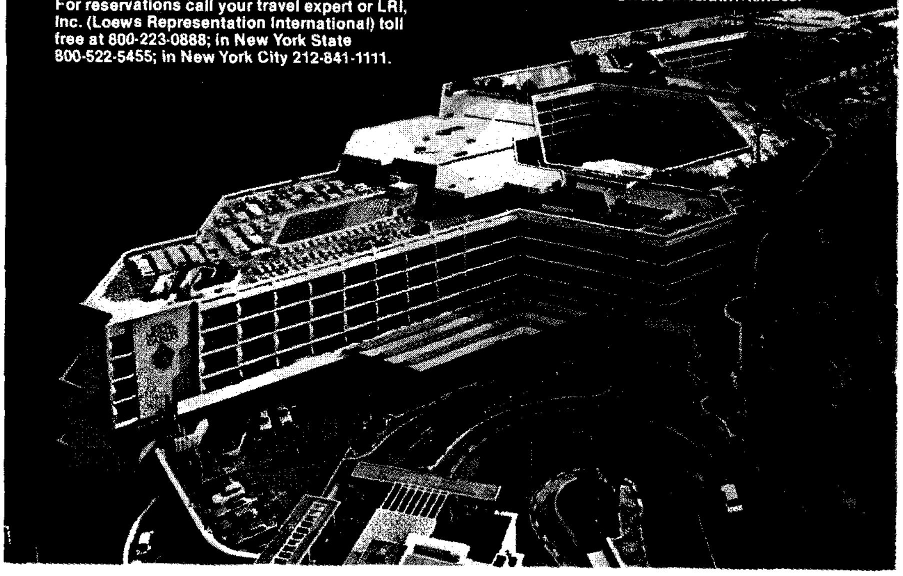
GHURKA ORIGINAL COLLECTION MARLEY HODGSON MH

The Ghurka Collection, P.O. Box 524, Norwalk CT 06856, (203) 838-5004.

For people who thought they had experienced everything.

Votre destination: Monte Carlo. Where the air is fragrant with perfume and elegance. And the seascape is painted with extravagance. Au bord de la mer: Loews Monte-Carlo. One of the world's most indulging hotels, with a magnificent in-hotel casino.* Experience it at least once in your life.

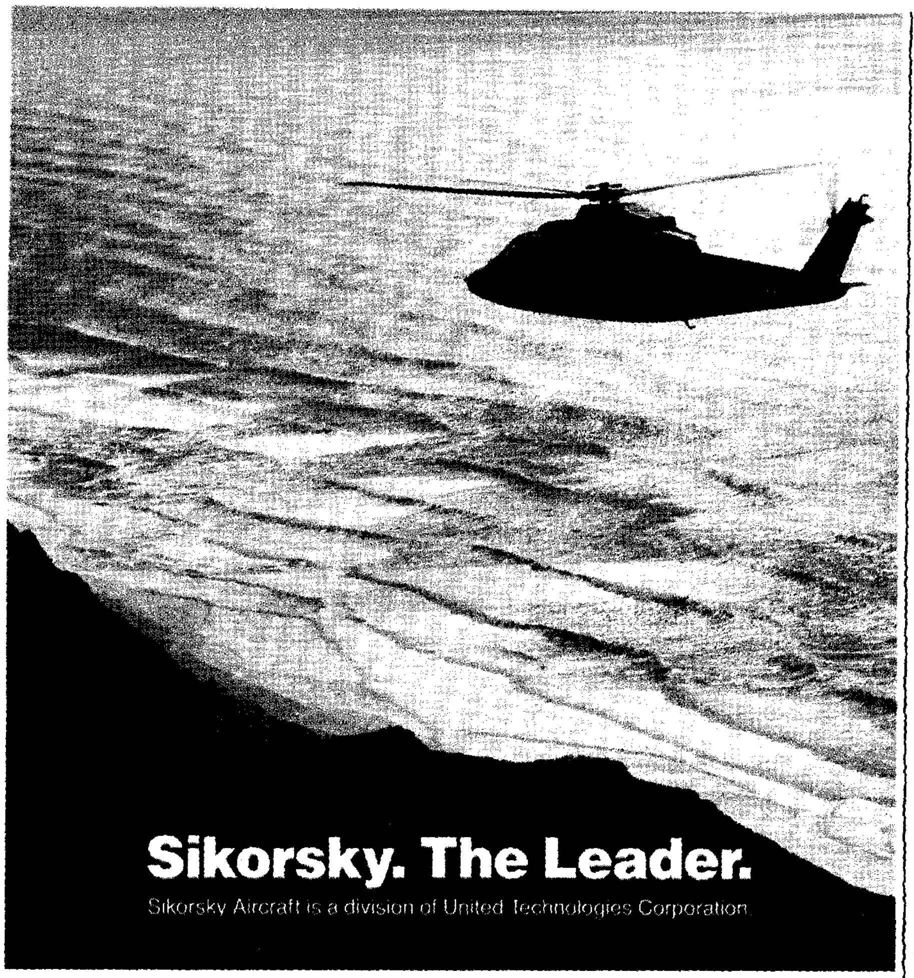
Loews Monte-Carlo
On the Riviera in Monaco.

*SBM/Loews Monte-Carlo
For reservations call your travel expert or LRI, Inc. (Loews Representation International) toll free at 800-223-0888; in New York State 800-522-5455; in New York City 212-841-1111.


swearing-in ceremonies). He didn't take Heseltine's bait, and the speech he delivered was a less aggressive and more closely reasoned rejection of the Government's case than his critics had expected. Neil Kinnock, his new leader, sat mute beside him in the debate that followed, as he had in the debate on Grenada. Since the target of the Liberal-S.D.P. alliance is the Labour Party, Healey couldn't resist needling the two Davids. "I hope that the Alliance parties will make their position clear," he said at one point. "The amendment that they are asking us to approve tonight was obviously written by Mr. Fudge and Mr. Mudge. . . . When they get married" —that is, merge—"I hope they will call themselves Sludge. That would indeed be a happy medium." Steel broke out laughing, and Owen smiled.

Next came Steel. As he rose, three young women in the gallery shouted "No to cruise!" and then sped away. Steel delivered a competent speech—one based on the position he had described to me in the car—but Healey is the hardest act in the House of Commons to follow. And, listening to Steel, I remembered his saying over the weekend—somewhat wistfully, it seemed—that it must be easier to speak from the Despatch Box than from behind it. He meant not just that a front-bench figure can put his notes on the box instead of holding them but also that the authority conferred by the place enhances one's confidence. And he must wonder whether he ever will speak from the Despatch Box.

STEEL and Owen had been right (or lucky) about the utility of their joint position. I had thought that the press would jump on them for having dodged the real issue of missile deployment, but instead the press jumped on the Labour Party for having attacked a decision that it had helped to set in motion five years ago. The Thatcher Government was also criticized by some newspapers, for having failed to obtain dual control of the new missiles. The polls showed that ninety-four per cent of those who favored the deployment wanted dual control. Mrs. Thatcher doesn't have to worry about defeating her combined opposition on the floor of the House of Commons—not with her current majority of a hundred and forty-three seats—but her room for maneuver is considerably less than might be imagined, and she does have plenty to worry about. Indeed, what is most remarkable about



Sikorsky. The Leader.
Sikorsky Aircraft is a division of United Technologies Corporation

A strong case for the proliferation of paperwork.

With its array of pockets and dividers, not only will this case carry a lot of paperwork, it'll also help you organize it.

So when you need help carrying your workload, hire a Hartmann.

hartmann
We don't cut corners.

Du Pont TEFLON®
water & stain repeller © 1983 Hartmann Luggage, Lebanon, Tennessee 37087

Britain's political ferment is the amount of trouble its recently reëlected leader managed to fall into in a short time.

A successful election is usually followed by a respite in which the victorious leader basks in the glow of higher approval ratings in the polls and a more indulgent press. Mrs. Thatcher had no such respite. She began to slip—on a "lorry load of banana skins," said one M.P.—just after the election. First, she replaced a number of her ministers, in some cases with younger and less experienced people, a few of whom have contributed to her difficulties in the House of Commons. Within and beyond her party, she is said to prefer yes-men to strong, experienced people; it is said that she must play every instrument in the band and, in any case, is a poor listener. (Steel told me that during the Falklands crisis he and Owen were briefed periodically by the leadership, and that Francis Pym, who was then the Foreign Secretary, "never got a word in edgewise.") Julian Critchley, a Tory M.P. who writes amusing pieces for *The Listener*, referred to his leader recently as a "Great She Elephant." Her medical problems were, of course, distracting. Then, as she began to flounder, Neil Kinnock came onstage and struck much of the country and the press as just what Labour needed—young (forty-two), nice-looking, an excellent speaker in the exuberant Welsh style, and, unlike Foot, a very good television performer. Kinnock's standing in the polls began to rise, and Labour's rose with him. This happened while the Thatcher Government was arguing bitterly and publicly within itself about budgetary matters and was showing some signs of being rudderless. In the days just preceding the Conservative Party conference at Blackpool, which began on October 11th, the major newspapers, which had supported Mrs. Thatcher's reëlection, were in full cry. "POWER WITHOUT PERFORMANCE," the *Financial Times* proclaimed in a headline. "THATCHERISM WITHOUT THRUST," said *The Economist*. "The government still does not give a collective impression of knowing what to do [with its mandate]," the *Times* announced. Former ministers, including Francis Pym, were openly critical, and so was John Biffen, the Conservative Leader of the House of Commons. Even more serious politically were the troubles of Cecil Parkinson, then the Trade and Industry Sec-

THE PIERPONT FUNDS

There are now two Pierpont Funds: The Pierpont Tax Exempt Fund and The Pierpont Fund.

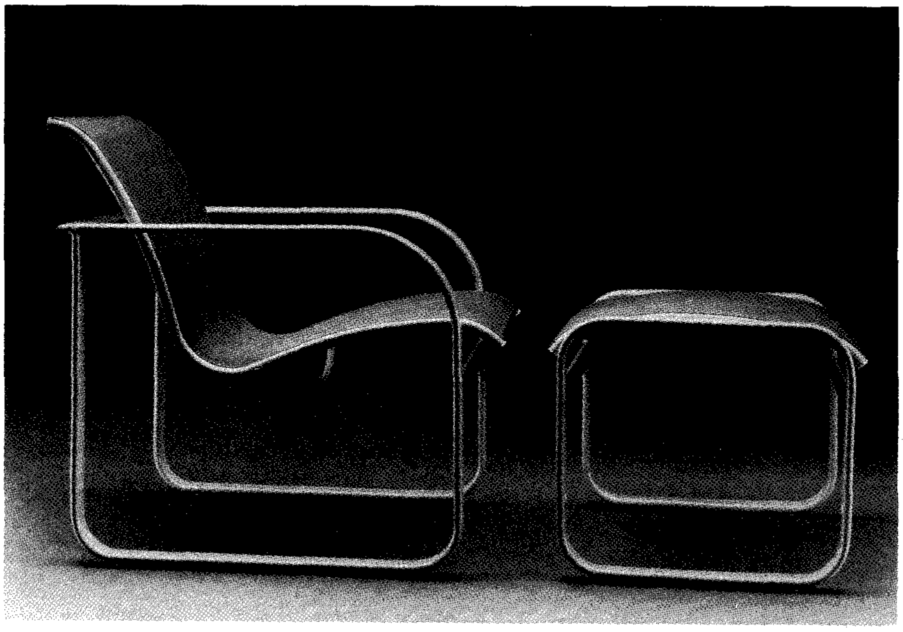
The Funds are designed for individuals and institutions that want to maintain a substantial position in high quality, highly liquid money market instruments but do not wish to monitor and service a portfolio of their own.

The sponsor of The Funds is Morgan Stanley. The investment adviser is Morgan Guaranty Trust Company. An initial investment of $25,000 is required in either Fund.

More complete information about The Pierpont Funds, including charges and expenses, is provided in the prospectuses, which should be read carefully before you invest. You may obtain copies of them by writing Alan M. Trager, Vice President, Morgan Stanley & Co. Incorporated, 1251 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10020.

MORGAN STANLEY & CO.
Incorporated

BROWN JORDAN



Casual elegance. Unmistakably Brown Jordan.

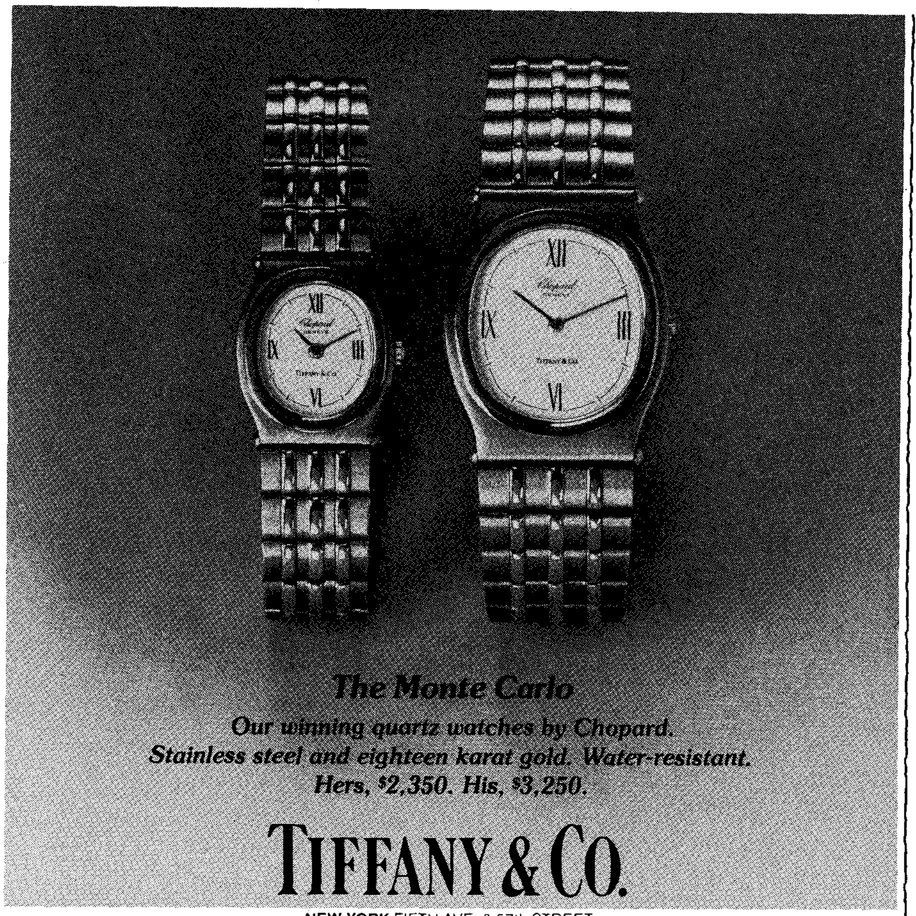
Quantum...a luxurious new design for indoors or outdoors. Superb comfort with cushion, mesh or vinyl strap seating. Handcrafted extra-wide oval aluminum frame, protected with our exclusive UltraFuse® finish. To be admired...and used. For years.

At leading stores and interior designers. Write for free brochure, or send $4 for 76-page catalog and address of your nearest dealer. Brown Jordan, Dept. GA031, P.O. Box 5688, El Monte, CA 91734.

retary, who was a former Party chairman and was Mrs. Thatcher's favorite. A few days before the conference, he admitted that his former secretary, Sara Keays, was pregnant with their child. He had, he further admitted, agreed to marry Miss Keays, but had then decided instead to remain with his wife. As the conference began, Mrs. Thatcher, a strenuous defender of Victorian values, said twice that Parkinson's problem was a private matter—that the question of resignation had not arisen and would not. But her hand was forced a few days later—several hours before she was to address the conference—when she learned that Miss Keays was about to go public with her version of the affair (it was played prominently in the *Times*). Parkinson was sacked on the spot. ("In the best tradition of our party, Cecil dodged the first barrel but took the second," said one Tory M.P.) Although Mrs. Thatcher may have had no choice, this action left her looking irresolute, if not indecisive. More important, it cost her the minister in whom she had the most confidence. Parkinson had been part of her inner Cabinet during the Falklands crisis; he had managed her reëlection campaign; he was more trusted in business and financial circles than her other ministers; she had a rapport with him that she hasn't had with any of them; he might well have been her chosen successor. Mrs. Thatcher was more alone and vulnerable after the conference than before.

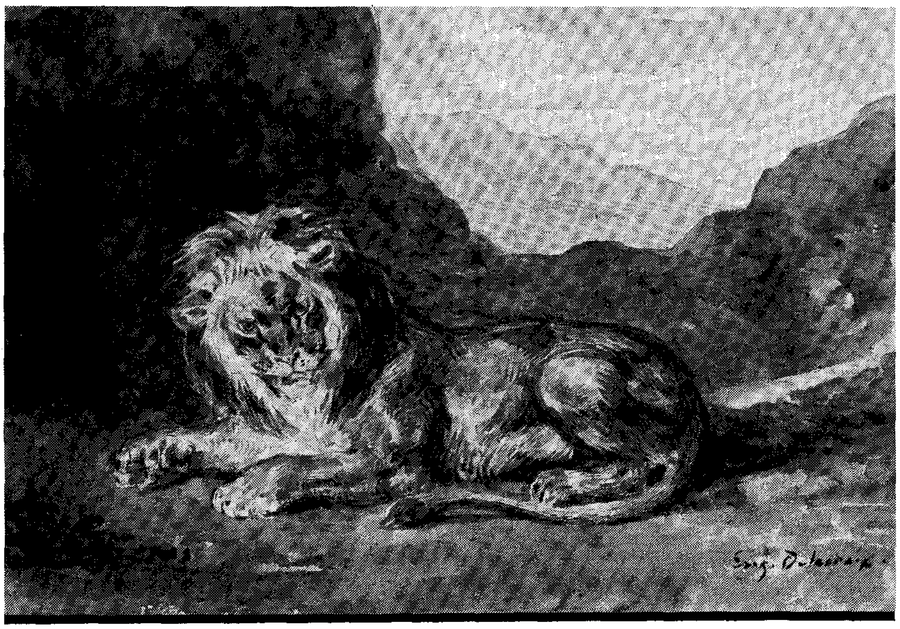
The Government's handling of the Grenada events went down badly throughout the Tory Party and elsewhere. Mrs. Thatcher drew no credit from people who were opposed to the invasion, because she didn't criticize it soon enough; and she was harshly criticized by the larger number of her party's M.P.s for having failed either to do something herself about Grenada or to support President Reagan. Once again, she seemed to have botched an important decision.

Power uses up Prime Ministers, as it does Presidents, faster than it once did. A member of the Gang of Four thinks that the Tories will sooner or later force Mrs. Thatcher aside. "Their best chance will be to find another leader," he says. "She will be seen as a depleted and far too familiar figure. She can't last out the term. That would make nine years, and would exceed a two-term American President. There is no modern parallel for that in Britain. Wilson had six con-


The Monte Carlo
Our winning quartz watches by Chopard.
Stainless steel and eighteen karat gold. Water-resistant.
Hers, $2,350. His, $3,250.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. & 57th STREET
ATLANTA · BEVERLY HILLS · CHICAGO · DALLAS · HOUSTON · KANSAS CITY · SAN FRANCISCO
To order please write, or call toll-free 800-526-0649 · In New Jersey, 800-452-9146
Add any sales tax · American Express · Diners Club · MasterCard · Visa


Nineteenth Century Paintings, Drawings and Watercolors

Auction to be held on Friday, May 25 at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. at our galleries at 502 Park Avenue in New York. Viewing is from May 19 to 24. Catalogue #5568 is available for $14 and $16, by mail. For further inquiries, please contact Kathleen Laughlin Harwood at 212/546-1092 or Peter Villa (Paintings) at 212/546-1173.

Eugene Delacroix, Lion couché dans un paysage, signed–watercolor over pencil, 7½ x 10⅞ in. (18.9 x 27.5 cm.)

CHRISTIE'S

The president of Braxton, Braxton & Whipple, Inc. should never write a letter to a friend as president of Braxton, Braxton & Whipple, Inc.

In today's society, with its hectic pace, a personal note is particularly appreciated.

For, in addition to what is written, it says something more. It says that you've taken the time from your busy schedule to express your friendship.

That warm gesture, however, is not conveyed on a business letterhead.

The answer, of course, is stationery of your own.

And the paper that's best for your personal stationery is the paper that the best companies value for theirs: Crane.

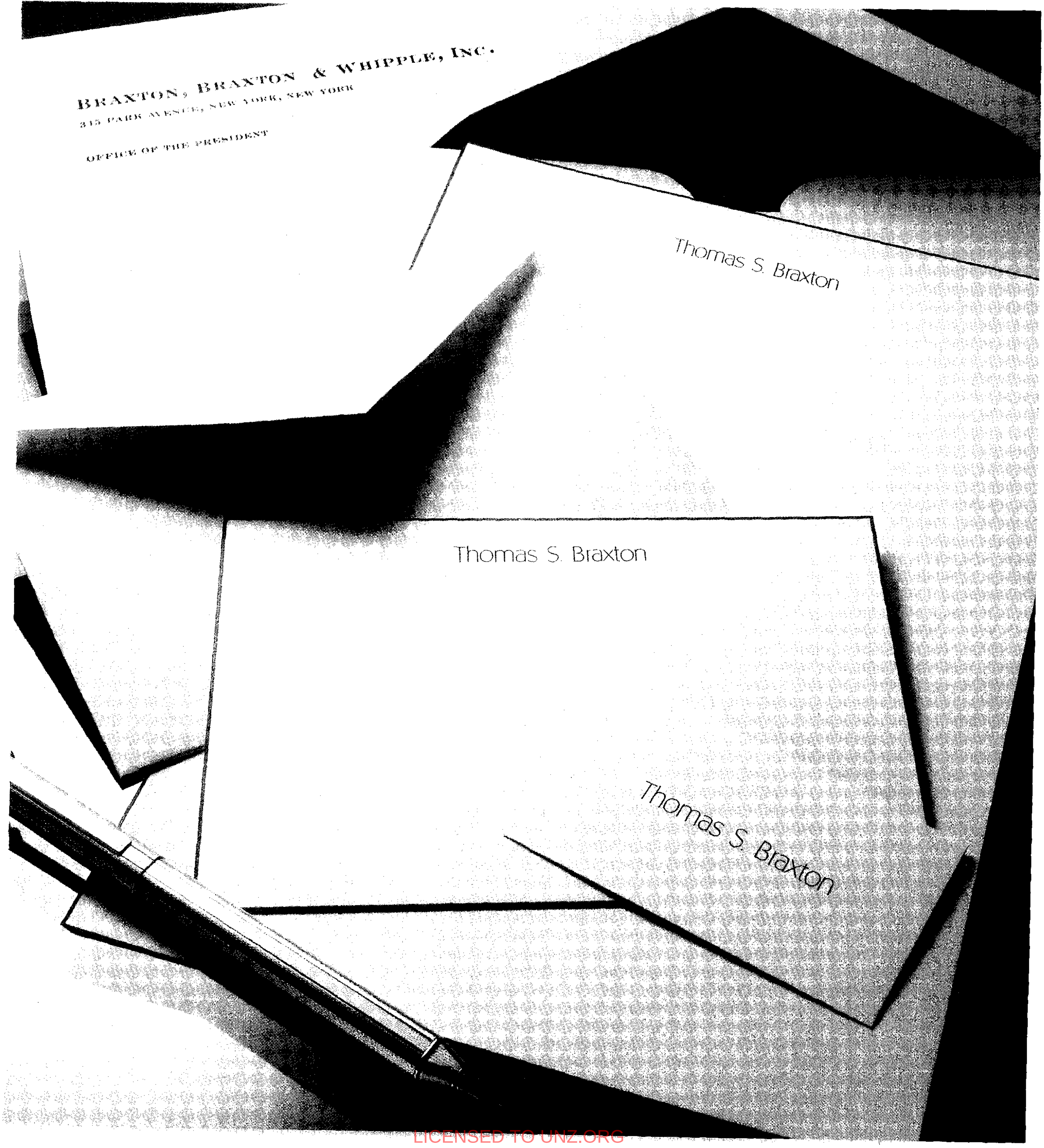
Crane paper is made of the finest fiber known for stationery: 100% cotton.

The result is the most handsome paper upon which your thoughts can be expressed.

At the finest stores you know. Crane & Co., Inc., Dalton, Massachusetts 01226.

Crane

We've been taking your words seriously for 183 years.


BRAXTON, BRAXTON & WHIPPLE, INC.
315 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
Thomas S. Braxton
Thomas S. Braxton
Thomas S. Braxton

We didn't forget the hard side of travel when we developed our soft luggage.

Soft-Tech™ from American Tourister in tough, stain and moisture resistant nylon. In a 26″ and 29″ suitcase with wheels, garment bag, shoulder tote, club tote and carry-on available in Moon Grey, Ultra Red, Galaxy Black and our new Solar Rose.

Du Pont
TEFLON
soil & stain repeller is used with many of our products.

Beautiful on the outside. American Tourister on the inside.™

American Tourister INC.

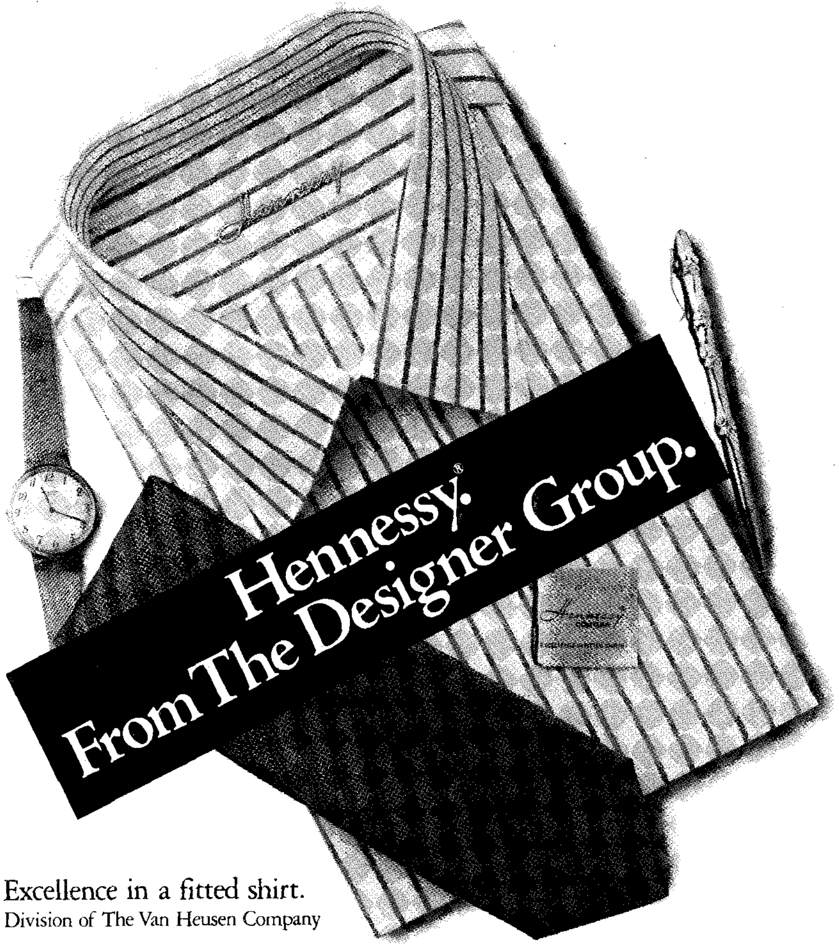
A HILLENBRAND INDUSTRY

© 1984 American Tourister, Inc.

secutive years—1964 to 1970. Macmillan had six—from 1957 to 1963." When I observed that Mrs. Thatcher's current difficulties seemed to be more a party matter than a national one, he said, "It's like wartime, in a sense. You can get away with a lot. She has bombed the people pretty hard, and they will weary of it if they don't see some improvement. If in a year's time the economy hasn't responded and inflation creeps back up and unemployment hasn't fallen, she'll be in trouble around the country."

The Conservative Party is more sharply divided now than it usually was in the days when its fortunes—and, as often as not, the country's—were informally managed by a small, coherent élite. The leader ruled by consensus. But Margaret Thatcher is a creature of political principle, not consensus. The domestic policies of earlier Tory leaders were paternalistic in spirit, but, like Labour's, were aimed at satisfying several large constituencies. Mrs. Thatcher represents her party's break with the paternalistic spirit and any sense of social guilt. She and her followers have very little in common with the traditional ruling class. They are people who have made their way on their own. Among the most interesting of them—especially since he is the current favorite to be the Party's next leader—is Norman Tebbit, a tough and resourceful Tory populist, who replaced Parkinson as Trade and Industry Secretary and seems now to have more influence with "the boss" than any of the others have. Tebbit is a former airline pilot who became an officer in the airline pilots' union. He is extremely effective with wage earners. He and his leader direct their appeal to middle-income people who resent paying taxes to support "the idle" and who favor tightened immigration laws to reduce the influx of nonwhites into Britain. But the orthodox Conservatives haven't disappeared or given up. They hope and, in many cases, expect that events will push the Thatcher-Tebbit people—this other Tory Party—in their direction, closer to the political center. Some of them expect a fight—"for the soul of the Party," one senior figure says.

More often than not, a Prime Minister has an easier time with a very small majority than with a very large one. Large majorities are often balky, easily discontented, and hard to manage. The members of a small majority tend to concentrate on unity and on



Excellence in a fitted shirt.
A Division of The Van Heusen Company

NOW THERE'S AN ALTERNATIVE BETWEEN THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY

It's called Novotel New York. A hotel within walking distance to everything that makes Manhattan, Manhattan. Corporate headquarters, diverse shopping, and America's theater district. That translates into very few cab rides, and that's practical.

An alternative—because our rooms are rather spacious. Our beds, oversized. Our wine bar, spectacular. And in our brasserie, French food that won't put a hole in your wallet. Now that's civilized. Novotel New York, a positively first class hotel that's also absolutely moderately priced.

Beginning to add up? You might ask how we achieve this? It's the experience of operating over 170 hotels in 34 countries. That's how!

Our opening, Summer '84—Only the beginning.

novotel NEW YORK

The alternative is located at 226 West 52nd on Broadway. For information, contact your travel consultant, or call 800-221-3185. In New York State, 800-522-4005.

©1984.

THE HOTEL FOR THE CIVILIZED...BUT PRACTICAL

CHRISTMAS IS AT YOUR DOORSTEP.

Christmas comes early with the joy of the Horchow Christmas catalogue featuring all you can ask for in fine fashions, tableware, jewelry, decoratives and other distinctive gifts. Shop in style at home for the holidays with the Horchow Collection.

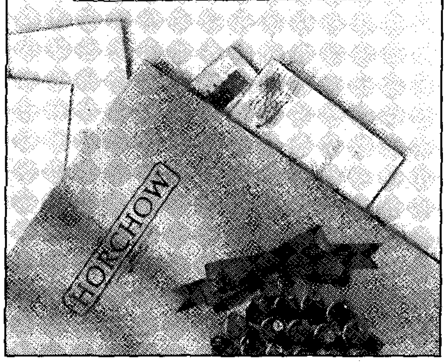
For a merry Christmas and a full year of Horchow catalogues, mail this coupon with $3 to Horchow, Box 819066, Dept. NB032, Dallas, Texas 75381-9066.

NAME ____________________

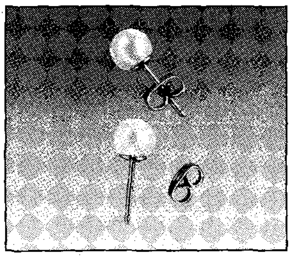
ADDRESS ____________________

CITY __________ ST ______ ZIP ______

HORCHOW



AFFORDABLE CLASSICS



19.90

Save 20.00 on a most opulent pair of 6mm cultured pearls, beautifully mounted on 14 karat gold posts. The earrings (pierced only) are gift wrapped in their own little Oriental silk pouch. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

To order the pearl earrings, #A1072: Send 19.90 plus 1.95 shipping and handling (add 5% tax if delivered in Texas) in check or money order (sorry, no COD's) or charge to MasterCard, VISA or American Express (include card name, all digits, expiration date and signature). Mail to: Box 819027, Dept. MB131, Farmers Branch, Texas 75381-9027

GRAND FINALE

staying in power. History shows the Conservatives as far less forgiving than any rival party of a leader who stumbles, in part because of their feeling that Tory rule is the right and natural order of things. In 1906, Arthur Balfour said it was the duty of everyone that "the great Unionist [Conservative] party should still control, whether in power or whether in opposition, the destinies of this great Empire." A former member of the Thatcher Cabinet says, "In the Tory Party, there isn't much of this 'My leader right or wrong' sentiment." Another of her former ministers says, "She'll be knifed if things get any worse. Every Tory leader has been knifed. In the fifties, they were saying, 'We can't win another election with that old man' "—Churchill. "Macmillan committed suicide"—by resigning as Prime Minister—"just before they were going to knife him. Ted Heath was knifed."

Speculating so soon after the election on Mrs. Thatcher's staying power seems odd, but that is now a popular pastime within her party. "A week is a long time in politics," said Harold Wilson, a durable cynic who managed to hold the reins for six years. People are saying that the difficulties Mrs. Thatcher had in the first few months of her second term were reminiscent of those experienced by Macmillan in the last few months of his. Opinion within the Conservative Party is divided. Some say that Mrs. Thatcher will last through the next election, because she is tough and determined, because she has the country's respect, and because her problems do lie mainly within the Party and should therefore be manageable. Moreover, the Government's budget for 1984-85, which was submitted in March, was well received, and did her some good. One former member of her Cabinet thinks she will recover and last out her second mandate by moving toward the center and carrying the other Tory right-wingers with her. Some people I spoke with, including two other former members of her Government, feel that she has reached the slippery slope. "She bestrode British politics for a time," one of them says. "But that wasn't difficult, given the quality of her opposition. Foot was hopeless, and the Alliance played its cards badly. But that Iron Lady stuff, the Victorian values—it's a myth. No, I don't think she'll move to the center—not on the basis of what she is saying." Another former Cabinet figure said, "Marga-

Down Pillows

For complete bedtime comfort, select the finest down pillows money can buy at manufacturer's prices. White European Down filled pillows offer luxuriously soft support. Down conforms to the shape of the head, providing correct sleeping posture for the neck and shoulders. Our parent company, Gillette Industries, founded in 1911, is the national manufacturer of Bill Blass women's down coats. **Call or write for your free color down catalog.**

☎ 1-800-356-9367

SHOP AND COMPARE OUR PRICES

	Regular Price	SALE PRICE
Standard (20″ x 26″)	~~$90~~	$35
Queen (20″ x 30″)	~~$110~~	$45
King (20″ x 36″)	~~$125~~	$55

(Available in Lt. Blue or Beige)

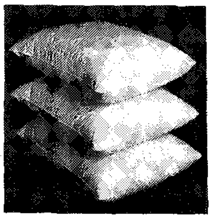
The Company Store™

☎ORDER BY PHONE TOLL FREE 1-800-356-9367.
Use your credit card. OR ORDER BY MAIL:
☐M.C. ☐VISA ☐Am. Exp. ☐Check
Acct. No. ____________________ Exp. Dt ____

	Qty.	Color	
Standard $35 x	______	______	= $______
Queen $45 x	______	______	= $______
King $55 x	______	______	= $______
Ship. & Hdlg. $2.50 per pillow			= $______
TOTAL			= $______

Signature ____________________
Address ____________________
City/State/Zip ____________________

Send to: The Company Store, Dept. Q 33, 1205 S. 7th St., La Crosse, WI 54601. Money back guarantee. Delivery: Immediate.



AD HOC JOURNEYS

MOORISH SPAIN—a different look at southern Spain. Oct. 11, 1984, June 20 and Oct. 10, 1985

THE SPANISH ROAD TO SANTIAGO—*following* the pilgrim's route to Compostela. Sep. 21, 1984. Sep. 20, 1985

THE KENYA EXPERIENCE—focusing on wildlife and ornithology. July 14, 1984. July 6, 1985.

ARTISTS' FRANCE—exploring the haunts of Impressionist painters. June 13, 1985

FRANCE IN THE MIDDLE AGES—Monks, knights and townsmen of medieval France. May 30, 1985

A DIFFERENT PORTUGAL—land of contrasts. June 8 and September 21, 1985.

Small group tours emphasizing theme and leadership designed to appeal to the inquisitive traveler.

For brochure call or write
EILEEN HUGHES TRAVEL, INC.
Dept. 3F, 411 East 57th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022
Tel: (212) 758-1505

Paris newsletter.

From the City of Light ... art, music, cafés, the Seine, real estate, food, métro, exhibitions ... $30 a year (10 issues). First issue free with order. Check, money order, Visa, MC to: (US Office) Paris Newsletter, 524-37 Lower Thames, Newport RI 02840 USA. Satisfaction guaranteed.
(401) 847-1588

MARTEX LUXOR® PIMA TOWELS AND RUGS. WEST POINT PEPPERELL, 1221 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK, NY 10020. West Point Pepperell

Extraordinary 100% cotton towels. In 24 extraordinary colors. Made of Pima, the finest, softest, most lustrous cotton grown in America. cotton™

MARTEX 1984
LUXOR Pima
THE ART OF THE TOWEL.

WHY NOBODY STAYS JUST ONCE

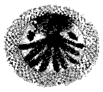
THE HOTEL PARKER MERIDIEN

Maurice, one of America's

few truly Parisian-inspired restaurants.

New York's invigorating Central Park just two blocks away.

Our ever-present concierge



& room service that's truly a moveable feast.

From penthouse pool to squash courts below to congenial cocktails in Le Patio.

Altogether stimulating.

Has the energetic hospitality of the French ever been more generously translated? Into the joys of our talked-about nouvelle cuisine, the inviting luxury of our rooms, the incomparable accommodations of our corporate suites. And, most pleasant of all for us, our ever-returning guests. Parker Meridien. 118 West 57th Street. Your travel agent knows. Or call, toll-free, 800-223-9918. In NY State, 800-442-5917. In NY City, 245-5000.

PARKER
MERIDIEN
LES HOTELS D'AIR FRANCE

NOBODY STAYS JUST ONCE

Boston · Houston · Newport Beach · Montreal · New Orleans · New York · Vancouver · San Francisco ret's always needed experienced people. But gradually she lost some of them, and others she's kicked out. We live by the convention that economics makes or breaks governments. It isn't true. Normally, it's foreign policy. Just look at the effect of the Falklands. She'll blow a fuse soon. Foreign policy will do it. She has no one like Lord Carrington"—Pym's predecessor as Foreign Secretary—"to restrain her."

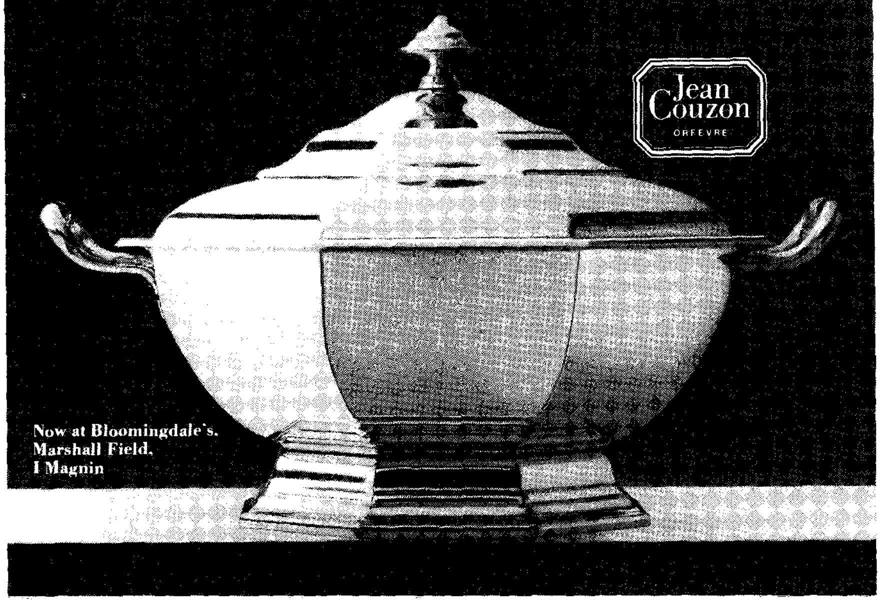
Elected leaders stress economic performance when they campaign for high office, and then discover that foreign policy takes up the larger part of their time. A slip there is usually more obvious, more unsettling, and less easily forgotten than other slips. David Owen says, "A tradition of British politics is that foreign policy isn't all that important in elections. But as a country declines, events that you could once have taken in your stride get blown out of proportion and do become very important politically." Owen's strongest suit is foreign policy, and David Steel, whom he is likely to challenge one day for the leadership of their group, is devoting more and more of his time to the subject. Both men sense Mrs. Thatcher's growing vulnerability—not least on the Falklands question, the source of her political triumph. There is increasing concern that the heavy cost and the doubtful relevance of her unyielding "Fortress Falklands" policy will do harm to her and to the country. If so, David Owen, a man who was trained in medicine and aspired to a psychiatric practice before he entered politics, would benefit from the difficulties. He, too, had a very good war—nearly as good as hers. In the House of Commons, and to some degree within the country, he was seen at the time as the only member of the Opposition who both wholeheartedly supported the Government and understood the ins and outs of the issues. Indeed, speaking without notes, as he often does, Owen made the most impressive comments on the Falklands war and the events leading up to it. Since then, he has continued to display impressive knowledge blended with a creative but tough-minded intelligence. Owen is getting a better press than he once did; the conservative London tabloids occasionally praise him—"because they think he is a good club for bashing Labour," one M.P. explains. Curiously, most of the pro-Owen comment that one hears now comes from Conservatives. "He has the root of the matter in him," says Lord Soames, a

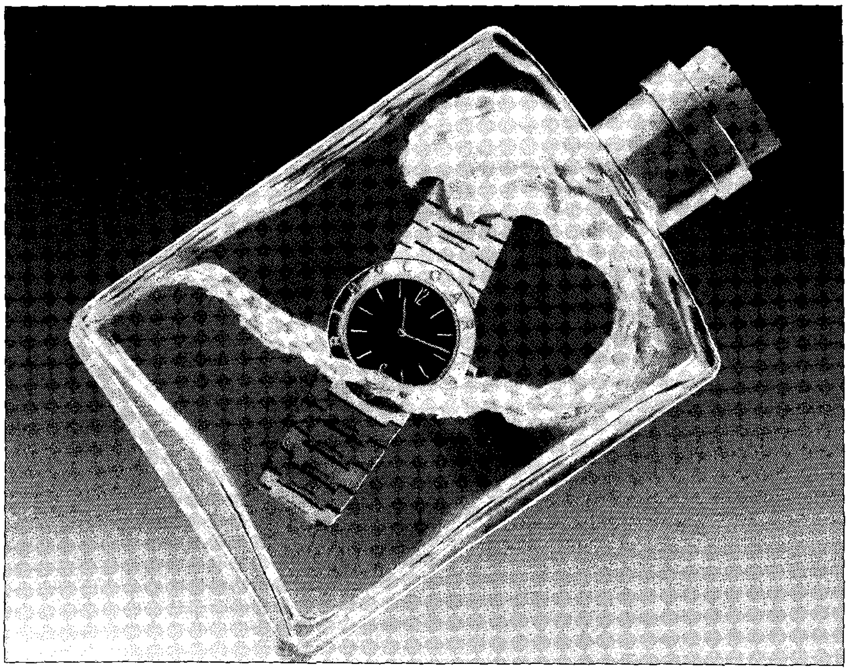
Sterling without tears

Made in France, the rich warmth of sterling serving pieces with a design elegance that, at once, reaches back into three centuries of French history and is comfortable with the most contemporary.

And yet it isn't sterling. The museum-quality collection is wholly stainless steel, brought to a finish that retains everything you want in the silver look, forever, without polishing, with dishwasher and oven qualities. Write for illustrative folio and where to find

JEAN COUZON 509 Madison Avenue, NY NY 10022.
In Canada 68 Carnforth Road, Toronto, Ontario M4A 2K7.





The Bulgari water resistant watch for men and women.
Swiss quartz movement. All steel from $900.
Stainless steel and 18 kt. gold from $2,700.

BVLGARI

HOTEL PIERRE · 2 EAST 61st STREET · NEW YORK CITY
TEL. (212) 486 00 86
ROMA · GENÈVE · MONTE CARLO · PARIS

DO YOU HAVE
ANY BUSINESS
OWNING A RESIDENCE
IN SAN FRANCISCO'S
FINANCIAL DISTRICT?

Whether you want to work at home, or work nearby, a personal or company residence at Montgomery Washington Tower works out beautifully.
Just 33 City and Bay view homes atop the sculptured travertine Tower.
Directly across from the Transamerica Pyramid.
Open air decks, private pool and health club.
For full particulars on how you can bring your business or family home to the Financial District, contact Montgomery Washington Tower,
611 Washington Street
at Montgomery,
San Francisco, 94111,
(415) 981-2655.

MONTGOMERY WASHINGTON TOWER

This offering is not available to residents of any state where prohibited by law. *© Crow-Spieker Companies 1984*

son-in-law of Winston Churchill and a man of broad government experience. Another former Tory minister says, "David Owen has the potential of being a leader. In the past eighteen months, he has broken through the barrier of distrust and dislike that held him back." And one especially blunt, unsentimental Tory M.P. says, "I used to see Owen as a bumptious upstart. Now he looks the part of a future Prime Minister."

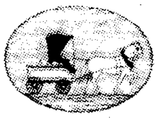
Unlike Steel, Owen isn't considered much of a political strategist. If he has a plan, it isn't obvious. "I do have a strategy," he told me recently. "It is this: to work in harness with David Steel, with the goal of sustaining the two Davids; to stave off merger for as long as possible. We'll avoid the leadership issue and agree that whichever party wins more seats will select the leader. However, if it were a question of forming a government with Labour, they'd be happier with David Steel, whereas the Tories, I think, would be happier with me. They can identify with my positions on defense and foreign policy." Put a little differently, Owen's plan seems to be based on helping Steel make the Alliance an alternative to Labour and then relying on the next election to bring about a coalition government composed of the Conservative Party and the Alliance—a government in which Owen, if the Conservatives should indeed prefer him to Steel, would have a major role.

Not long ago, Owen appeared to be to the left of Steel and Jenkins; some journals—*The Economist*, for one—supported him over Jenkins for the S.D.P. leadership because they thought he would appeal more strongly to people who would otherwise vote Labour. He has always insisted that the S.D.P. must be just enough left of center to achieve that purpose. However, Owen's current views on most topics seem to be above serious reproach by orthodox Conservatives. A number of references to socialism have been deleted from the latest edition of his 1981 book, "Face the Future." He has attacked the unions and Labour as "anti-market, anti-profit, anti-capital." In a recent and well-received article of his on economics, the emphasis was on encouraging the play of market forces. ("If I'd said that, it wouldn't be news," Steel observed.) Some Tories even worry that Owen is taking over ground that was once theirs. Inevitably, there is speculation that a few of them might defect to Owen if Mrs. Thatcher doesn't

SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW
JEWELERS SINCE 1800

Nantucket Summers
The famed Nantucket style handbag, ours exclusively with the Governor Endicott design on polymer ivory. Blue calico lining, rawhide hinge $110. Mass. tax 5%, shipping $4.
330 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS. 02116 (617) 267-9100
THE MALL AT CHESTNUT HILL • SOUTH SHORE PLAZA
Use your Shreve card, American Express and other major credit cards.

Re-Getting Acquainted Weekend



Enjoy the flavor of a quaint hundred-year-old Inn with canopy beds and traditional New England and Continental fare. Savor tableside cooking Friday evening, a Tavern Room dinner Saturday evening, and an old-fashioned Opera House brunch on Sunday—all part of a relaxing, romantic weekend.

2 nights/$84.50*

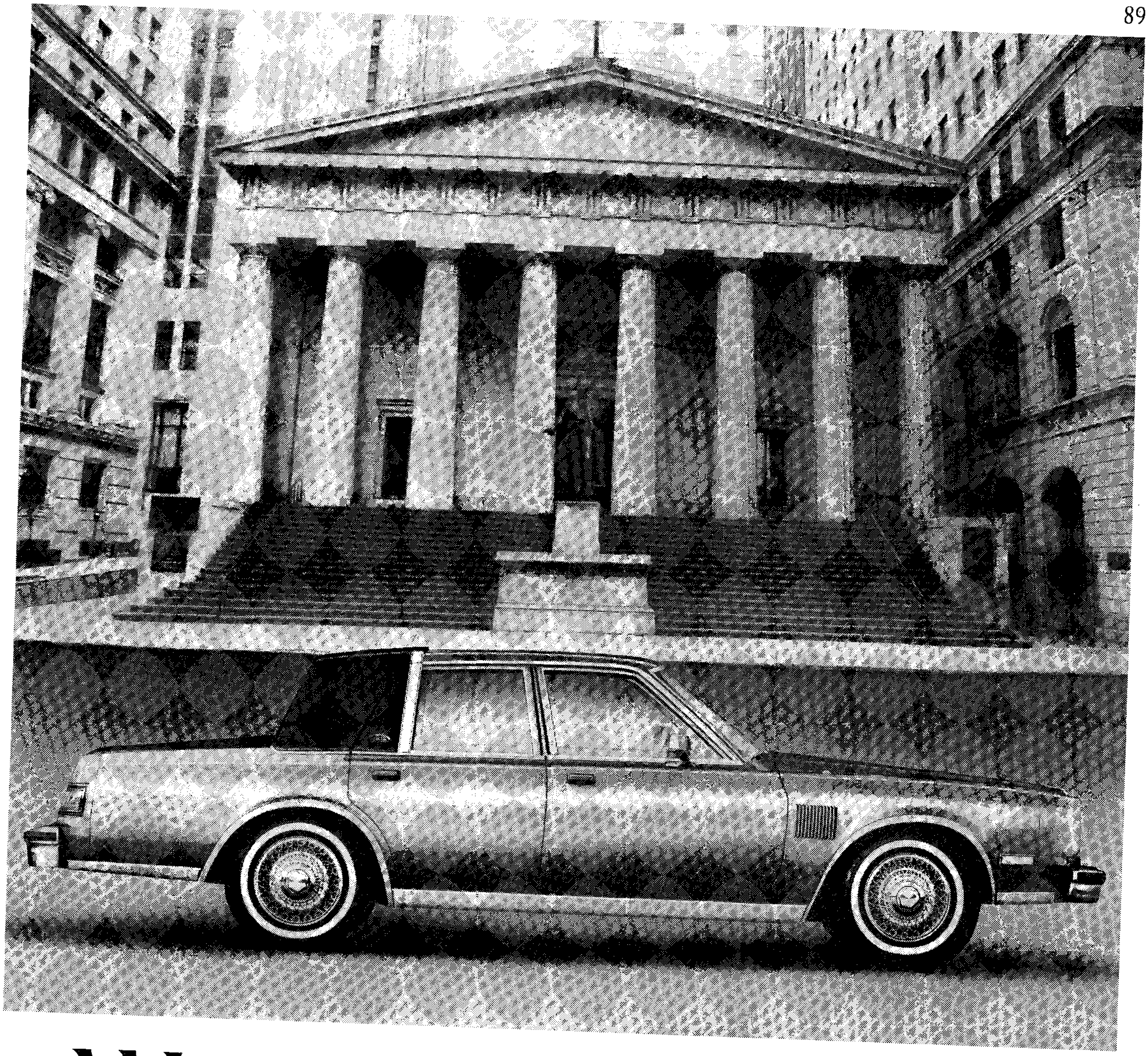
*Per person/double occupancy, tax, beverages and gratuities not included. One night package also available. For information and reservations write or call:

YANKEE PEDLAR INN
1867 Northampton Street, Exit 16—I-91
Holyoke, MA 01040 • (413) 532-9494

JUMBO BING CHERRIES
25-35% larger than regular fruit

From the Yakima Valley where the topsoil is as deep as twelve feet, where the desert sun burns hot and bright and the trees are nourished with pure **CASCADE MOUNTAIN SNOW WATER** come these **SUPER CHERRIES,** *hand picked at their mouth watering perfection* for size, color, sweetness, crispness, flavor, juice. Bathed in chilled water, rushed to your nearby city by refrigerated truck, then delivered to your door by U.P.S. Nature's once a year taste treat you won't want to miss. *GREAT MID YEAR GIFT.* **5lb. box SUPER BINGS $14.95** incl. shpg. 48 orig. states. Not available in stores. Check, M.O. Major Credit Cards, or **CALL US TOLL FREE 24 hrs. 1-800-243-7797.** Offer expires 6/15 Ship 7/1-10.

CLAYTON COLOSSAL CHERRIES
Box 1323 N , Yakima, Washington 98907



WHERE WALL STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE MEET.

Chrysler Fifth Avenue gives a higher return on your investment than any Cadillac sedan.

The distinguished Chrysler Fifth Avenue is a unique luxury car. With 49 standard features and a valuable 5 year/50,000 mile Protection Plan, it just may be the best luxury car value in America. In fact, re-sale reports show that the 1982 and 1983 Fifth Avenue retain more of their original selling prices than similarly equipped Cadillac sedans.*

Luxuries abound: Standard 8-Cylinder Engine • Plush Pillow Seats with Passenger Recliner • Power Steering • Power Windows • Automatic Transmission • Air Conditioning • Power Front Disc Brakes • WSW Steel Belted Radials • Premium Wheel Covers • Electronic Digital Clock • Special Sound Insulation • Rear Window Defroster • Halogen Headlamps • Dual Remote Mirrors • Premium Plush Pile Carpeting • Trunk Dress-Up • Trip Odometer • Warning/Interior Light Packages • Padded Landau Vinyl Roof • And 30 additional features.

5 Year/50,000 mile Protection Plan**

Your engine, transmission and drivetrain are protected for 5 years/50,000 miles, and the car's entire outer body is protected against rust-through for the same period.** Clearly, Fifth Avenue is an investment in luxury and quality. See your dealer for details. Buckle up for safety.

The best built, best backed American cars.†

Chrysler

*Recent NADA Used Car Guides. **5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first. Limited warranty. Deductible applies. Excludes leases. †Based on lowest percentage of National Highway Traffic Safety Administration safety recalls for '82 and '83 cars designed and built in North America, and a comparison of manufacturers' warranties for 1984 American models.

THE DE' MEDICI PLOT
(or, how Italy nearly lost Sambuca Romana)

By 1533 when Catherine de' Medici left Florence to marry the future king of France, the Italians were the acknowledged masters of the art of cordial making. In monasteries from one end of the country to the other, monks experimented with intricate distillations of herbs, seeds, fruit rinds, berries, flowers. Whatever they could devise that might have a delicious flavor or a healthful effect.

Each order had its formula, concocted in strictest secrecy, guarded jealously, but none was more successful than the liqueur made by a monastery on the outskirts of Rome.

Here the brothers gathered berries from the elderbushes growing in profusion on the Roman hills, steeping them in spirits, distilling that liquor, then smoothing and gentling the fire with sweet syrups. They called their invention Sambuca for the elderbush (sambucus in Latin) and Romana in honor of their city. So delicious was it that its fame soon reached Florence.

Catherine, determined to take the best of Italian liqueurs and food with her to her new country, demanded the recipe. The monks, understandably reluctant to give up the source of much pride and considerable income, were also understandably fearful of what a refusal could mean. The de' Medici penchant for assassination was hardly a secret. Catherine got her recipe.

Or did she? True, she got a recipe which she took with her to France and France today has many splendid liqueurs. But no Sambuca. Sambuca Romana is still made in a beautiful section of Rome from the berries of the elderbush. And that's the only place in the world it is made.

We'll never know how, but like cooks down through the ages, the monks found a way to give Catherine the recipe and still hold on to their secret.

As for Sambuca Romana, the taste is history.

SAMBVCA ROMANA
SAMBVCA ROMANA
Liquore Classico
LIQUEUR

SAMBVCA ROMANA

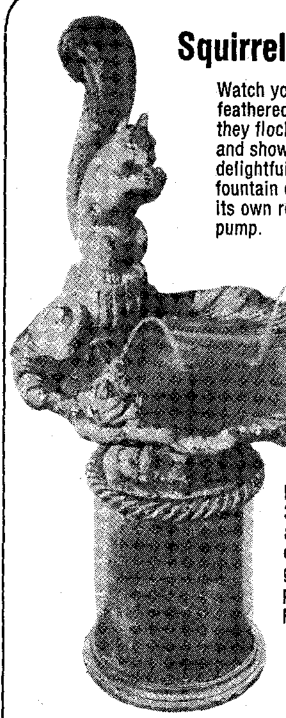
Drop us a line and we'll send you our Sambuca Romana recipe book. Sambuca Romana 84 Pf. Imported by Palmer & Lord, Ltd., Dept. NR5, Syosset, NY 11791.

move in their direction. Owen is said to have encouraged such talk, though he denies having done so, saying that he doesn't think there will be any Tory defections. Most people would agree with that.

I asked Owen what he would do if his own party fell into obscurity. Would he, perhaps, join the Conservative Party?

"No," he said. "I'd give up politics if I thought we couldn't change the system."

Although Owen has some qualities that Conservatives tend to equate with leadership, he still has to show that he can lead a political party effectively. Steel's record impresses some prominent Tories who feel more comfortable with the policies of the Alliance than with those of the Government. "Steel is a first-class national figure," one of them says. Another says, "Owen has more cutting edge, but Steel is and will remain the more popular figure. He ought to be the leader of the Alliance, with Owen a behind-the-scenes powerhouse." Several people with front-bench experience think that Steel, because of his political skills, could operate a government if he should be given the opportunity. In any case, neither of the two Davids can aspire to much without help from Neil Kinnock; for them to succeed, his efforts to heal and revive the Labour Party must fail. Owen is especially vulnerable, because his party probably couldn't survive the recovery of the Labour Party. Indeed, Kinnock's steady rise in the polls has occurred largely at the expense of Owen and the S.D.P.; he is already running ahead of Owen as a Prime Ministerial figure. But Kinnock's herculean task has just begun. He must persuade his quarrelsome party to move toward the center, and then persuade the country that Labour has undergone a reformation. So far, Kinnock has moved skillfully. He managed to create a shadow government composed mainly of moderates such as Healey. His left wing let this pass in silence. The unions appear to be supportive. Moreover, this supposed man of the left has scrapped positions on issues that the left fought for and cherished. He is said to feel that Labour has been too much concerned with issues, too little with politics. And a suspicion that Kinnock is actually *indifferent* to issues has thus far been borne out by his performance as leader. "He doesn't know beyond the second paragraph," says a journalist who has watched



Squirrel Fountain

Watch your favorite feathered friends as they flock to bathe and shower in this delightful Squirrel fountain complete with its own re-circulating pump.

Made of lead, 37" high, available in old lead color or Pompeian green.
Price: $800
FOB New York

Send $3 for our 56 page illustrated catalog.

florentine craftsmen inc.

Come and visit our new location at
46-24 28th Street, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101 (212) 532-3926

Perfect wine storage without a cellar

Keep your fine wines at proper temperature and humidity. Write or phone (800) 538-7564 for free color brochure.

Viking Leisure Products Company
P.O. Box 9157, Marietta, Ga. 30065

RELOCATING TO BOSTON?

Experience life in an historic neighborhood in the heart of Boston near Copley Square. Our restored Victorian townhouse apartments and condominiums combine contemporary style in a traditional setting. For more information, call or write:

GOLDWEITZ & COMPANY
200 Clarendon Street
Boston, MA 02116 (617) 267-8000

LA RÉCOLTE

RECOMMENDED BY
"GOURMET" AND "TOWN & COUNTRY"
110 E. 49th St., East of Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 212-421-4389

MIRACLES ARE OFTEN ACHIEVED WITH DISCIPLINE

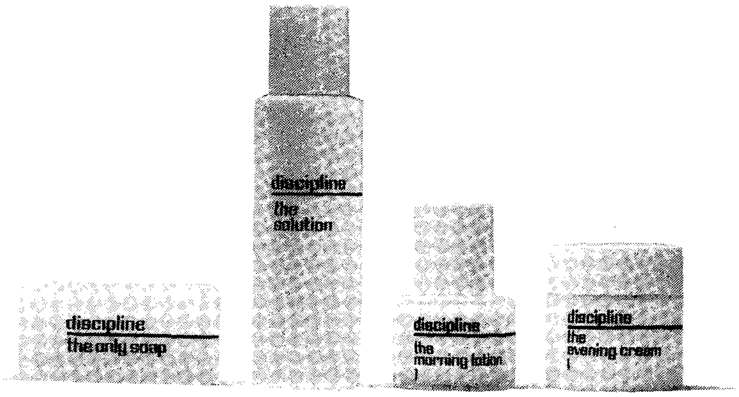
Ask a woman what kind of skin she really wants, and she'll say "perfect." Ask her how much time she's willing to spend on it, and she'll say "none."

Ask a woman what she would call a complete skin care system that could protect, nourish, hydrate and soothe her skin in just a matter of minutes, daily, and she's likely to say "a miracle." But this "miracle" is the promise of Discipline.

Discipline is interactive skin care. The products are partners. Each builds with the others the best possible skin ecology.

This synergy allows simplicity. No Discipline requires more than four carefully balanced products. No Discipline takes more than a few minutes.

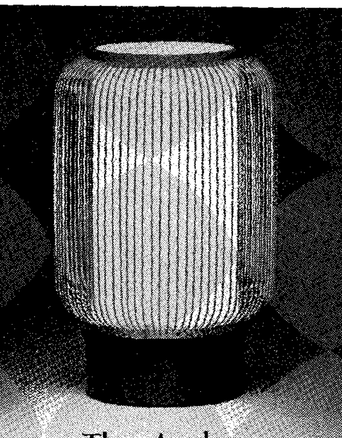
Disciplines for normal, dry, oily or combination skin range in price from one hundred twenty-six dollars to one hundred fifty-six dollars. The Emergency Cream for stressful skin conditions is available at ninety-five dollars for 2 ounces.



DISCIPLINE. All you have to do is use it.

Neiman-Marcus

For further information write to: F. Aleu, M.D., Director, Aleu-Hawthorne Laboratories, 660 Madison Ave., New York 10021.



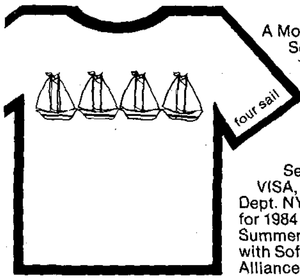
The Andon

A traditional handcrafted Japanese lamp with 60 and 7 watt nightlight, bulbs included. Natural bamboo with rosewood tone base. 12" tall.
55.00

Toll-Free: 800-227-4512
In Calif: 800-652-1662

GUMP'S
SINCE 1861

Add 4.00 handling/delivery.
250 Post Street, Dept. 519, San Francisco, CA 94108
Add tax for delivery in CA. Major credit cards honored
Add $3 for series of 4 Gift Books.



FOUR SAIL

A Morsels fun T. Soft, natural, 100% cotton. Printed on red, navy, & yellow. S,M,L,XL. $24.40 ppd.

Send check, MC, VISA, or Amexco to Dept. NYM1. Send $1.00 for 1984 Spring & Summer color catalog with Softwear and Alliance Editions.

MORSELS
PO Box 1072 North Adams, MA 01247

WILDLIFE TIE TACS

Briar® TRADITIONAL NECKWEAR

Authentic museum quality American Wildlife series — available only at finer stores where quality prevails.

Briar Neckwear • 2828 S. Grand Ave. Los Angeles, CA 90007

Kinnock over the years and admires his political ability. This view is widely shared, especially by M.P.s of all parties. They like Kinnock, and some of them believe that he might even be able to contain Labour's self-destructive tendencies, but they also think of him as a lightweight. And he cannot afford to make any mistakes, because if he did, one M.P. says, "Labour would fall through the floor." Consequently, Kinnock has not been outspoken; he has been visible on television but retiring in the House of Commons, and for now he is very selective about the members of the press he sees. In short, he is concentrating on his party's internal affairs, and not offering himself as a target. The contrast with Steel and Owen, both of whom are endlessly visible and discourse fluently on the prominent issues, is pronounced. However, they have only twenty-three M.P.s between them, while Kinnock has two hundred and six, and four years in which to learn his job. Also, Kinnock may be helped by one effect of the Thatcher era. Many people sensed in the seventies that Britain needed a leader who could arouse a Micawberish, rather self-satisfied society by grossly oversimplifying its problems and then applying draconian measures to them. Having endured the Thatcher treatment, the country is probably unwilling to drift back into the more self-indulgent, high-spending ways of the past. The change in attitude could make the task of taming Labour's left wing a bit less difficult. Nonetheless, many Tory M.P.s think that the job of rebuilding Labour's house is beyond Kinnock. "His problem is the same as Steel's," one of them says. "Managing the rabble. So far so good. But these are early days. Kinnock and I played on the House of Commons football team. I know him well. He's a decent, nice guy—not the tough, ruthless character he needs to be to knock the Labour Party into shape."

ALTHOUGH their individual prospects are uncertain, younger men are taking command of Britain's political life. The Wilson-Callaghan-Healey era is over in the Labour Party; the Kinnock era has begun. In the Conservative Party, the Macmillan-Heath-Whitelaw era was ended by Mrs. Thatcher, whose Government may now be in transition; she has changed the Party, but it's not clear that the changes will be permanent or which of its factions, if either, will

Dexter Rhododendron, peak season mid-May thru mid-June.

Our 19th century windmill isn't the only thing stirring in the breeze.

Astound your senses with infinite shades of pink, gold and white . . . salute a color guard of brilliantly detailed miniature soldiers . . . or let our antique cars take your heart for a spin.

Breathtaking discoveries everywhere you look. Opening excitement begins Sunday, May 13th.

Heritage Plantation of Sandwich

New England's most attractive museum.

Just 3 miles from the Sagamore Bridge, off Rte. 130 on Pine and Grove Sts., Sandwich, Cape Cod. Adults $5; children under 12, $2; 5 and under free!

Palm Springs' Perfect Interlude
PRIVATE POOL VILLAS
Daily • Weekly • Season
LA MANCHA private villas and court club
Call for Reservations (619) 323-1773
Outside California - **(800) 854-1298**

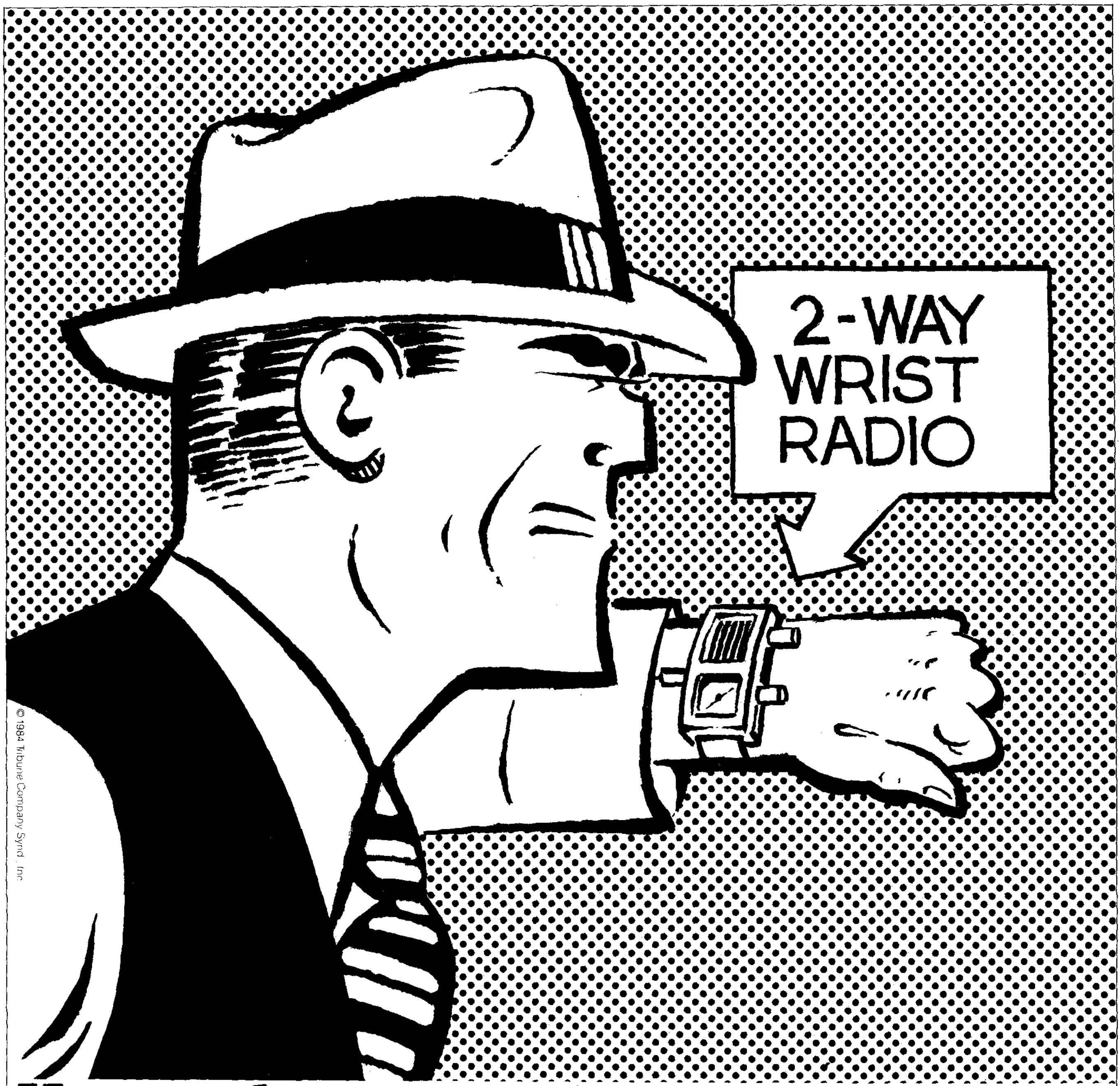
TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHY WORKSHOP IN SANTA FE
with Lisl Dennis

Author of **HOW TO TAKE BETTER TRAVEL PHOTOS**
Weekly from Sept. 1, 8, 22, 29
PO Box 2847 • Santa Fe, N.M. 87504 • (505) 982-4979

"THE GOLFER'S COUNTRY INN"

Mobil 3 Star Inn & Restaurant, Old World Ambience, 500 woodland acres, "Golf at the Door" on our own links-style, 9-hole course. Since 1913. 80 miles NYC. For reservations or brochure, write or call:

Cliff Park Inn and Golf Course
Milford, Pa. 18337 ♦ (717) 296-6491



© 1984 Tribune Company Synd. Inc

How an idea in yesterday's funny papers can become tomorrow's front page headlines.

Dick Tracy's wrist radio used to belong strictly in the Funnies.

But a revolution in electronics is moving ideas like these onto Page One.

Thanks to a semiconducting compound called gallium arsenide that's being used to make super microchips by the people at ITT.

These miniature integrated circuits work ten times faster than conventional silicon chips.

And at higher frequencies in smaller spaces.

Which could make possible satellite phone calls from personal wrist phones.

And night vision devices for crime detection that are thousands of times more efficient than the human eye.

To find other ways gallium arsenide can help advance the state of the art in electronics, ITT is building a multimillion dollar research center.

There, ITT engineers will be able to use this revolutionary technology to turn the ideas of yesterday into the news of tomorrow.

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT

© 1984 ITT Corporation, 320 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10022

take command. Heseltine, a rather orthodox Tory, is fifty-one, and Tebbit, whom the other parties regard as a gifted hardhat, is fifty-three. Either of them could be the next leader. David Owen, not Roy Jenkins, commands the Social Democrats. And the leader of the Liberal Party—a man who has been in politics for more than two decades—is still in his mid-forties. Steel and Owen are the most impressive of the lot, but they confront more numerous uncertainties than the others. They don't know which of them will lead when their parties eventually merge—as merge they will, although it may take another election to bring that about. Nor do they know whether it will matter much. "Steel and Owen are fascinating political eunuchs," a shrewd and quite worldly Tory M.P. says. "They start with the advantage of being the best and most appealing of the political figures we have. But style won't do it. The Government and Labour can grind Steel and Owen down, and even squeeze them out of the center. Their chances depend on Kinnock's being found out and the Thatcher Government's blowing up." The Steel-Owen combine, according to others, may require a great issue—a major East-West political crisis grafted onto the problem of an unresponsive economy. In such a situation, the country would not turn to Labour, and it might turn away from Mrs. Thatcher if she continued to seem shaky in foreign-policy management. (In Britain, the possibility of an East-West crisis is widely reckoned to be a good one, especially if Reagan is reëlected.) And, in such a situation, it might be more likely to turn to Owen than to Steel.

The two Davids resemble a pair of boxers whose strengths, though different, are as evenly matched as their ages. Steel has the proved political ability, the staying power, and the highest acceptance level in the country. Owen is as tough as he has to be, and he is exceptionally well qualified to deal with difficult issues. Both are determined. One senses that Owen is where he is because he wants to be Prime Minister and feels that he should be. In the end, it may be that or nothing for him. Steel, too, would like to be in charge, but he may be more adaptable than Owen. And his commitment to changing Britain's political face is probably as strong as his ambition for himself. In any event, the most interesting uncertainties are those surrounding Steel. His reclusion

COACH LEATHERWARE

16" x 11" x 5"

Nº 9625
Musette Bag $190

This roomy Glove Leather bag is favored by models, dancers, travelers and photographers.

We make it in: *Black, British Tan, Mocha and Tabac.*

You can order it by mail or telephone, and we will ship it to you from our factory at no extra cost. We will be glad to send you our catalogue.

The Coach® Store
754-N Madison Ave., New York City 10021
(212) 594-1581

Downs

STATIONERS & ENGRAVERS CELEBRATES ITS 150TH YEAR

To commemorate the event, DOWNS will create an engraved steel stationery die just for you at a price you never before thought possible.
Be letter perfect on exquisite socially correct engraved stationery.
Send for **FREE** examples of our address and monogram dies on elegant Crane papers.

Downs
Dept. 3, 317 N. Charles St., Baltimore, MD 21201

LUGENE
PREMIER OPTICIANS OF AMERICA • SINCE 1922

Ask for our new catalog featuring a selection of unique classics.

NEW YORK • ATLANTA • HOUSTON • DALLAS • NEW ORLEANS
WASHINGTON, DC • PITTSBURGH • BOSTON • PALM BEACH

LONDON, TOO.

From Copenhagen, with love. The most elegant name in furs has come to London. Now you can visit Birger Christensen on New Bond Street. And enjoy all the charm and beauty of the Copenhagen shop. Already, people are warming to the idea.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
170 NEW BOND STREET LONDON W1. 01-629-2211

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) 838-4565
or Ottawa
(613) 236-7181
Karsh

HOMEWOOD INN
ON CASCO BAY, YARMOUTH, MAINE

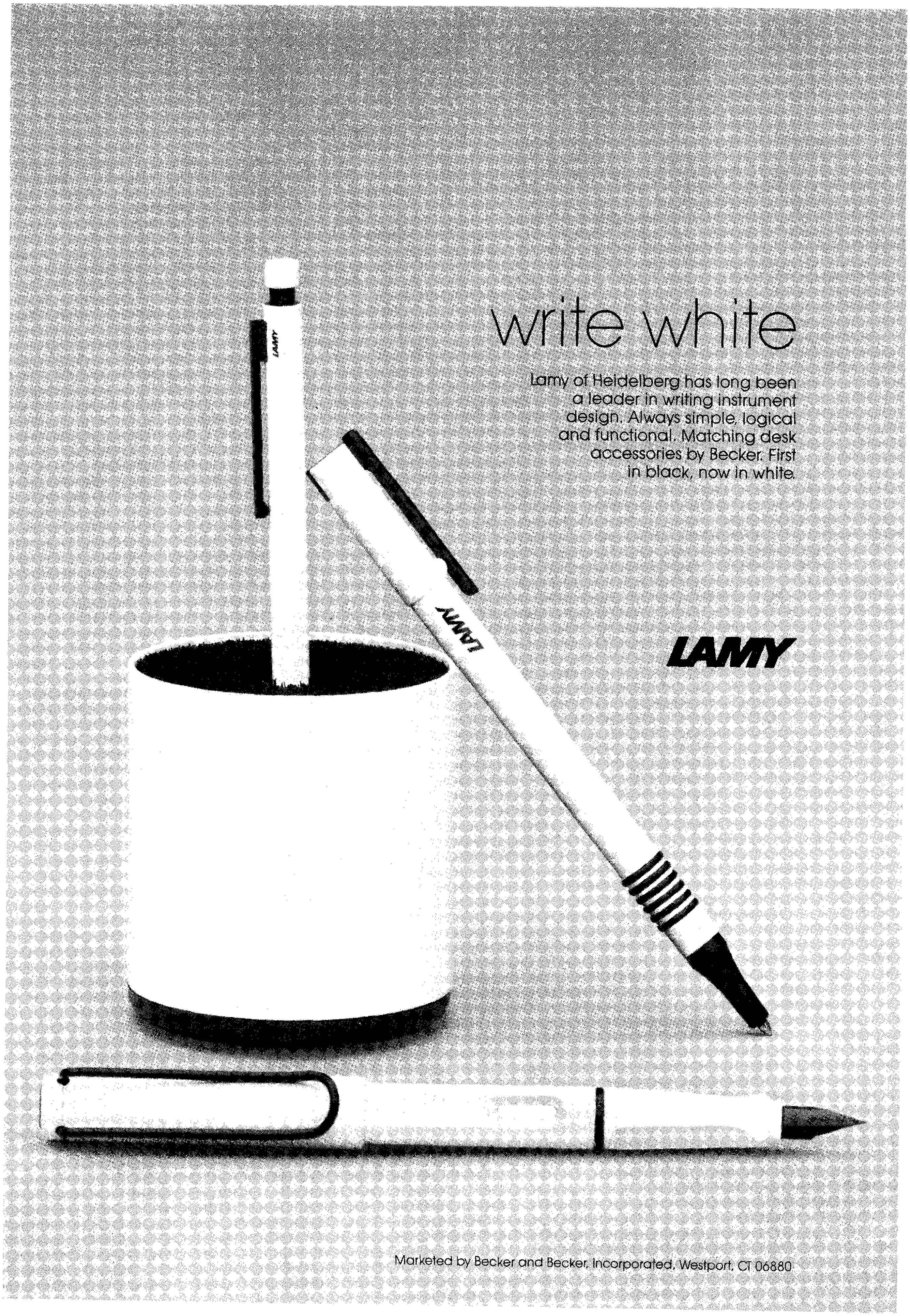
Resort Cottages w/fireplaces for 2, 4 or more in country setting 20 min. from Portland. Hearthside dining. Pool. Tennis. Season: early June to mid-October.
P.O. Box 196Y, Yarmouth, Me. 04096.
Phone 207-846-3351 for brochure.

Featured in ***Country Inns and Back Roads***

FLOATING INN FRANCE

We cruise the beautiful canals of Burgundy in the relaxed atmosphere of the French countryside. We feature good food, good wine and fine company. The perfect antidote for the rushed American life.

Write or call for a brochure to ***Bateau St. Georges,***
9 Frances St., San Rafael, CA 94901 (415) 454-8299.

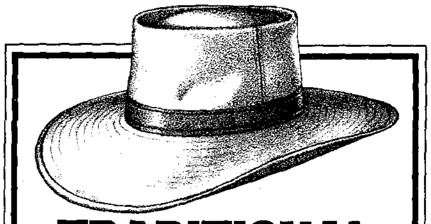


write white

Lamy of Heidelberg has long been
a leader in writing instrument
design. Always simple, logical
and functional. Matching desk
accessories by Becker. First
in black, now in white.

LAMY

Marketed by Becker and Becker, Incorporated, Westport, CT 06880



TRADITIONAL PLANTER'S HAT

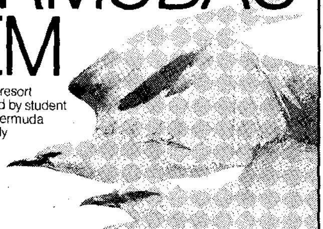
The hat made famous by riverboat gamblers and planters in the Old South. Crafted of cool and breathable cotton duck; band is latigo leather. Broad and flexible brim shades face and neck from sun. Ideal for backyard, beach and travel. **Color:** Cream. **Sizes:** S(6⅞-7), M(7⅛-7¼), L(7⅜-7½), XL(7⅝-7¾). **$19.95** postpaid.

Order Today! Money Back Guarantee!

Here is my check or money order for $________.
Add sales tax for delivery in CA, CO, D.C., IL, MA, MI, MN, PA, VA, WA. We pay postage!
☐ MC ☐ VISA ☐ American Express
Card No.________ Exp.______
RUSH my **#1954 Planter's Hat**
Size________
Name________
Address________
City________
State________ Zip______
☐ **Send me your FREE outdoor catalog.**

Eddie Bauer®

Dept. FNK, Fifth & Union, Seattle, WA 98124

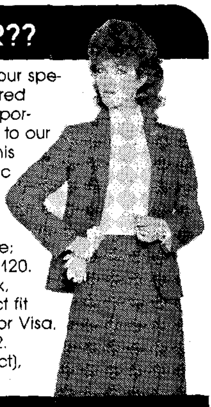


BERMUDA'S GEM

A sparkling new resort uniquely serviced by student hoteliers of the Bermuda College. Elegantly set in the natural beauty of the Island's South Shore.

STONINGTON BEACH HOTEL Paget, Bermuda

For information and reservations see your travel agent or call: Reservation Systems, Inc.
(800) 223-1588 In NY State (212) 661-4540
Owned and Operated by the Bermuda College



5'4" or UNDER??

We know you! Petites are our specialty. Tally Ho's finely-tailored jacket and skirt are fit-proportioned by American tailors to our exacting specifications. This year 'round hopsack fabric is perfect for traveling: 45% worsted, 55% poly and is available in navy, red, black, gray and bone; sizes 2-16 petite. Jacket-$120. Skirt-$58, postfree. In stock, immediate delivery. Perfect fit Guaranteed. Check, MC or Visa. Telephone: 1-800-321-4222. (In Mo: 314-991-1953 collect), or Write:

Tally Ho!
Petites
9912 Clayton Road
Saint Louis, MO 63124

in Ettrick Bridge pointed up the high personal cost of some political lives. In Steel's case, the cost may have something to do with divided priorities; he seems to require the separate worlds of Ettrick Bridge and London. "Judy and Ettrick Bridge grapple him to reality," one of his friends says. "He is very levelheaded, but it is hard to stay in touch with reality, let alone be down to earth, if you are on the London political circuit." Still, he seems to like the circuit—some of its aspects, at least. He likes being a member of the Queen's Privy Council, a position that allows him to take part in pro-forma decisions on such questions as whether Prince Charles should be allowed to marry his intended. He also likes wearing good clothes (whereas Judy favors bluejeans) and belonging to the Other Club, the most exclusive dining club in London (founded by Winston Churchill and F. E. Smith in 1911, as a rival to another such body).

One is left wondering whether Steel will manage to keep intact the separate pieces of his life: his high-wire act as leader of the Liberals; his involvement with Owen and the S.D.P., and the tricky politics of their coalition and its onerous, uphill struggle; and, of course, his strong commitment to his family in Ettrick Bridge. In the end, Owen may become the dominant figure in a major political realignment, but Steel will be recorded as the prophet and catalyst of any such realignment. He may also become, like Jenkins and Healey, neither of whom is as good a politician, one of the best Prime Ministers Britain will never have. —JOHN NEWHOUSE

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Rochester* (*N.Y.*) *Democrat & Chronicle*]

"When you can't score, it's tough to win," said Miami Coach Don Shula.

•

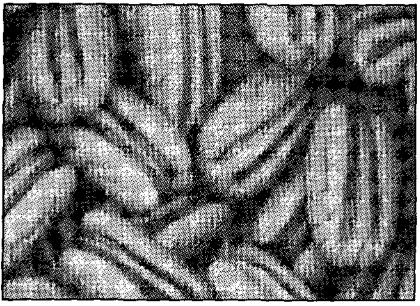
Can it be that proof-readers no longer exist or have they become absolescent or an inferior breed?—*Lois Hobart in Amistad, the magazine of the American Society of Mexico.*

Yes.

•

During the musical comedy, each of the five marriages is explored in little "vinaigrettes" with Robert—the husbands offer Robert advice; the wives mother; and all are intent to see him married.—*Dublin* (*Ohio*) *Forum.*

Or at least climb out of that salad bowl.



We'll send you a sample of the world's finest pecans...

PRIESTER'S

5 ounces of our fancy mammoth halves for only
$1.00
($3.15 value)

Judge for yourself why Priester's has been the choice of pecan lovers since 1935...

Enclose $1.00 and send to:
PRIESTER'S PECANS/Dept. 584
227 Old Fort Drive, Fort Deposit, Alabama 36032.

NAME________
ADDRESS________
CITY________
STATE/ZIP CODE ( ) TELEPHONE
☐ Check here for our FREE catalog.

Cape Cod

Write for 64 Page Accommodations Directory and Color Brochure
Over 700 places to stay
An infinite variety of things to do and see. Write for your Guide, advise when coming, length of stay, number of bedrooms, accommodations desired, motel, hotel, cottage, tourist homes or apartments.
(Include your Zip Code)
Send $1 to cover postage and handling.
CAPE COD CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
Hyannis 124, Massachusetts 02601
In Cooperation With Mass. Dept. of Commerce

LAWRENCE OF LONDON'S SILK RAINCOATS THAT TRAVEL LIKE A FEATHER!
Beige only. 6/18–38/52.
Detachable lining available.
Telephone orders accepted.
Norman J. Lawrence, Ltd.
417 5th Ave., NY 10016 • (212) 889-3119

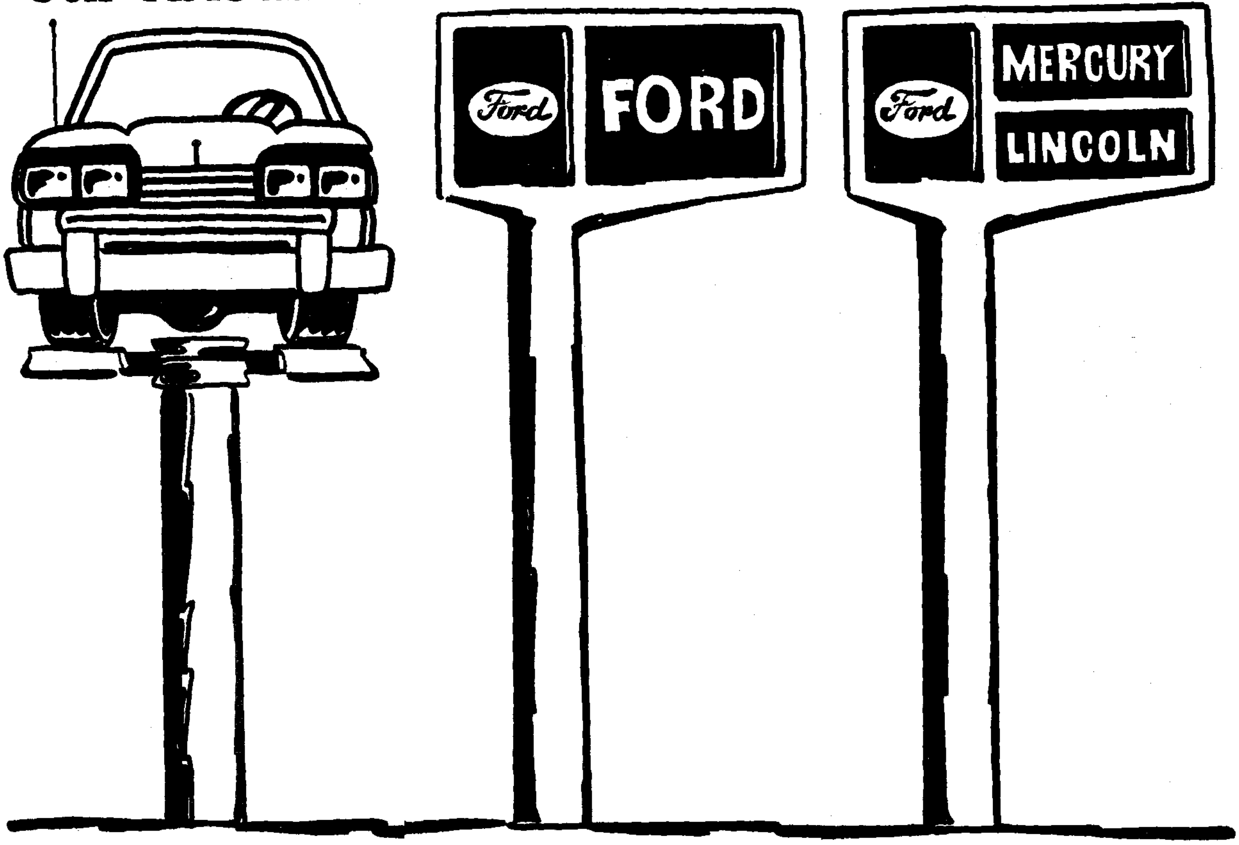
A MAINE COUNTRY INN

Savor the peace and beauty of yesteryear. A lovingly restored 18th century colonial on 95 acres, bordering one of five North Atlantic Salmon rivers in America. Bald eagles, osprey, seal in abundance. Warm hospitality, outstanding food and drink, choice accommodations. National Register of Historic Places. Write for brochure.

Lincoln House

Dennysville, Maine 04628 (207) 726-3953

There are thousands of places in America to get your car fixed.



Only these two guarantee their repairs for life.

The Lifetime Service Guarantee. Only Ford and Lincoln-Mercury Dealers offer it.

Only Ford, Lincoln, and Mercury owners can get it.

The Lifetime Service Guarantee is so extensive, it covers virtually every repair on your car or light truck, for as long as you own it. Period.

And it doesn't matter whether you bought it new, or used. Or who you bought it from.

No other dealer, no other repair service — foreign or domestic — offers this kind of security.

Now, when you pay for a covered repair once, you never have to pay for the same repair again. Ever.

The Dealer who did the work will fix it free. Free parts. Free labor. For life.

But here's the best part: The Lifetime Service Guarantee is itself free. A limited warranty on thousands of parts in normal use.

Things not covered are routine maintenance parts, belts, hoses, sheet metal, and upholstery.

How can we guarantee repairs for life? Because we're confident of the quality of our workmanship and the parts we use.

The Lifetime Service Guarantee. See your participating Ford or Lincoln-Mercury Dealer.

LIFETIME
SERVICE
GUARANTEE

WE FIX CARS FOR KEEPS.

THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

THE Third Annual Young Playwrights Festival, which opened two weeks ago at the Public, was as encouraging to the stagestruck as its two predecessors. Five plays are being staged through May 20th, all of them by beginners and selected from among hundreds of submissions. The oldest dramatist (at time of submission) was eighteen, the youngest twelve, and the last thing on earth that they need is to have their papers marked. It is clear that there was a reason in each instance for the choice. Perhaps there is one exception—to the paper-marking, that is. "Fixed Up," a comedy by Patricia Durkin (aged sixteen), is so funny and rings so true that it can be considered a finished piece of work and sent on its way. The setting is a high-school prom, and the characters are a girl and her blind date, who has been booked for the occasion by a friend of hers, because, of course, she has been unable to find a date of her own. They are, for the most part, seated at a table off in a corner far away from the party. (Her acceptance was inevitably late.) Miss Durkin's humor is all her own, though her clear-eyed, if slightly *cockeyed*, view of life may remind you at times of Wendy Wasserstein's. (What could be better?) The plaintive undertone of the play is always implied and beautifully controlled. The actors are Ellen Mareneck and Marc Epstein, and they are absolutely right, beginning to end.

"Romance," a brief entry by Catherine Castellani (aged eighteen), opens the evening. A young woman lies on a bed picking through classified ads in search of a possible job for her offstage boyfriend. Nothing suitable. He plans, he tells her when he enters, to go looking for gainful employment in a few days. Meanwhile, there they are and there is the bed, and they are under a spell. At last, we see her dressed and presumably ready to go to work. The spell is broken.

Juan Nunez (aged seventeen) has set "Meeting the Winter Bike Rider" in a gas station in a small town on a cold night. A young man walks in wheeling a bike and looking for some missing part or other. The attendant, who has been reading, persuades the rider to come in and warm up, and then starts to question him, hoping for some conversation to pass the time. The rider, though, refuses to answer what seem like harmless questions. Finally, the attendant, getting nowhere with the tight-lipped visitor, says that he has always wanted to make a movie, and his visitor admits that he has always wanted to be in one. That cracks the ice, and the adolescent rider pours out his troubles. The two boys touch and pull away and hug and part.

Anne Harris's "In the Garden" is about a pair of spinster sisters who decide to live together. One of them has remained in the family home with their recently deceased mother; the other has been away, perhaps in a sanitarium. The returnee decides to start a garden but insists upon doing so alone. Each sister looks on any gesture of intimacy by the other as an intrusion. Miss Harris has caught the touchiness and the acid tone of her thorny middle-aged heroines. She is seventeen years old.

In "Tender Places," Jason Brown, aged twelve, has written about a twelve-year-old boy whose parents are recently divorced and are still angry at each other. Father tries to woo him from Mother with football tickets and toys. Mother is planning to remarry and hopes the boy will grow to love Stepfather. He is very much troubled until he runs into an old shopping-bag woman in a park, and she sets him straight.

THE mercurial, bleak, fanciful, humorous, gritty imagination of John Guare is unique in the American theatre, and it is nowhere more evident than in his puzzling, grisly comedy "Landscape of the Body," which has been given a tame, not to say drab, production by the estimable Second Stage, at its new theatre, on upper Broadway. When the play opened originally, at the Public, in 1977, I remember enjoying it in spite of some rather sizable reservations; this time, although a number of scenes worked well, I didn't laugh at all. The story, which is told in flashbacks, songs (by the playwright), fantasy, and even one spectacular break dance (by a young performer named Eddie Castrodad), opens aboard a ferry from Cape Cod to Nantucket, where a young woman is engaged in conversation by a fellow in a Groucho Marx false face. She recognizes him as the detective who has been querying her for months about the murder of her fourteen-year-old son, hoping to trap her into a confession. Back we go to her arrival with the boy in New York, some months before, from Maine, and then, in episode after episode, to the death of her sister, to getting a job at a crooked tourist agency and another making porn films after she moves into the sister's apartment on Christopher Street, where the boy joins a trio of juvenile delinquents and becomes one himself, and eventually to the murder by decapitation when she leaves him alone in the city with a thousand dollars. All through this sordid tale, there should be evidence of the dramatist's irrepressible high spirits and wayward humor, but there wasn't much.

The direction was by Gary Sinise, who miraculously transformed Sam Shepard's "True West" into a hit. The heroine is Christine Lahti, and she is supported by, among other good actors, Frank Maraden, Dann Florek, and Mary Copple. One scene that hits exactly the right chilling, humorous note is set in a diner with the four juvenile delinquents, portrayed to perfection by Mr. Castrodad, Christian Slater, Alison Bartlett, and Maddie Corman. Even so, the evening is pretty depressing.

THE Roundabout is presenting, at its little Susan Bloch Theatre, an acceptable summer-stock kind of revival of "On Approval," Frederick Lonsdale's high comedy about a pair of well-to-do Englishwomen who spend a chaste month in a house in Scotland with the two men they think they want to marry. Under the brisk direction of Daniel Gerroll, the four actors, all of them Americans, do well enough in roles obviously designed for British stars, never breaking the spirit of the piece or skimping on the lines. They are Cynthia Dozier, as a wealthy young beauty; Jane Summerhays, as a spoiled, touchy middle-aged woman; Mark Capri, as a silly, pampered young duke; and John Cunningham (who is very good), as a timid, generous middle-aged man. The play is slight and brittle, yet Mr. Lonsdale's professionalism gives it a strength that bolder dramatists might well envy.

—EDITH OLIVER

In Europe, only Hertz cars come fully equipped with all these features.

Low car rental rates in 19 countries.

Discounts at over 1,700 hotels.

Up to 2,000 bonus miles on your Frequent Flyer Programs.

There have always been a lot of advantages to renting from the #1 car rental company in Europe.

Now there are three more.

First, you get great low rates on a Hertz car. Second, you get special low rates at 1,700 fine European hotels. (Some rates start at an unbelievably low $16 per person, per night.) You can even get up to 2,000 miles on your Pan Am and TWA frequent flyer programs.

WEEKLY RATES*	U.S.	LOCAL CURRENCY
Belgium	$84	4,515 Francs
Germany	$106	280 Marks
U.K.	$120	84 Pounds
Spain	$101	15,400 Pesetas

*Economy car

What's more, when you pick up and return you car in the same country, there's no drop-off charge and there's free drop-off between the eight major gateway cities of Europe. You also get free mileage and guaranteed rates.

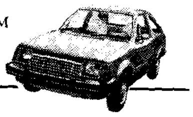
So if you're renting a car in Europe, rent from Hertz. And get a car loaded with standard features some of our competitors don't even offer as options.

For details and reservations, call your travel consultant or Hertz at 1-800-654-3001.

Hertz®

Affordable Europe™

The #1 way to rent a car.™



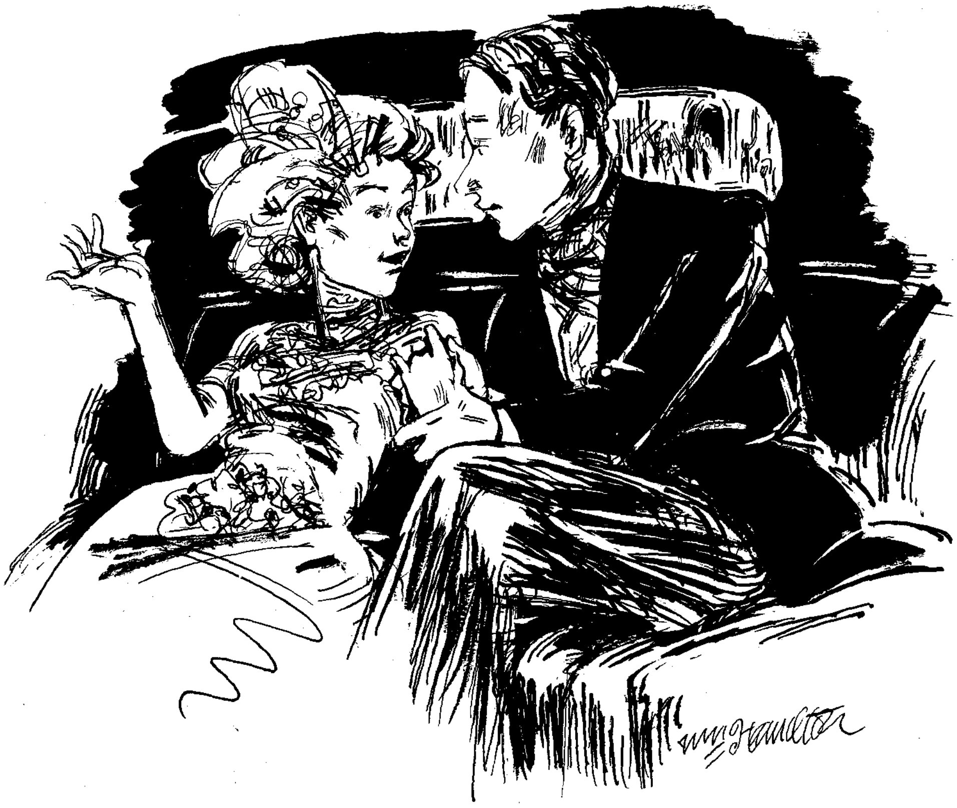
Hertz rents Fords and other fine cars.

Car must be reserved in the U.S. at least seven days in advance. Car must be kept at least seven days or a higher weekly or daily rate will apply. Rates guaranteed in local currency through March 31, 1985. Approximate dollar equivalents are for guidance only, are based on exchange rates as of April 16, 1984 and will fluctuate with exchange rates. Refueling service charge, taxes, optional CDW, PAI and drop-off charges where applicable not included. Hertz standard age, credit and driver qualifications apply. Reservations for first night's lodging must be made in the U.S. Quality of service and facilities of participating hotels are not the responsibility of Hertz. Holiday or seasonal surcharges will apply. Rates are non-discountable.

JAZZ

Like a Lilt

IT has been almost fifty years since Count Basie, who died in April, at the age of seventy-nine, brought his unknown band east from Kansas City and changed the course of jazz. (Basie was not by nature an innovator; most of the inventions embodied by the Kansas City band were accidental or necessary.) Although Basie's musical changes were not always imitable, they were as freely offered as gifts. One was his rhythm section, which included him on piano, Freddie Green on guitar, Walter Page on bass, and Jo Jones on drums. Jazz rhythm sections had long been insistent, metallic, and inflexible; Basie's was double-jointed and oblique. It swung with one hand behind its back. Page played an easy four-four beat (and the right notes), Green clocked the chords and made butterfly sounds in the background, Jones connected Page and Green with his swimming high-hat, and Basie added metaphor, impetus, humor, brevity, and direction. No one has explained how the Basie rhythm section evolved, and probably no one will. Even Jo Jones, a man of many words, was stumped when he talked about it with the critic Stanley Dance: "It became a wedding. Instead of one and three [the beats sounded] and two and four, it became one, two, three, four, and then it was like a lilt." Another Basie gift was Lester Young. He had a light tone, a legato, horizontal attack, and a way of improvising that extracted and distilled whatever poetic content the original song had—and if it had none he supplied it. Coleman Hawkins seemed to come out of the soil, but Young was unearthly. He floated just above the Basie band, never touching it yet never losing touch with it. His playing was loose and gentle, and it primed the young Charlie Parker and brought into being a teeming school of alto and tenor saxophonists, many of whom are still at large. Basie's last gift was his piano playing, which, in a sense, he never offered at all. For fifty years, he pooh-poohed it, all the while slowly emptying it of standard pianistic content, as if he hoped to make it vanish altogether. By the seventies, a Basie solo chorus might consist of only ten notes. But his playing—epigrammatic, swinging, flawless, witty—became cherished and famous. More often than he imagined, while the band played, the soloists soloed, and the singers sang his listeners waited for his next two or three choruses of blues, his next four-bar introduction, his next eight-bar bridge, and they were rarely disappointed. Despite his outward cool, Basie had unmistakable inner fires. He always got off in his solos a legato phrase or a cluster of blue notes that quickened the heart. And he was a supreme accompanist, with an alert, highly skilled harmonic sense. He'd place several perfect single notes behind a trumpet soloist, or a stairway of descending, marching chords under an ensemble passage, and his band flew.



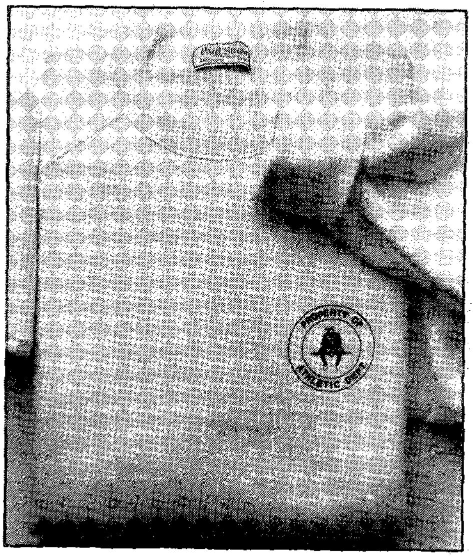
"It's nutty, but you know what I was thinking? Would we ever have met if I hadn't decided to try jogging counterclockwise around the reservoir for a change?"

The first part of Basie's long, commanding career ended in the early forties, when the Kansas City band began to harden, presaging the monolithic Basie machines of the fifties, sixties, and seventies. (What a lyrical bench that first band had—Buck Clayton, Harry Edison, Dicky Wells, Benny Morton, Vic Dickenson, Lester Young, Herschel Evans, Buddy Tate, Don Byas, Jack Washington, and the All-American Rhythm Section, as it came to be called.) By 1950, the days of the big dance bands were over, and Basie broke up his band. He put together a brilliant small group that included Clark Terry, Buddy De Franco, Wardell Grey, Charlie Rouse, Serge Chaloff, Gus Johnson, and Buddy Rich. But no leader of a big band, accustomed to being wrapped in its blare and intensity and heft, can sit still long in a small band. It's like going back to the Matterhorn after Everest. In 1951, Basie assembled a big show band, a concert band. He hired the best arrangers and good but rarely distinguished soloists (arrangers had been necessary evils in the Kansas City band), and within a year or so he had a Jaguar of a band that could roar, whisper, and turn on a dime. The personnel changed slowly during the next thirty years (Basie always paid well), but the band never changed. When it did play for dancing, particularly in a confined space, it rippled and glistened with reserve power. It could have divided the waters.

Basie was born an only child in Red Bank, New Jersey. He was intensely private, and parried all personal questions. But he was what he seemed to be—a shy, funny, monosyllabic man who liked to eat, laugh, and lead a big, swinging band. Short and quite round, he sat at the keyboard slightly ajar, directing the band with a succession of nods, pointed fingers, smiles, and stares. Once, when he was asked where his celebrated pianistic style came from, he said, in his deep, easy voice, "Honest truth, I don't know. If my playing is different, I didn't try for it or anything like that. I stumbled on it. I do know that in the earlier years I always loved Fats Waller's playing, and that Fats and the other guys had such fast right hands there was no use for me to try and compete with them. Another thing that helped was my rhythm section with Jo Jones and Walter Page and Freddie Green. They gave me so much freedom. I could run in between what Page and Freddie were doing. I didn't think a lot of execution on my part meant anything with them there. It would have just cluttered it up." So, no hyperbole, no sham, no put-on—just as in his music, which was always honest, even when it began, in later years, to resemble limousines and skyscrapers.

JELLY ROLL MORTON (1890?-1941) never quite got a handle on his life. Born in New Orleans, he was by trade a pianist, a singer, a composer, an arranger, and a bandleader, but he spent many of his first thirty-five years as a pool shark, a pimp, a minstrel, a promoter, and a nomad. When he did turn to music full time, in the mid-twenties in Chicago, it was too late. He recorded sixteen classic small-band sides for Victor, but they celebrated a kind of ensemble jazz that had been in its prime ten years before. And when he moved to New York, in the late twenties, the big swing bands were at the ready, and jazz had become a music of soloists. The young New York musicians who hung out at the Rhythm Club, at 132nd Street, baited Morton, calling him corny and out of date. Like many gifted people, Morton was restless and insecure, and he hid behind a big mouth. He countered by claiming that he had invented jazz, that everything New York musicians were doing he'd done first, that he was the greatest jazz pianist in the world. But in 1930 his Victor recording contract ran out. Morton, a practiced scuffler, tried the cosmetics business and played when he could. In the mid-thirties, he took a band on the road, coming to rest in Washington, D.C., at a seedy second-floor night club on U Street called the Jungle Inn. A record collector named Kenneth Hulsizer visited the Jungle Inn often in 1936,

OUR COACH RECOMMENDS



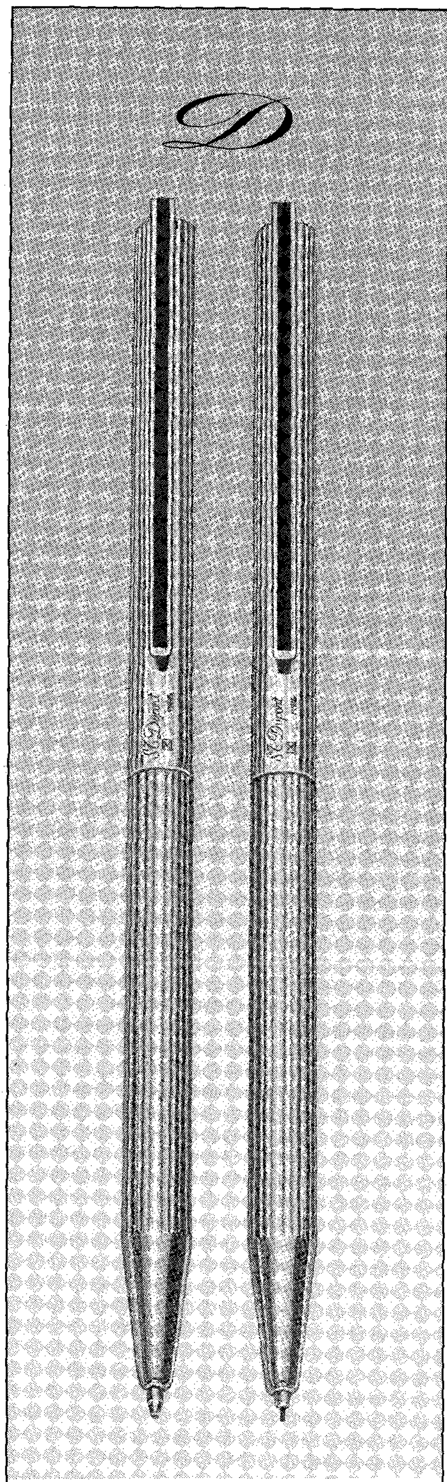
This logo sweatshirt of pure cotton jersey knit
with a plush terry lining. In these winning colors: blue,
rose, forest green, black and sweatshirt grey. S, M, L and XL. $32.50.

For N.Y. State destinations, add applicable tax. *Beyond our delivery area, add $3. shipping.*

Paul Stuart
Madison Avenue at 45th St., New York, N.Y. 10017 (212) 682-0320

Start a family tradition with this Howard Miller clock.

Send $3.00 for our catalog of timeless designs.
Howard Miller Clock Co., Zeeland, Michigan 49464.
Howard Miller



S.T. Dupont
ORFÈVRES A PARIS

Exacting craftsmanship and classic French artistry for over 100 years. S.T. Dupont. The uncompromising world leader in luxury writing instruments. *From $60 to $400.*

NEIMAN-MARCUS

and he reported in the English magazine *Jazz Music* that neither Morton's playing nor his mouth had weakened. Hulsizer said he had "never heard Morton say a good word for another piano player." Morton put down Fats Waller ("All that singing and hollerin' he does. I originated that. . . . He just copied me"), Duke Ellington ("He ain't no piano player. . . . He's got [Barney] Bigard, a good New Orleans boy, sitting right beside him all the time, telling him what to do. Take Bigard away and Ellington ain't nowhere"), and Earl Hines ("He was flashy. Flashy but not solid. He tried to play more piano than he knew how"). Morton's boasting was part hyperbole, part conviction. It also had truth in it: Morton did record the first comic jazz vocal, and Bigard did help shape the Ellington band. Morton seemed more overbearing than he was, because he never stopped talking. Using this loquacity as a framework, Samuel Charters, a poet, novelist, translator, and jazz and blues historian, has written a funny and moving novella, "Jelly Roll Morton's Last Night at the Jungle Inn" (Marion Boyars; $12.95). In it Morton sits down with a fan like Hulsizer after his last night of work at the Washington club (by the time he went back to New York, in 1938, Morton, out of fashion a decade, had begun to attract a coterie) and delivers an uninterrupted monologue on his life and work. It is a free improvisation on the musical autobiography Morton tape-recorded for the folklorist Alan Lomax at the Library of Congress in the spring of 1938. (Parts of this great trove of Americana have been available from time to time on commercial recordings, and parts are transcribed in Lomax's biography of Morton, "Mister Jelly Roll.") Charters has soaked himself in the Library of Congress material, and his Morton seems very close to the Master himself. Here are the humor, the bombast, the intelligence, and the lyrical colloquialisms. And here, just beneath the skin of the book, are the weariness and disappointment and bewilderment. The tone of Morton's voice is right, and so are his languorous speech rhythms. (He stammered when agitated, though.) The book begins:

> I certainly want to thank you for coming around to the club here to listen to my music. An artist always appreciates it when folks come around and it's very, very nice when they want to sit down like this and talk and have a little drink. This is very lovely whiskey and I certainly appreciate you leaving the bottle on the table here. Of course there have been a lot of parties, people coming to hear me play and bringing their friends and booking agents and managers and so forth and so on. It always is that way when you have something to offer the people and I always have had something to offer which they couldn't get from nobody else. If it's jazz music you're thinking about, when you come to see Jelly Roll Morton you don't need to go no further because I'm the one that invented it. I am the one that started it all. Of course you know that. When you come here the first time and we sat talking I told you all about that and I know you were listening because you got a pair of ears and you don't use them just to keep your hat off the end of your nose.

Compare these passages from Charters' novel and Lomax's biography. First, Charters:

> Of course the music was right there, in us. Negroes had been making up music for so long we had everything there inside us. We just didn't know how to get it out, and it never was any kind of music that you could write down all of it on paper. You could get some of it, and I myself was considered one of the best when it came to getting down the true sound of jazz on paper, but if you took a blues or one of those type of number there was no way you could put it down in notes.

And Morton speaking to Lomax:

> When you have your plenty rhythm with your plenty swing, it becomes beautiful. To start with, you can't make crescendos and diminuendos when one is playing triple forte. You got to be able to come down in order to go up. If a glass of water is full, you can't fill it any more; but if you have a half a glass, you have the opportunity to put more water in it. Jazz music is based on the same principles.

The novel drifts from episode to episode, as it should. Morton tells us of a dive outside Pensacola named Boodie's Place and of its huge bouncer, Skinny Walter; of country honky-tonks divided down the middle, with whites on one side and blacks on the other; of the bloody Robert Charles riots in New Orleans in 1900, set off when a black man shot two white policemen; of New Orleans whorehouses, where he played as a young man; of a love affair in Tijuana with a beautiful girl named Rose; of his meteoric passage through New York before the First World War; of his time in Chicago and his hilarious affair with his landlady, a country woman named Mildred; and, briefly, of his sad days in New York in the thirties.

Several of the best comic passages have to do with racial matters. In one, Morton explains that many blacks were convinced that the white man had brought on the Depression just to put the black man, who was on the rise, back down again. Here is another: "When you got onto the train you'd meet up with your old friend Jim Crow again and he'd say to you, no, you don't want to sit down in the car here that's nice and clean and has a washroom at the end of it. I have a special car just for you. Now it's not so clean, maybe, and some of the people in it are kind of rough, but that's where you and me are going to sit. Now you could say, no Mister Crow, I don't like the looks of this place, but he'd just shake his head and take you by the arm and you'd go sit down where Jim Crow put you." And here is Morton attempting to finagle his way into Mildred's room in the middle of the night:

> So I said in a low voice, you don't know what kind of money a guy like me makes on a job when there's plenty people listening and giving you tips for their request numbers. Of course she got very interested when I said money, but she came back at me, what you talking about, what kind of money. It's just one kind of money that I ever heard of. What is this special kind that you got?
>
> That kind of stumped me on account of I had just came in from the street, but I said back at her after a minute had gone by, sweetheart, I got dollar bills here that go so high up in their numbers that they don't just print the President's head on it. They got his whole body standing there in a new suit of clothes.

Morton scuffled when he got back to New York; then it looked as if his fortunes had turned. He recorded over thirty numbers—his first of consequence in nine years. He appeared at Nick's, in Greenwich Village, with an all-star band, he was offered a job on Fifty-second Street, he was on the radio. But, attracted by rumors that his late godmother may have had some diamonds, he hooked together his two big old cars and drove to California, where he died six months later. This time, he was too early. The New Orleans revival was under way, and by the mid-forties such compatriots as Bunk Johnson and Kid Ory and Zutty Singleton were becoming famous. Morton would have been the most famous of all.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

Powering up the Kaypro 10 is easy, but somewhat lengthy. The user removes the keyboard, connects the keyboard cable, plugs the AC cord in and turns it on. The manual states that the user should wait five minutes after power on (this allows the hard disk to warm up and stabilize) and then resent the computer.

—*Computer+Software News.*

Doesn't take us any five minutes.

ANYONE THAT MAKES YOU GO TO MILAN IN ORDER TO SEE VENICE IS FULL OF BOLOGNA.

Sure Alitalia has tours to Italy that take you to Venice via Milan. But we also have tours that don't. In fact, Alitalia offers five times as many tours to Italy as our major competitor (including some great ones to the beautiful city of Bologna). Which means you're five times as likely to find the combination of places that suits your taste. And your budget.

We also offer guaranteed prices and over 1,000 departures. Even if you're the only one on the tour, you'll leave as planned. At the price you planned on.

So before you take a tour of Italy, take a look at what Alitalia has to offer. No cancellations. No price changes. No runaround. No baloney.

Please send me your 1984 Italy Loves You—Intermezzo Italia brochure right away, so I can choose the tour that's right for me.

Name

Address

City *State* *Zip*

Alitalia

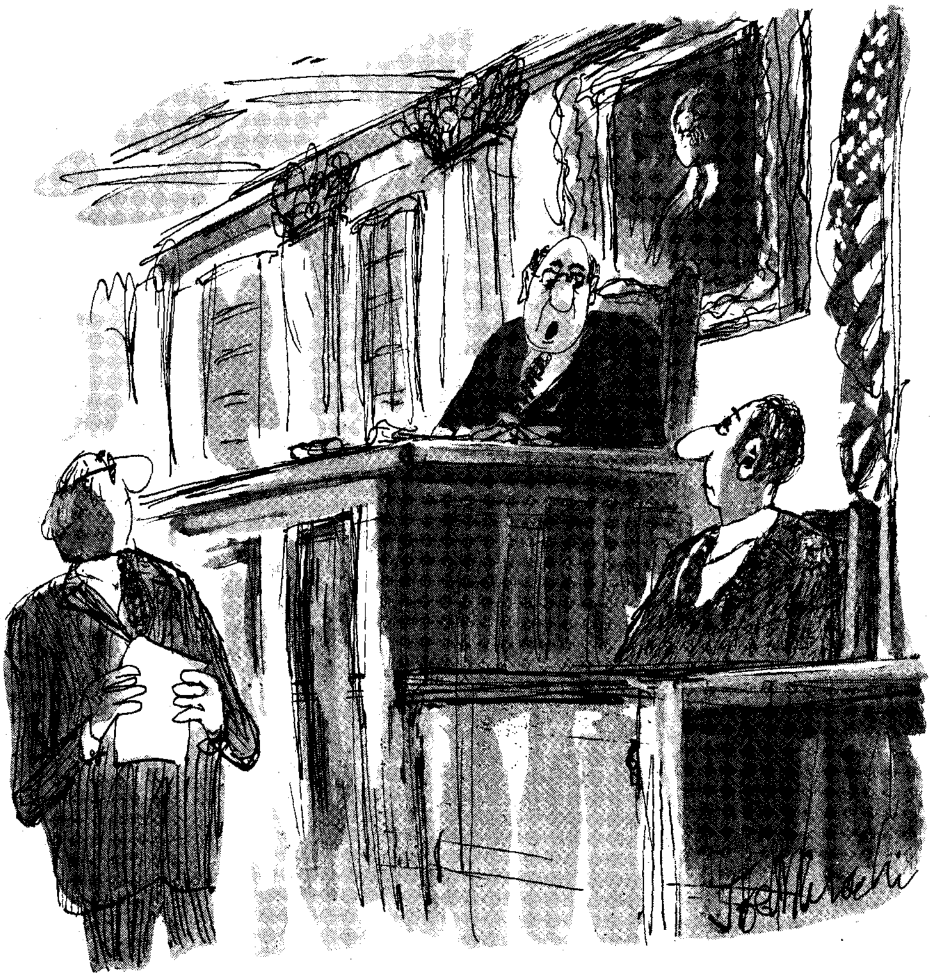
Alitalia, P.O. Box 2693, Smithtown, New York 11787 AMNKE21

DANCING

The Search for "Cinderella"

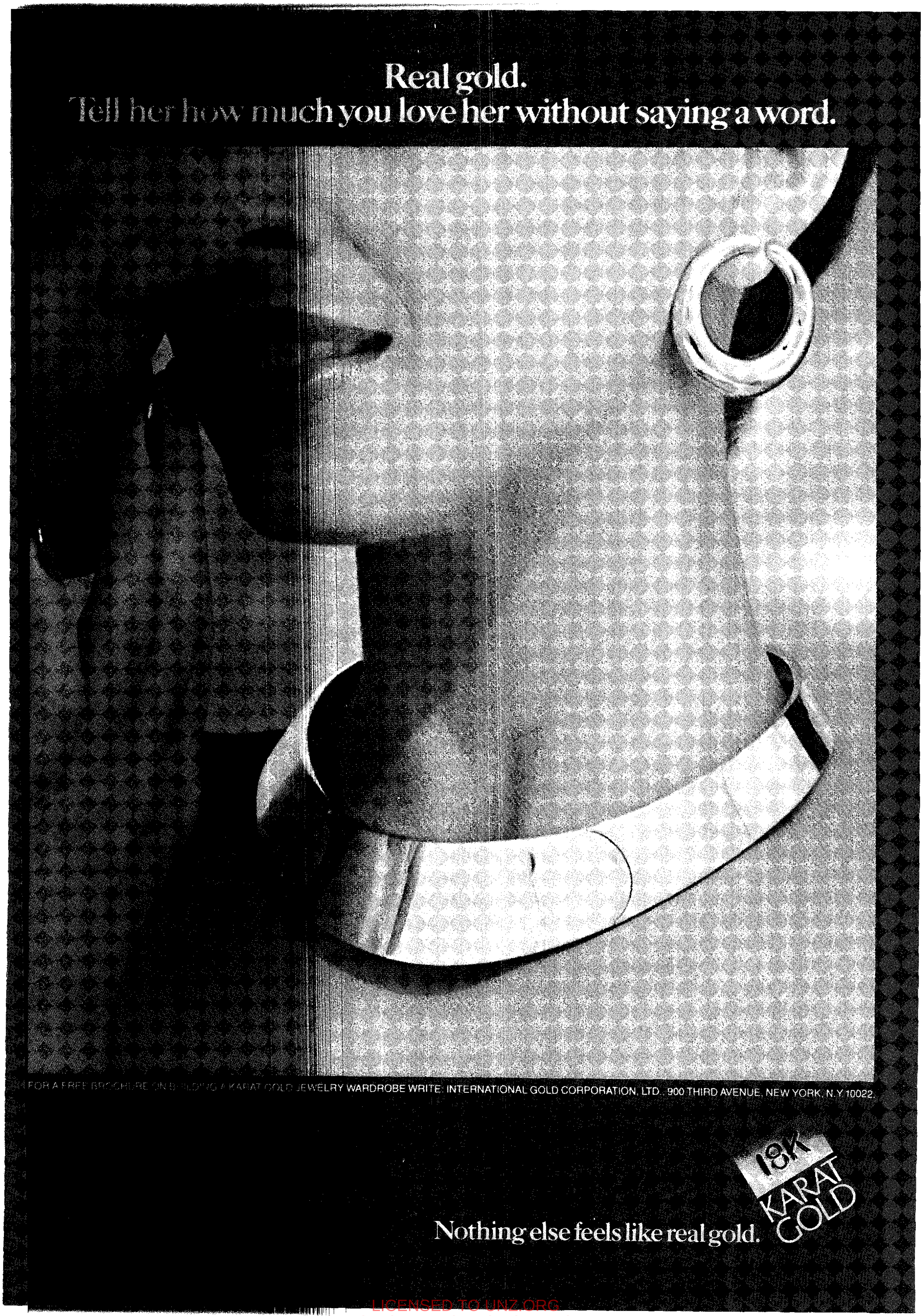
Mikhail Baryshnikov has brought his "Cinderella" to the Metropolitan after a four-month break-in tour. Box-office has been pretty much what it was on the road: big. The most expensive production in the history of American Ballet Theatre, "Cinderella" has already recouped its costs four times over. Baryshnikov achieved this success without dancing in the ballet himself. Apparently, the public has trusted him to put on a show it wants to see—a show called "Cinderella." But is "Cinderella" a hit? Hits in ballet are not made of money. From the moment that "Cinderella" was announced, Baryshnikov's artistic prestige was on the line, and now that the financial returns are in, it still is. The out-of-town critics wrote reviews balancing the show's flaws and merits. In New York, the press was mostly negative, and also captious, inattentive, unjust. Baryshnikov doesn't consider himself much of a choreographer and has said so. The New York critics seemed determined to take him at his word and go him one better: he's not only not a choreographer, he's a vandal. His victim is the beautiful, beloved fairy tale of "Cinderella." He and his accomplices, Peter Anastos and Santo Loquasto, have drained the innocence and the magic out of it and turned it into a heartless burlesque.

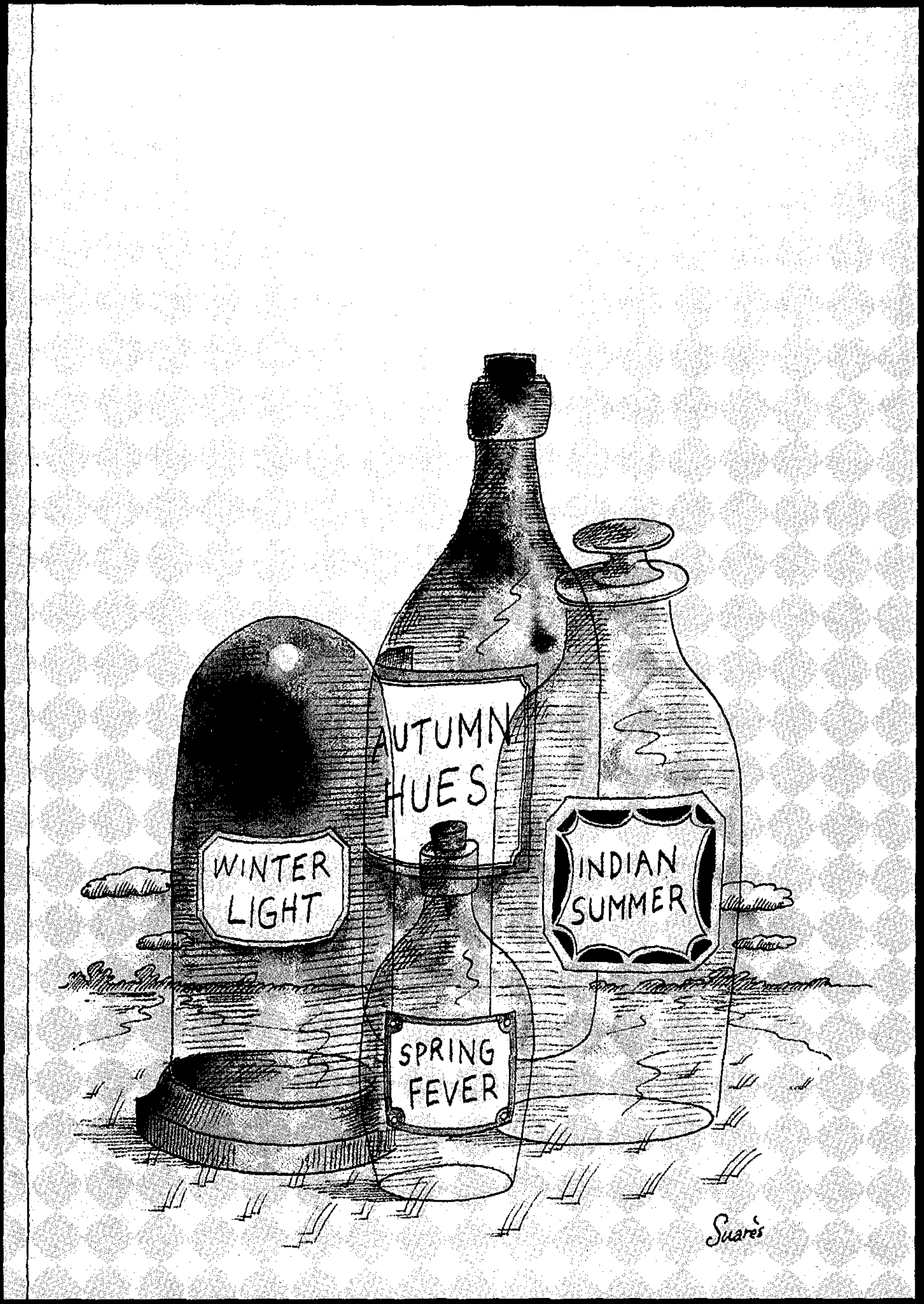
In mounting such a line of attack, the critics have made two mistaken assumptions. One is that the ballet they want is the ballet Sergei Prokofiev wrote. (Does the public share that assumption? We shall see.) The other is that Baryshnikov and company have deliberately set out to undermine the romantic and sentimental values of the fairy tale. Prokofiev's ballet, written in Stalin's Russia during the forties, is not a conventional, sweet storybook romance; it is a brooding, disjointed affair. The domestic scenes are broad farce; the court scenes are farce and satire; and the love scenes are emotionally overscaled, as if by exaggerating their passion Prokofiev could make Cinderella and the Prince transcend a world they obviously don't belong to. The out-of-this-world aspect of the love duets has its negative reflection in the ballroom music. Cinderella's home life isn't bad enough; her social life is characterized by sour tunes and clashing tonal colors. The sinister "fate" music builds out of the ballroom waltzes in such a way as to suggest that the heroine is imperilled by the society she finds at court, not by her own forgetfulness. Prokofiev's musical imagination in "Cinderella" is to my mind livelier and less neurotic than in "Romeo and Juliet," but at times he seems to be casting Cinderella and the Prince as star-crossed lovers. The crescendos in the love duets are so huge they run the risk of alienating Cinderella from her own aspirations. Love on these terms isn't something she has dreamed about—it's a whole new reality, troubling in its size and importance. But then going to the ball isn't wish fulfillment. What girl could hope for happiness as the princess of this crass, petit-bourgeois kingdom, with its dinky little court? And doesn't Prokofiev's sarcasm infect the love duets? Listening to the score several times over at the Met, I found that what used to seem full-throttle emotion sounded more like bombast: a dream of pure love is inflated with hot air. The producer of "Cinderella" has no choice but to go along with it, hoping by some ingenuity of staging and choreography to convey a sense of grandeur and poetic isolation. The Baryshnikov production doesn't do this; its effects are too modest. But it isn't trying to drain the ballet of romance—only of pomposity. If Baryshnikov does in fact undermine the spirit of a fairy tale, his chief accomplice is Sergei Prokofiev.



"If the answer is no, say 'No.' Don't say 'Not really.'"

Prokofiev affronts the child in us who wants to see Cinderella enter the same beautiful world of privilege her sisters are part of. The sisters are ugly, and so is their world. As an alternative to materialistic greed, the scenario proposes the wealth of nature. Birds, flowers, the changing seasons are represented in a divertissement presided over by the Fairy Godmother, and Cinderella goes to the ball not as a social-climbing impostor but as Rousseau's naturally good human being in search of a non-brutalizing environment. She doesn't find it. (The Fairy Godmother should have known that, but she's naïve.) Instead, Cinderella finds another child of nature—the Prince—who, even as she, has miracu-


Real gold.
Tell her how much you love her without saying a word.
FOR A FREE BROCHURE ON BUILDING A KARAT GOLD JEWELRY WARDROBE WRITE: INTERNATIONAL GOLD CORPORATION, LTD., 900 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022.
Nothing else feels like real gold.
18K
KARAT GOLD


AUTUMN HUES
WINTER LIGHT
INDIAN SUMMER
SPRING FEVER
Suarès

Copyright © 1974 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

Seasons at The New Yorker

Six Decades of Cover Art

National Academy of Design 1083 5th Avenue at 89th Street
June 1–July 31, 1984
Made possible by United Technologies
Full-color catalogue $25 available only at the exhibition

lously escaped environmental conditioning, and the two of them are united in the starry idealism of a world to come. This fatuous moralism is what passes for a fairy tale in Prokofiev's version. Half the time, he doesn't seem to believe it himself. The Western version of "Cinderella," with its practicality, its fantasy of social conquest and revenge, and its vindication of the individual, can't be imposed on the Soviet fable without considerable sleight of hand. If Cinderella is made to dream of love and beauty and good times and to find them all at the ball, then Prokofiev's satire of a corrupt society is out of place. If she doesn't find these things at the ball, there's no point in her going there in the first place, especially when she's given no moment in which to awaken from her delusion. We're supposed to believe in a differently motivated Cinderella, purer than the one we know. Baryshnikov and Anastos, who together choreographed the ballet, have been criticized for making Cinderella the scullery maid too cheerful. She dances contentedly with her cat instead of moping by the hearth. Taxed beyond endurance by her stepsisters, she stuffs their dirty laundry in the oven. I find this conception of the heroine the one instance of compatibility between the traditional and the Soviet versions. A Cinderella who doesn't accept her lot meekly yet doesn't waste time repining is sturdy enough to resist worldly temptations. She'll marry the Prince not because he's the Prince but because she loves him. She'll deserve the title of Princess because she really is one and knows it. (Actually, she's Mary Pickford, whom Russians of Prokofiev's generation adored.)

The Baryshnikov-Anastos-Loquasto production doesn't want to change the Soviet "Cinderella" so much as it wants to make it more agreeable. I wrote about Loquasto's décor when I reviewed the première in Washington last winter. Little has changed, though Tharon Musser's lighting has been redone to give off warmth. The aluminum-foil backdrop that stays in place for all three acts was the one feature of the set which I didn't understand then, and I still can't understand it, even though now in the second act it has a coppery glow and in the third act it is punctured by stars. Of course, Loquasto's designs are the first thing you see, and they are anything but sweetly pretty; they're in fact the key to the ideological style of the whole production. How to satirize luxury without violating standards of good design or insulting the taste of the audience: that was the problem, and Loquasto has handled it gracefully for the most part. He has received little credit. Nearly every review has either commended the production's Trump Tower opulence or bridled at "glitz." The problem faced by the choreographers was no less difficult. Inexperience, impatience, unruliness show in their work. But not bad taste, cynicism, profligacy, lack of intelligence. If anything, Baryshnikov and Anastos have been too intelligent, too tasteful. In the Ugly Sisters' scenes in Act I, their touch is light, but the pacing is slam-bang, as if buffoonery were something that needed to be got through as quickly as possible. In this respect, the production is light-years away from the Frederick Ashton–Robert Helpmann scenes in the Royal Ballet's "Cinderella." These were deliberate, unhurried clowns, and funnier for it. They were also two distinctly different people. A.B.T.'s Sisters are different, but not different enough. At this speed, they can't get much character distinction out of the dressing up and primping scenes. Instead of being fussy and fastidious as only female impersonators can be, they're nervous, squalling prima donnas too much of the time. Yet they dance well; the pas de trois with the Dancing Master is a real business of getting up on point and into arabesque. We'd like to see more of the Sisters at the ball—there's a place for them to pop up in the mazurka—but Baryshnikov and Anastos rein them in. They don't even let us see what the Sisters might make of Cinderella's appearance as the belle of the ball. If they don't recognize her, we ought to see that they don't. In a story ballet, story points have to be brought out at every opportunity. Not enough happens at this ball, and what does happen tends to be underplayed. When, for example, the Sisters enter, one of them falls down the stairs. Huffily, she refuses assistance. Then she notices that someone else is wearing the same gown she has on. Two blows before she even gets in the door! The trouble is, the audience sees only the first blow. It's a performance slip of a kind that occurs often. We don't really register Cinderella's dreaming in the first act—she takes so little time over it. The moment is there in the choreography; it's up to the dancer to frame it—a closeup, as it were. Earlier, Cinderella's scene with her father is just roughed in. There are no mime details to convey that the picture he shows her is of her mother, that it *is* a picture, and not a mirror, and so forth. The production gives us a conception of Cinderella but not a living character.

This may be one reason we forget about her so quickly when the Prince comes on in the second act. Suddenly, he takes over, and it becomes his ballet. As in "The Sleeping Beauty" and "Giselle" (as Baryshnikov plays those classics), love transforms a playboy. There are few things in the ballet more genuinely romantic than the Prince's single-minded search through the kingdom for the owner of the slipper. I suspect that if this production is gratefully remembered it will be for its handling, witty as well as romantic, of a sequence that is usually cut. The Prince visits the home of the Bourgeois Gentilhomme, where he is besieged by three rapacious daughters, in waltz time. He goes to the garden of "Le Nozze di Figaro," Act IV, where he has an assignation with a Masked Lady who he hopes is Cinderella. (The ploy is no more cynical than Siegfried's mistaking Odile for Odette.) These conceits that, perhaps undeservedly, relate Prokofiev's ballet to other works of art are effective in more than one way. They give Loquasto relief from the cottage and the castle. They suggest that there's some further dimension to the world of folly and wickedness evoked by the ballet. The idea is not that Prokofiev's satire is on a level with Molière and Beaumarchais but that it's in the same tradition. Has any other production of the ballet been as generous to the composer and his librettist? Ironically, Baryshnikov has had to be generous at Prokofiev's expense. The music that was composed for the travel episode, a trashy montage of exotic scenes, has been replaced by waltzes from "War

BEFORE YOU TRAVEL

Check each item your medical insurance offers while you're traveling abroad:

☐ Worldwide doctor, hospital and medical protection.

☐ $100,000 accident and sickness protection in over 130 countries.

☐ Insurance payment directly to foreign doctors, hospitals or medical institutions.

☐ No cash outlay above a $50 deductible.

☐ No waiting for reimbursements.

☐ 24 hour/7 days a week hotline phone advisory and referral. (Multi-lingual)

☐ Worldwide directory of doctors, hospitals and medical institutions.

☐ Emergency medical evacuation to U.S. residence.

☐ Worldwide I.D. card for instant recognition.

☐ Full premium refund guarantee.

☐ Optional Trip Cancellation coverage.

CALL HEALTHCARE ABROAD:

Toll-Free 1-800-336-3310 for all of the above.

In Virginia Call Collect: 703-790-5655

Mon-Fri 8AM-6PM EST

☐ Send me a Free Brochure

Name: ____

Address: ____

City: ____ State: ____ Zip: ____

Departure Date: ____

☐ Call: Telephone (____) ____

"We make Health Care A Little Less Foreign"

HEALTH CARE ABROAD

923 Investment Building M5

1511 K St. NW, Washington, DC 20005

and Peace" and the film "Lermontov," which were written at about the same time as "Cinderella." The fact that this outstanding sequence is an interpolation tells much about the production and its struggle to come to life. The fact, too, that it is an episode in which Cinderella does not figure.

Cinderella and her purity place a great strain on the narrative of the ballet, particularly in the overblown love duets. How shall they be danced? The solution has usually been to import the content of a climactic pas de deux in some other ballet. Ashton's choreography is based, none too persuasively, on "The Sleeping Beauty." The Konstantin Sergeyev production for the Kirov went right along with the music's suggestion that the lovers were really Romeo and Juliet. In a recent version for the Chicago City Ballet, planned around Suzanne Farrell, Paul Mejia spirited in touchstones from several Farrell roles choreographed by Balanchine. Baryshnikov and Anastos go so far as to switch the order of the duets in Acts II and III, putting the more pompous one last (it sounds as if Cinderella were marrying Alexander Nevsky), but the choreography is vacuous. The woman's role has no repose but also none of the drive that Farrell's Cinderella had or Irina Kolpakova's in the Sergeyev production. We are told no story in these dances, nor can we make one up while we watch. A chance to set up a story is missed in Act II by having Cinderella and the Prince declare their love as soon as they meet. They waltz in and out among the guests, and the dance subsides in a pretty tableau, with the ensemble framing the principals, already deeply in love. They ought really to be only on the threshold; the big pas de deux that comes up a few minutes later brings them over. Prokofiev's pattern here is very much on the lines of Romeo meeting Juliet at the masked ball, contriving to find her in the crowd and dance with her, and only gradually disclosing his fascination with her (not his love—that comes in the balcony pas de deux). By the time the lovers in "Cinderella" get to their all-alone-in-the-night pas de deux, they've already said it. This isn't why the pas de deux is empty; this is why it would take much better choreography not to *seem* empty. The third-act pas de deux is now preceded by a scene in which the Prince unveils Cinderella before her tormentors and they react with appropriate amazement and mortification. The story is thus rounded

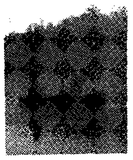
Children's Portraits from $65.00
Weddings, Family
Distinctive Professional Portraits
Black & White Publication Glossies

Bachrach
Photographers since 1868

Boston 617-536-4730
Chicago 312-236-1991
Morristown 201-267-2006
New York 212-755-6233
Philadelphia 215-563-0551

LA JOLLA
"The Pacific Ocean is our back yard"
Traditionally, we host most of La Jolla's Distinguished Visitors!
We would be pleased to accommodate you.
hotel La Valencia
P. O. Box 1089, La Jolla, Calif. 92038
(619) 454-0771

HOST TO GREAT AMERICANS SINCE 1716
Gracious hospitality amidst the sights and sounds of our nation's birth. 60 rooms with all modern comforts. Great food and spirits. Write for brochure.
The Colonial Inn
on the Green Dept N Concord, MA 01742
(617) 369-9200
Operated by the Grimes Family



SUNRISE COUNTY CANOE EXPEDITIONS INC.
RIVER GUIDES OF MAINE & CANADA
3-10 day trips on the wild and remote rivers of eastern and northern Maine (incl. St. John and Machias Rivers). Instruction by professional Maine Guides in all aspects of canoeing technique and living comfortably in the northwoods. The finest fishing, food and company. Small parties, reservations May thru October. 1½-3 week youth programs. Major Labrador/Quebec expedition on spectacular Moise River in September. Brochure.
S.C.C.E., Cathance Lake, Grove Post, Maine 04638 (207-454-7708)

off and the lovers can be alone to display their technique at no cost to verisimilitude.

There are other such improvements and at least a half hour's worth of deletions. Cinderella's solos are less tepidly Fonteynish. (I accuse the choreographers of attempting a link to Margot Fonteyn's Aurora. Ashton attempted it first.) I question the wisdom of retaining an unidentifiable entourage for Cinderella in the ballroom scene. Who *are* these daughters of Denishawn wafting about the premises? What were they to Cinderella in Act I? Why don't they attend her in Act III? An apotheosis has also been left intact in which, to the sweetest music in the score (which the composer marked "Amoroso"), all the characters of the ballet assemble and parade about an empty stage till we get the point that they're no longer characters—the story is over. Like all such built-in company calls, this scene makes the actual curtain calls anticlimactic and puts a damper on applause. But Baryshnikov and Anastos also seem to be offering an image of collective redemption. Are they saying that (1) a hypocritical, ostentatious society doesn't anathematize the individual after all or (2) we can only wish that it didn't? However you take it, it's strange to see a ballet company simply walking or standing still without a single révérence or port de bras. It's daring, but then much about this production is daring. They really should be calling it "Zolushka"—Russian for "Cinderella." After all, *our* Cinderella isn't in the ballet, and Ballet Theatre happens to have nobody who can make us think so. Maybe the right ballerina could sweep up all the contradictions and soar to glory. There are things that could be done to make the production more worthy of her, should she ever be found. It could be made more dramatic, but it could never become a sweet, simple fantasy. That is not its style.

—ARLENE CROCE

•

SIGHTS WE DOUBT EVER GOT SEEN

[*Maury Allen in the Post*]

One of the most touching scenes in baseball in recent years occurred last January when Luis Aparicio was named to the Baseball Hall of Fame . . . Montreal executive Jim Fanning, on a scouting mission, heard the announcement over the public address speaker at LaGuardia and then saw 10,000 people stand up spontaneously to sing the Venezuelan national anthem for Aparicio, Venezuela's long-deserving Hall of Famer.

You're invited to an Aristocratic Weekend in New York

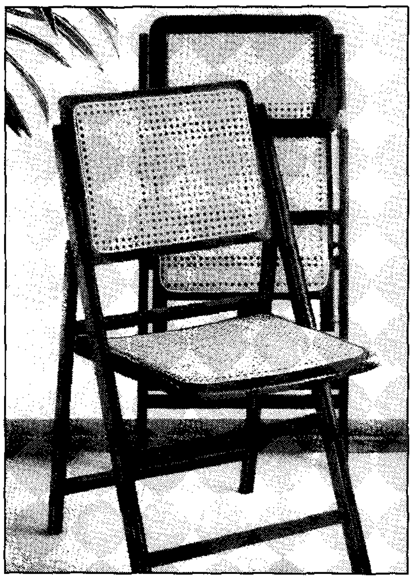
Now enjoy the most sumptuous side of New York life at the renowned Regency, New York headquarters of the rich and royal from across the world.
More than a hotel weekend, it's your entrée to life at the top.

3 Days/2 Nights, $149.95
per person, double occupancy, in a suite.
Friday or Saturday arrivals only. Effective through September 9.

Plan includes **palatial suite accommodations,** dinner in Le Chateau, cocktail in Le Chateau Bar, the Sunday New York Times delivered to your room, complimentary parking, all taxes and gratuities on above items.

The Regency Hotel

Park Avenue at 61st Street, New York 10021 • (212) 759-4100 • Telex: 147180.
See your travel agent or call toll-free 800-223-0888.
(In New York State, call toll-free 800-522-5455.)



THIS CHAIR DOESN'T JUST SIT THERE.

For added beauty or added guests, these stylish, wood-framed fold-away chairs with a glossy walnut finish and soft cane backs and seats will have you sitting perfect on those many occasions when extra chairs are essential. And when extra room is needed, these handsome chairs don't just sit there but conveniently fold away to just 2½" deep.

They're just the right size: 31" tall back and 14" x 16" seat. And just the right price: only $40 each, plus delivery, but when ordering two or more you save $5.00 per chair at only $35 each.

☐ Please send me 1 (one) chair for $40 (#AC5607), plus $9.95 shipping.
☐ Please send me ______ chairs at the savings price of $35 per chair, plus a total of $20.95 shipping for the entire order.
If delivered in Texas please add 5% tax.
☐ Check or money order enclosed. Charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express
Account Number:
Expiration Date ______
Signature ______
(required for credit cards)

FREE
Your order entitles you to a full year of exciting Trifles catalogues.

NAME ______
ADDRESS ______
CITY ______ ST ______ ZIP ______

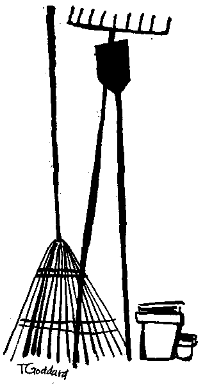
MAIL TO:
TRIFLES
P.O. BOX 819075, DEPT. MB086, DALLAS, TEXAS 75381-9075

AROUND CITY HALL

STEERAGE

IN "This Land Is Your Land," Woody Guthrie rhymes "my land" with "the New York Island," and this is, in fact, a city that is mostly surrounded by water. Of its five boroughs, only the Bronx is attached to the mainland of the United States. Besides Staten Island and Manhattan, there are Brooklyn and Queens, which are geographically part of Long Island. In the final week of last month, some two hundred New Yorkers gathered at Hunter College, five blocks from the water—in this case, the East River—for a conference, sponsored jointly by the Regional Plan Association and the local Parks Council, on how the city could make more thoughtful and creative use of its five hundred and seventy-eight miles of waterfront. During the meeting, there were frequent references to the City Hall practice—mayor in and mayor out—of doing nothing about a situation until some crisis forces it to act. At the meeting's end, Barbara Joelson Fife, the head of the Parks Council's waterfront committee, called for "a long-range and short-range . . . plan to direct waterfront investment and to relate it to other changing aspects of the city's future." However, she concluded, none of this will happen unless there is "a clear signal from the Mayor's office."

By coincidence, that very week circumstances forced the office of Mayor Edward Koch to come up with a number of propositions for the use of the waters around the city, but few of them fit in well with the often rather romantic-sounding hopes and dreams dwelt on at the conference. On April 23rd, it was reported that Brookhaven National Laboratory, a federal facility in Brookhaven, Long Island, would be free to ship spent radioactive fuel rods on flatbed trucks to a nuclear-fuel reprocessing plant in Idaho. The only land route from Brookhaven to the main westward highways is through the city. A local law, passed in 1975, that forbade the transport of such material through this densely populated area was overturned by federal regulation in 1981, and a court fight to restore it ended late in February when the United States Supreme Court refused to hear an appeal from a lower-court ruling. Giving the impression that once again the city had not made any contingency plans, Mayor Koch fired off a letter to the Secretary of Transportation, Elizabeth Dole, asking that shipments be delayed until the city had a chance to study the feasibility of some other solution, such as avoiding the city by transporting the rods on barges.



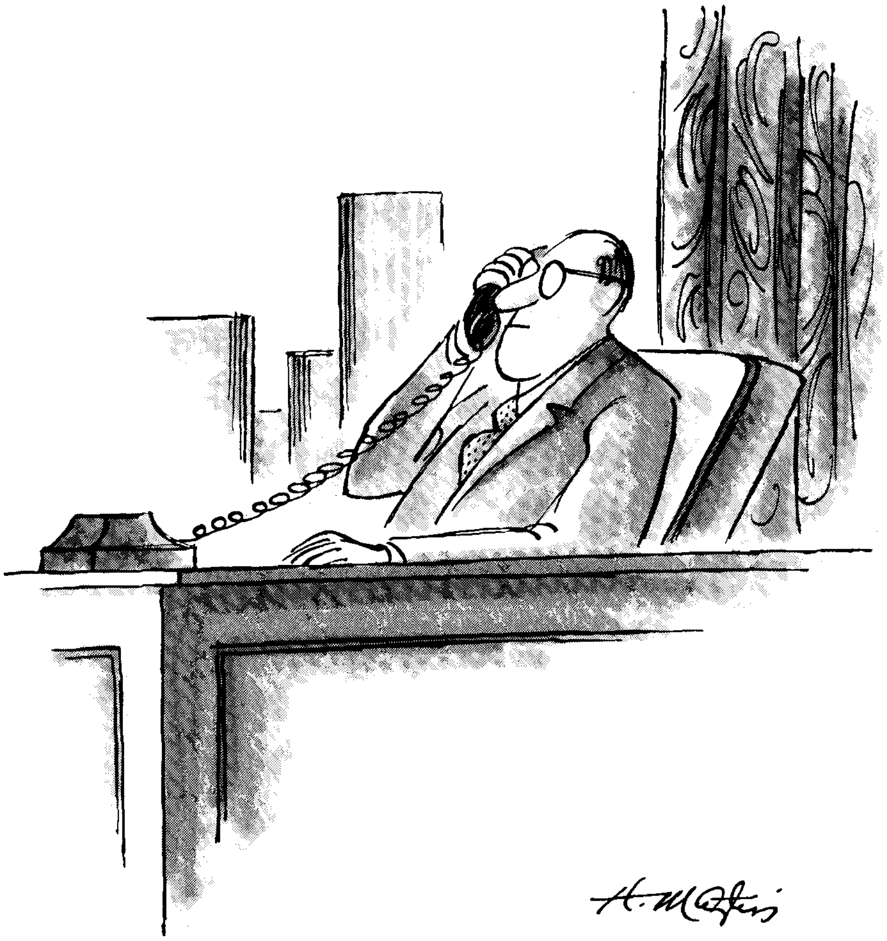
Another intergovernmental crisis involving unwanted waste loomed the same week when the Environmental Protection Agency, in Washington, declined to renew permission for New York City, along with a number of smaller communities in the metropolitan area, to continue dumping sewage sludge in an underwater canyon in the Atlantic twelve miles offshore, and required that it be unloaded instead at a point a hundred and six miles out. According to the E.P.A., decades of sludge-dumping (last year, the sludge amounted to over eight million tons, about three million of it from New York City) had created a thirty-mile-square "dead sea." Although it does not yet represent the perils of the Sargasso Sea, which, according to sailors' legend, was so dense with seaweed that it dragged whole ships under, there were complaints that it would soon pollute New Jersey beaches and damage the fishing industry. The federal agency's ruling may have surprised the Mayor, since, during a visit President Reagan made to the city early in his Administration, the President had told him that there would be no change in the city's sludge-dumping privileges. (Even though you get to be President of the United States, you still have to spend time discussing sewage sludge with local politicians.) In the last year of the Carter Administration, the Mayor had regularly brought down the house with a speech in which he said that if the feds were to carry out their threat to change the rules on sewage sludge the dumping process would be so costly that "I may have to take it back to my apartment." Reagan's dispensation was presumed to be an expression of gratitude for the Mayor's having—as Mario Cuomo, Koch's opponent in the 1982 gubernatorial race, later described it—"embraced" Reagan at a meeting at Gracie Mansion a few weeks before the 1980 election, although Koch was formally a supporter of his fellow-Democrat Jimmy Carter. Last month, officials here insisted that city studies showed the dumping had created little pollution, that the shift was thus "unnecessary," and that it would cause local sludge-transporting costs to rise from three and a half million to nearly twenty million dollars annually. However, the week the new rule was announced Koch proposed a city budget for the coming fiscal year of eighteen billion three hundred million dollars. This was more than a billion and a half dollars higher than the one presented a year ago. The national recovery has fattened local revenues to the point where, according to City Council estimates, the city has at least a half-billion-dollar surplus for the current fiscal year, and there seemed to be small likelihood that it could get away with pleading financial hardship.

Sewage sludge wasn't the only city effluvium that caused New Jersey neighbors to take offense in recent days. New York's largest garbage landfill, into which over ten thousand tons of debris are dumped each day, is at Fresh Kills, on the western shore of Staten Island, across the river from the New Jersey town of Woodbridge. Five years ago, the town began a suit in federal court charging that garbage drifting out of the landfill was polluting Woodbridge beaches, and the city promised to build a barrier that would prevent such leakage. At an April 19th hearing, at which Woodbridge provided numerous unsightly exhibits to prove that the remedy wasn't working, the judge accused the city of "reckless indifference to the life and safety of the people of New Jersey" and ordered that the barrier be strengthened. Woodbridge asked that in the meantime the landfill be closed. Mayor Koch pointed out that if the city shut down the landfill "the garbage will pile up on the streets and we'll all have to leave town." Though he didn't say this in a threatening way, there was an implied danger that some New Yorkers might then drift across the river and take up residence in New Jersey. The judge declined for the moment to order the closing of the landfill. Philip Cerria, Woodbridge's mayor, who appeared to have been taking lessons from his famously combative big-city counterpart, announced that he planned to gather up some of the garbage from his beaches, truck it over to New York, and dump it on the steps of City Hall. "I'm ready to take him on . . . and I don't intend to lose. I like a good scrap," he added. "We're not at war with Woodbridge," said New York's mayor, hopefully.

Over on the Staten Island side of the landfill, the locals are also not happy about its presence. On April 25th, at a town meeting in that borough over which Koch presided, one resident said that it should have been held at "the garbage dump," so the Mayor could find out how bad it smelled. Of far greater concern to most Staten Islanders, however, was a plan that the city had announced to rehabilitate a Staten Island hospital as housing for five hundred of the sixty-five hundred homeless men and women for whom the city, in accordance with a court order, now provides shelter every night. There were about three hundred people at the town meeting; the night before, more than a thousand Staten Islanders had turned out for a rally to protest the plan. The Mayor pointed out that theirs was the only borough without a city shelter for the homeless, and asked, "Is that fair?" Staten Island often complains that it is "the forgotten borough," regularly left out of City Hall plans, but in this case the residents would clearly have been happy to keep things that way. Many at the meeting waved large signs with such messages as "SHOW US YOUR COMPASSION!" and argued that the presence of the homeless would endanger the lives of the borough's many children and senior citizens. One opponent of the plan suggested that possibly the Island could agree to a shelter for as many as twenty-five of the homeless if they were female, elderly, or handicapped.

The Mayor seemed unfazed by all the invective at the town meeting but back in Manhattan he apparently had second thoughts. In the gubernatorial race, he had lost Staten Island, although its residents—they are mostly middle class and include only a small percentage of the city's blacks, whose leaders have made him the target of increasingly hostile rhetoric—had been thought of as his kind of voters. It is generally agreed that they are his kind of voters, but almost half of them are also, like Mario Cuomo, Italian-Americans. In a recent edition of the Staten Island *Advance*, which, though it is part of the Newhouse chain, is as close to a small-town newspaper as there is in the city, the banner headline reported the selection of a new Miss Staten Island. The winner, two of the first three runners-up, and the author of the *Advance* article all had Italian names. The loss of Staten Island in the primary was more of a surprise to Koch than the loss of his own borough of Manhattan, where voters tend to be more liberal than he has become in recent years. (A rather cruel anecdote in his book, "Mayor," cited with amusement even by some otherwise unappreciative reviewers, recalls how he hurt the feelings of former Manhattan Representative Bella Abzug by telling everyone, after she lost her own election district in the 1977 mayoral election, "Her neighbors knew her." In fact, in 1982 Koch lost his own Greenwich Village election district to Cuomo by a substantial margin. Another literary raconteur might have decided to omit the anecdote, fearful that someone would notice this parallel and remark that the Mayor's neighbors knew him. Koch, however, is not a timid sort.)

Two days after the Staten Island town meeting, the Mayor reported that he was working on an alternative for a shelter in that borough. He announced that the borough's leaders had proposed that the five hundred homeless be put up on ships in Staten Island's harbor. Koch said he had already been in touch with the federal government to see if it had some Second World War Liberty ships, or perhaps a spare aircraft carrier. The Pentagon could not think of any, but the Mayor, as he often says, is an optimist. If the plan worked well for Staten Island, he explained, perhaps the homeless in other boroughs could also be housed in ships—which, of course, could be shifted from one borough shore to another, depending on where the demonstrators against them were making the least noise. The plan did seem to be at some variance with the message in his first inaugural speech, in January of 1978, in which he had hailed the city as "unique in the history of human kindness." New York, he had gone on to say, was "not a problem" but "a stroke of genius,"



"Harrison, can I expect you home for dinner tonight? The children have grown and gone, and I've fixed macaroni and cheese just the way you like it."

• •

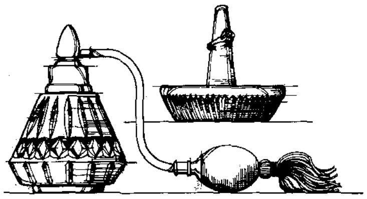
which, from its earliest days, had been "a lifeboat for the homeless." City Council President Carol Bellamy, who, according to some polls, has the best chance of beating Koch in 1985, the next municipal-election year, called the idea "half-baked" and said, "If the Mayor is proposing to pack the homeless into the open holds of ships and ferries, I oppose it." "HOMELESS MAY BECOME BOAT PEOPLE IN NEW KOCH PLAN" was the *Post* headline.

The day after he offered his naval option for the homeless, the Mayor joined New York's Republican Senator Alfonse D'Amato on a trip to another of the city's islands—Riker's, where there are about seven thousand prisoners, most of them either serving short sentences or awaiting trial. Both D'Amato and Koch recalled for reporters the action taken last fall by Federal District Judge Morris Lasker which required the city to release over six hundred prisoners—not those already convicted but those who, awaiting trial, had been unable to make bail—on the ground that conditions at overcrowded Riker's were cruel and inhumane. The Mayor and the Senator discussed the possibility that Judge Lasker might take such action again, given the continued overcrowding. A couple of days after the Riker's trip, City Councilman Abraham Gerges was going about City Hall reminding people that eighteen months earlier he had suggested that not only the city's homeless but the city's prisoners be housed on ships. He was keener than ever on the latter proposal, since the Koch administration had caused an uproar in his Brooklyn district by starting to remodel a building there as quarters for prisoners for whom there would soon be no room at Riker's Island. Part of the building had previously been used—with little protest from the community—as a Navy brig for, presumably, a higher class of jailbird. Gerges pointed out that the ships could be kept well out in the harbor, too far from shore for the involuntary passengers to make a swim for it. On the same day, May 1st, the Koch administration offered a plan to mollify residents of the Astoria section of Queens who, along with their political leaders, frequently complain that the busing of prisoners back and forth across the Buono Bridge to Queens in connection with required court appearances, as well as the movement back and forth of the prisoners' friends, relatives, and lawyers, was polluting what some of them called the "ambience" of the neighborhood and also causing severe traffic problems. The city suggested that if it invested ten million dollars in capital and operating funds prisoners could be transported to and from Riker's Island by ferry, safely segregated from the good people of Queens.

Nothing might come of any of these propositions. Still, it was clear that the earnest planners concerned with revitalizing the city's waterfront would do well to enlarge their vistas to make room for the barges, troop ships, ferries, and aircraft carriers laden down with nuclear waste, sludge, society's castoffs, and criminal types, which either were or might soon be moving through the waters surrounding the fabled city that couldn't figure out what else to do with their unwelcome cargo.

LATE last month, when Mayor Koch formally proposed a budget for the city's next fiscal year, which begins July 1st, he called it his "best-news budget." Its cheery nature ("There is no pain," as the Mayor put it) should have come as no surprise to New Yorkers who had been paying attention. At full-scale press conferences on seven of the eight previous weekdays, City Hall's Blue Room had been the setting for budget previews offering various happy aspects of the city's new financial plan, with appropriate commissioners joining the Mayor as he pointed to elaborate graphs and other visual aids on which all lines moved gratifyingly upward. Day by day, Koch assured his fellow New Yorkers that in the coming months the city would have more cops, more pothole-fillers, more teachers, more park attendants, more street-cleaners, more help for local businessmen who promised not to leave town. At one such ceremony, the Mayor, countering his administration's reputation for not planning ahead, offered a dazzling smorgasbord of capital projects on which the city proposed to spend forty billion dollars over the next ten years. There were charges by some of his possible 1985 opponents that the new budget's concentration on highly visible improvements of special interest to middle-class voters—as opposed to greatly increased help for the poor, some of whom do not have a residence to vote from—made it look suspiciously like an election-year document. The Mayor's quite reasonable response was "You mean you think I should keep all this good news to

A WEE BIT OF SCIENCE
A TOUCH OF MAGIC
A WHOLE LOT OF LOVE
WATERFORD



Waterford Scent Bottle $64
Waterford Ring Holder $27.50

Call us and order toll free.
Limited to supply on hand.
Shipping $1.75 each.

Grafton Street
"Irish Waterford's American Showcase"
SOUTH COAST PLAZA
3333 BRISTOL STREET
COSTA MESA, CA 92626
(714) 549-5277
TOLL FREE IN CA (800) 422-2161
TOLL FREE OUTSIDE CALIFORNIA
(800) 854-0561 EXTENSION 807

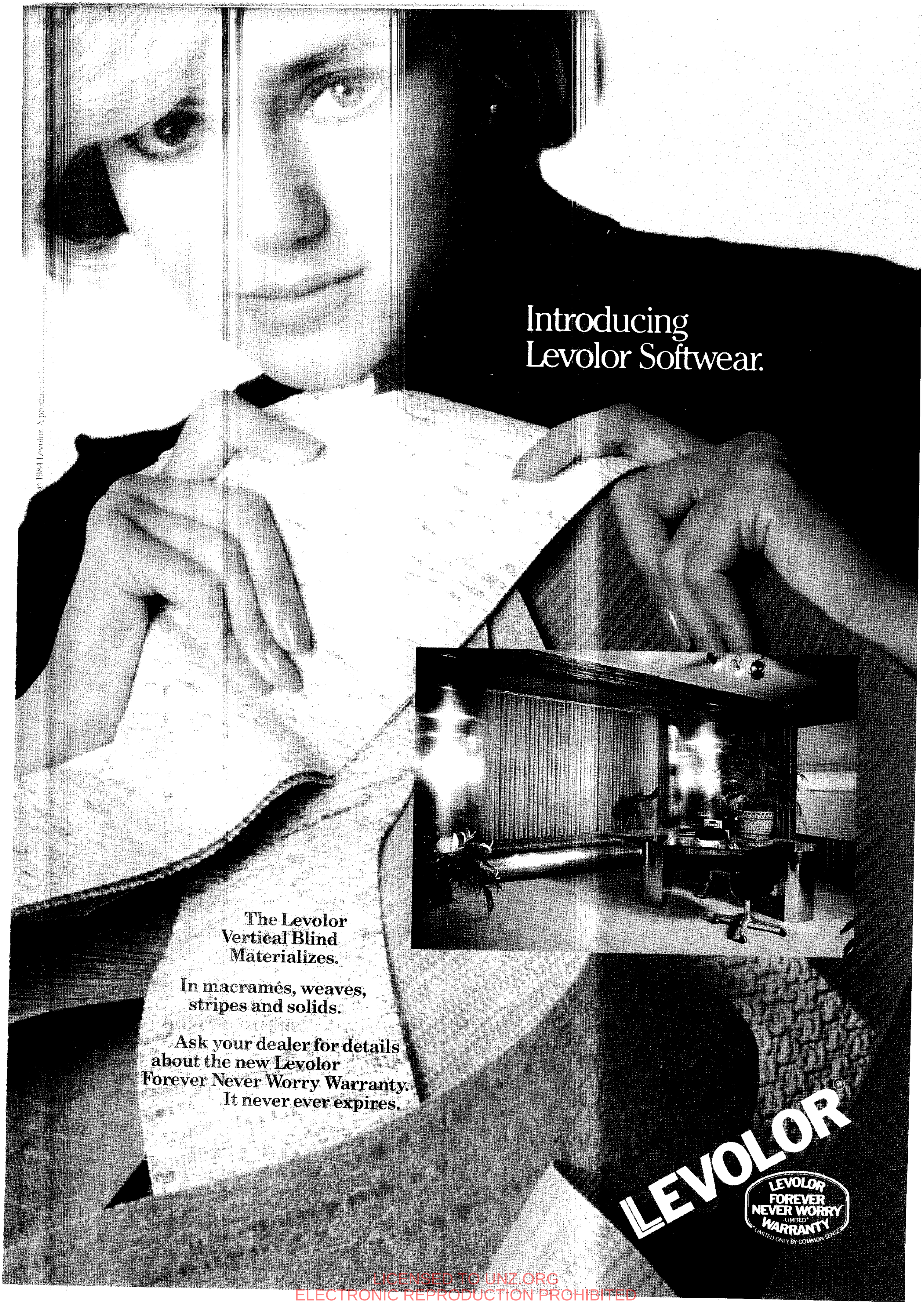
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS WELCOME

WATERFORD®
An Irish Art.

A remarkable art book, ❧ illustrated in full color. The first definitive history of Waterford crystal. ❧ At your Waterford gallery or send $50. check to Waterford Crystal Inc. 225 Fifth Ave. New York, NY 10010. ❧

Are you looking for
PRIME WHITE European style VEAL
WE HAVE THE FINEST AVAILABLE!
All of your favorite gourmet cuts —
in small portion packages.
Special Introductory Sampler Box.
Delivered to your home nationally.
Elegant Gift Boxes, too. All credit cards.
FREE: Veal Lover's Guide - call Toll-Free
800-446-1749
Ask for Operator 31.

VIRGINIA VEAL FARMS Box 31
Stanardsville, Va. 22973


LEVOLOR®
LEVOLOR
FOREVER
NEVER WORRY
LIMITED*
WARRANTY
*LIMITED ONLY BY COMMON SENSE

Introducing
Levolor Softwear.

The Levolor
Vertical Blind
Materializes.

In macramés, weaves,
stripes and solids.

Ask your dealer for details
about the new Levolor
Forever Never Worry Warranty.
It never ever expires.

© 1984 Levolor. A produc [illegible]

EATON™ HAS IT. THE LOOK OF J.G. HOOK.

H·U·N·T·I·N·G
S·A·I·L·I·N·G
ILING ⛵ SAILING ⛵
AILING
J.G. HOOK

Introducing the Sheaffer Eaton J.G. Hook Collection.

Now the traditional elegance of J.G. Hook can be with you whenever you put pen to paper.

This stylish range of Sheaffer Eaton fine letter papers and writing accessories is available as coordinates in five evocative motifs: "Sailing," "Hunting Plaid," "Anchor Stripe," "Mille Fleurs" and "Mariner."

At leading stationers everywhere.

J.G. HOOK®

SHEAFFER EATON **TEXTRON**
Sheaffer Eaton Division of Textron Inc.

myself?" Some City Hall reporters complained that many of the almost daily budget-teasers were non-news events. Mayoral aides reminded them, however, that they had better attend to the well-staged announcements or risk looking like slackers, since TV camera crews would surely answer the Mayor's summons, and the *Times*, which is considered to be especially partial to good news from the Koch City Hall, would more often than not give the occasions front-page coverage. (In March, when the city, which has some two hundred thousand employees, disclosed that it was adding a hundred and fifty additional street-cleaners and pothole-fillers, the *Times* ran the news at the top of its front page, next to the day's lead story.) The new budget, in keeping with its optimistic message, had been bound in rose-colored folders. When the nation's economic good news is reflected in local revenues, it is a common practice among politicians to give the impression that this consequence was something they were personally able to do for their constituents. Koch followed tradition this year until a reporter reminded him that in past years, when the outlook was gloomier, he had often blamed hostile and feckless leaders at other levels of government for that condition. Now, in this season of no pain, were there any people he would like to thank? The Mayor had a big smile for that one. "All those I blamed," he said.

The budget-teaser on April 23rd, which dealt with more money for the Board of Education, was one of the non-news events that some reporters had complained of. It was announced with much fanfare that the amount of money available to local schools would be increased five per cent, to three billion eight hundred million dollars. A close reading of the details of the *Times*' front-page story, however, revealed that, of the nearly four-billion-dollar total, less than twenty-nine million represented new city initiatives. The rest of the additional funds consisted of state and federal money and increases mandated by law or required under collective-bargaining agreements. The big story out of City Hall in the *News* and the *Post* that day was a just-released report by the inspector general of the city's Human Resources Administration concerning the operations of the Office of Special Services for Children, the H.R.A. subsidiary that handles cases of neglect or mistreatment of children, often those whose families are on welfare. The report reviewed charges that had been made by Irwin Levin, a fifty-two-year-old career civil servant who had been deputy supervisor of the Brooklyn field office of the S.S.C. Beginning in 1979, Levin had tried to persuade his superiors to act on evidence indicating that the agency's caseworkers were operating with insufficient supervision and direction, often with tragic consequences for the children they were responsible for. He compiled a dossier on twenty-two cases, involving fifty-one children who had been beaten and tortured by parents or other relatives, some to the point where they had to be hospitalized; after the children recovered, S.S.C. caseworkers sent them back to the same environment. Eventually, nine of the children died. In 1980, after trying in vain to arouse the concern of his S.S.C. supervisors, Levin got in touch with Carol Bellamy, whose official duties include that of city ombudsman, and with Ruth Messinger, a Manhattan member of the City Council who is a social worker. Miss Bellamy wrote a long, urgent letter to Claire Pearce, then the head of the S.S.C., sending copies to Stanley Brezenoff, then the head of the H.R.A., and Stanley Lupkin, then the city's commissioner of investigation. When again no action was taken, Levin went to the press, and a few stories about conditions at the S.S.C. were published in 1981 and 1982 in the *News* and the *Post*. As a result, in April of 1982 Levin was suspended for four months without pay, fined an additional month's pay, demoted two grades, and assigned to a clerical job in another branch of the H.R.A., in another borough, as punishment for having broken the law by violating the confidentiality of the children and their parents. The H.R.A. inspector general had been asked to investigate Levin's charges, but no report on this inquiry was released until late last month, and then only after repeated calls from the press and from Miss Messinger demanding to know what had happened to it. In substance, the report concluded that S.S.C. employees had been "seriously negligent," and that in most cases Levin's charges were fully—and horrifyingly—substantiated.

The budget-teaser for the day after the report was made public dealt with the long-range capital projects that the

Better Than Jogging, Swimming or Cycling

NordicTrack

Jarless Total Body Cardiovascular Exerciser Duplicates X-C Skiing for the Best Motion in Fitness

The enjoyable sport of cross-country skiing is often cited by physiologists as the most perfect form of cardiovascular exercise for both men and women. Its smooth, fluid, total body motion uniformly exercises more muscles and higher heart rates seem easier to attain than when jogging or cycling. NordicTrack closely simulates the pleasant X-C skiing motion and provides the same cardiovascular endurance-building benefits—right in the convenience of your home. Makes a year round, consistent exercise program easily attainable. Eliminates the usual barriers of time, weather, chance of injury, etc. Also highly effective for weight control.

More Complete Than Running
NordicTrack gives you a more complete work out—conditions both upper body and lower body muscles at the same time. Fluid, jarless motion does not cause joint or back problems as jogging or running often do.

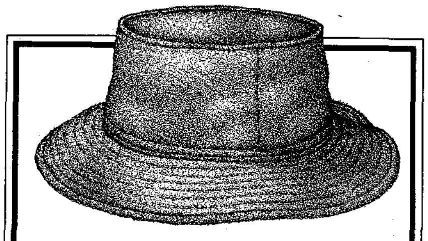
More Effective Than Exercise Bikes
NordicTrack's stand-up skiing motion more uniformly exercises the large leg muscles and also adds important upper body exercise. Higher pulse rates, necessary for building fitness, seem easier to attain because the work is shared by more muscle mass.

Even Better Than Swimming
NordicTrack *more* effectively exercises the largest muscles in the body, those located in the legs and buttocks. When swimming, the body is supported by the water, thus preventing these muscles from being effectively exercised. The stand up exercising position on the NordicTrack much more effectively exercises these muscles.

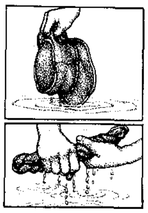
Practical, Takes Little Storage Space
Folds compactly in only 30 seconds. Requires only 15 by 17 inches storage area.

A Proven, High Quality Durable Product
NordicTrack is in its 8th year of production. NordicTrack is quiet, motorless and has separately adjustable arm and leg resistances. Two year warrantee, 30 day trial period with return privilege.

Call or write for free brochure
TOLL FREE 1-800-328-5888
PSI 124NY Columbia Crt., Chaska, MN 55318
Minnesota 612-448-6987



THICK & THIRSTY



Our 100% cotton toweling hat beats summer heat 2 ways: use it to wipe your perspiring brow or douse it in water, wring it out and wear damp to cool off instantly. **Colors:** Navy Blue, Powder Blue, Yellow or White. **Sizes:** S(6¾-6⅞), M(7-7⅛), L(7¼-7⅜), XL(7½-7⅝), XXL(7¾-7⅞) **$8.95** ppd.

Order Today! Money Back Guarantee!

RUSH my **#2002 Toweling Hat.**

Color__________ Size__________

Here is my check or money order for $__________

Add sales tax for shipment into CA, CO, D.C., IL, MA, MI, MN, PA, VA, WA. We pay postage!

Name__________

Address__________

City__________

State__________ Zip__________

☐ **Send me your FREE outdoor catalog.**

Eddie Bauer®

Dept. FNW, Fifth & Union, Seattle, WA 98124

The Russian Tea Room

150 W 57 NEW YORK CITY 10019
212-265-0947

SECOND ANNUAL
GENEROSO POPE WRITERS
WEEKEND 1984
JUNE 22, 23, 24

LECTURES BY:
MARY GORDON
DAVID McCULLOUGH

MANHATTANVILLE
COLLEGE

PURCHASE, N.Y. 10577
914-694-3425

city, happily, could now afford. Toward the end of the session, William Murphy, of the Associated Press, asked from the back of the room whether the Mayor thought it was appropriate to engage in a public revel over his best-news budget and detach himself from the grim news of Levin's charges, in which his administration was deeply implicated. The Mayor said that he had found the report "very disturbing," and, indeed, though he stoutly defended Gail Kong, the present head of the S.S.C., and James Krauskopf, the present head of the H.R.A., as "excellent" public servants, he sounded disturbed. He announced that he had asked Patrick McGinley, the present commissioner of investigation—who, like Krauskopf and Miss Kong, serves at the pleasure of the Mayor—to look into the question of whether Levin's punishment had been unduly harsh. It would have been understandable if the Mayor had privately hoped that the whole matter would be resolved with dispatch. Any prolonged examination of the controversy could well make Brezenoff, a close Koch ally who is now his deputy mayor for operations, look like less than a hero for having ignored Levin's warnings about what was going on in his agency. It could also turn the Mayor's rival, Miss Bellamy, into a public heroine and do much the same for Miss Messinger, a frequent Koch critic, who surely plans to run for higher office in the future. The day after the report on the Levin charges was finally released, the Department of Investigation assured the press that two years was not an unusually long time for a serious inquiry. In the case of its own inquiry into the treatment of Levin, however, it moved far more swiftly. Forty-six hours after receiving Koch's request, Commissioner McGinley informed the Mayor that Levin's punishment had been entirely appropriate. The Mayor—playing the good cop, as some observers saw it—then urged that Krauskopf consider rescinding some of Levin's fines, since he had been "well-motivated." But the demotion, he said, must stand; anyone who broke the law must pay the penalty.

By this time, a number of New Yorkers, including some who tend to be firmly in the Mayor's corner, had become exercised about the situation. The *Post*, which once ran an inquiring-photographer poll in which the inquirer had been unable to find a single New Yorker who had a cross

MAID
PLEASE
QUAIL
LODGE

RELAX IN
LUXURY

Quail Lodge, one of the country's most prestigious resort hotels assures you of the finest service and accommodations plus the romance of Carmel and the Monterey Peninsula.
For details call or write Val Bishop, 8205 Valley Greens Drive, Carmel, CA 93923 (408) 624-1581.
For room reservations: in Calif. call 1-800-682-9303; Other states: 1-800-538-9516

LONG ISLAND
MAY
SEDUCE YOU

Just 12 cottage rooms
on a private 300 acre island
two miles by boat from the
Antigua, West Indies mainland.

Sailing, tennis, waterskiing.
Remote, relaxed, seductive.

See your travel agent or
call Resorts Management, Inc., at
(800) 225-4255. In New York
(212) 696-4566.

LONG ISLAND
Resort
Antigua · West Indies

THE
HOME RANCH
A SMALL RANCH FOR A GREAT
FAMILY VACATION
303-879-1780
BOX 822KN CLARK, COLORADO 80428

The 1780 Egremont Inn
Two centuries behind the times.

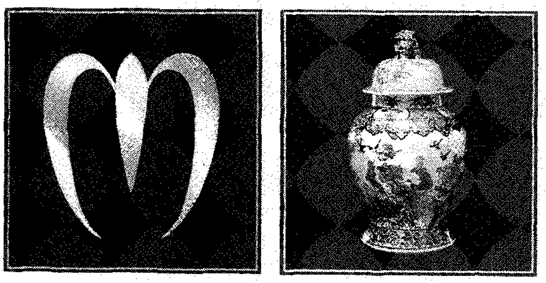
The Berkshires, MA 01258 413-528-2111

word to say about the Mayor, had got hold of an early draft of the report on the Levin charges which was harder on members of the Koch Administration in the H.R.A. and the S.S.C. than the final draft was. Charging a whitewash, the *Post* demanded that action be taken against the top-level people in the city agencies. Over at the *Times*, reporter James LeMoyne's account of the inspector general's findings on the day after they were released had appeared halfway down the third page of the metropolitan section. Now the *Times* found the story of far more compelling interest. It ran a case-by-case account of many of the sad events described in Levin's dossier. An angry lead editorial on the revelations and on the city's concern over the inalienable rights to confidentiality of the children Levin had tried to protect was entitled "THE CLIENTS ARE DEAD." Early this month, City Hall reporters spent a good part of a morning at a press conference in the Mayor's office asking him variations of one question: How could he favor a bureaucratic resolution in which the only person who had risked his career trying to save children's lives ended up being the only person who was punished? LeMoyne and others mentioned the nine children who died while the bureaucracy looked the other way. The Mayor remained adamant. Two hours later, however, he called reporters back in to praise them for their "searching" questions, which had caused him to change his mind. Five years after Levin had first tried to arouse the concern of his superiors, and two years after his demotion, the whistle-blower would be restored to his former rank and pay level.

FOR all the Mayor's heavy responsibilities, he has found time lately for an occasional bit of fun and for rewarding travel. He has flown to at least ten cities, including Miami, Chicago, Houston, and Los Angeles, on various missions, including the pushing of "Mayor"—travels that gave Carol Bellamy an opportunity to announce that New Yorkers would be better off if, instead of peddling his book, he worried about the condition of the city's streets. The book obviously didn't require strenuous promotion. Soon after its February publication, it had a considerable run in first place on the *Times*' best-seller list. However, it was in second place on April 29th and in third the following week. On an earlier occasion, when

Think of all the great hotels
of the world.

Now add one more.

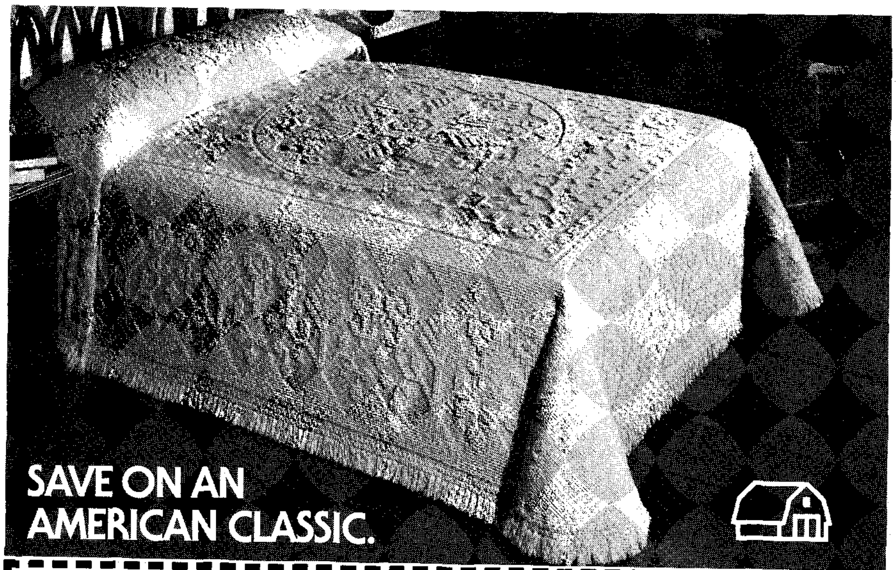


The Vancouver Mandarin

A member of Mandarin International Hotels Limited

The Vancouver Mandarin, 645 Howe Street (adjacent to Pacific Centre)
Vancouver, B.C. V6C 2Y9 Telephone (604) 687-1122 Telex 04-51179
Call your travel planner or toll free 1-800-663-0787 (Canada only)

The Leading Hotels of the World®



If you love the Colonial look, you'll love an American classic bedspread. It's 100% cotton, pre-shrunk with a durable knotted fringe. Authentic center medallion design. Available in natural or bleached. And right now, Carolina Colonial Barn is offering you a savings of 40%.

	SIZES	REG. COST	YOUR COST
TWIN	81 x 110	$ 70.00	**$39.99**
FULL	96 x 110	85.00	**49.99**
QUEEN	102 x 120	100.00	**59.99**
KING	120 x 120	120.00	**69.99**
CAL. KING	114 x 124	120.00	**69.99**
PILLOW SHAMS	20 x 26	30.00	**14.99**

NY

☐ Yes. I want to save 40% on American Classic.
Name__________
Address__________
City__________State_____Zip_____
☐ Master Card ☐ VISA
CARD NO.__________EXP. DATE_____
CHECK COLOR: ☐ Natural ☐ Bleached
QUANTITY-SIZE: _____Twin_____Full_____Queen
_____King_____Cal. King_____Pillow Shams
Send check or money order to: **Carolina Colonial Barn, P.O. Box 1151, Eden, N.C. 27288**
Add state sales tax where applicable. No shipping charge in Continental U.S.
To order by phone, call: **919-627-3444.**

COTTON TERRY
ROBE FOR ALL SIZES

Long sizes M, L, XL, XXL and regular sizes S, M, L, XL, XXL—this hefty all cotton terry robe has a size for everyone. Exceptionally soft, comfortable, absorbent. White, mid-blue or tan. S, M, L, XL, $48. XXL(50-52) and longs in M, L, XL, XXL, $57.

☐ *$3 enclosed for 1 year of catalogues.*

Phone Orders: (415) 397-7733

A1E214

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939

Mail Orders: No. 150, Post St., S.F. Ca 94108
Robe (79645A): Size______ Colour______
☐ Check ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Amer. Ex.
Card #______________ Expir.______
Add $2.75 ship., hdlg.; CA deliv. add tax.
Name__________________
Address__________________
______________ Zip______
____

San Francisco's favorite

small hotel. All new intimate European decor. Superb Union Square location. Continental breakfast included. Next to the Post Street Bar & Cafe.

(Brochure Available)

THE ANDREWS HOTEL
624 Post Street, San Francisco, CA 94109
415-563-6877 or Toll Free: 800-227-4742
In California: 800-622-0557
Operated by the Andrews Family

BARWA™
The Complete chair . . .
Recovers . . . Accessories

The world renown 2-position leisure chair that has given contoured comfort to millions indoors as well as outside. Feet up, head back . . . ah-h-h: tensions pass and the body totally relaxes. Order your own therapy today!

The Complete Barwa: thick-walled tubular aluminum frame with canvas cover (color choices below), springs to attach cover for a taut, perfect fit. Tip-proof 2-position base. Complete **$200.** ($12. fr.)

The Barwa Recover: welter-weight vat-dyed duck, fits all existing barwa frames. Natural, Brown, Terra Cotta, Hunter Green, Citron Yellow or Navy. Instructions included. **$49.95** ($3.95 postage each).

Set of Springs, $29.95 ($5. postage ea.)

Headrest Pillow: foam-filled, 22x11x2" thick, same colors as for covers. **$25.** ($2.95 postage ea.)

Exclusively ours. Now sold only thru the mails.

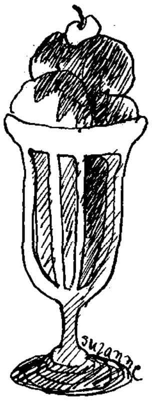
Catalog $1; satisfaction guaranteed. Send check, MO, MC, Visa or AX chg. (w/exp. date)

THE PATIO
P.O. Box 31118
Dept. NY514
San Francisco
Ca 94131

it fell to second place temporarily, Koch's comment was "It's a trauma." A man who clearly relishes his reputation for being able to manipulate the press, he told reporters who were standing around his office, "Write down 'trauma.' And write down 'the Mayor said jocularly,' " he said jocularly. In a Koch innovation that could set an interesting precedent in the publishing industry, he announced that he would add a chapter to the paperback edition in which he would attack individual critics who had reviewed his book unfavorably. "They like to dish it out—we'll see how well they can take it," said the author, of whom similar comments have been made.

This month, local television audiences can watch a public-service commercial featuring the Mayor and Mr. T, the menacing-looking figure from "The A-Team." The commercial shows a Hispanic couple being denied an apartment, and Mr. T thereupon bashing down the door and telling the cowering landlord, "You can't keep people out because of race, creed, national origin, color, sex, age, marital status, or handicap." The Mayor then rushes in, saying, "The T force will open doors for you." In the studio where the commercial was filmed, Koch told a large crowd of onlookers, "I'm under Mr. T's protection, and he's under my protection. You got two mean cats here." In a rather awkward development, the day after photos of the filming of the commercial appeared in local papers was also the day that New York State authorities accused the city of failing to comply with federal laws requiring that certain percentages of highway-repair jobs and contracts be awarded to minorities and to minority-owned companies. The state suspended payments to the city on two projects and threatened to remove all such federally funded enterprises from city control if its affirmative-action record didn't improve. Still, the state did not threaten to hire mean-cat Mr. T to read the riot act to the city's mayor. During the big budget week, Koch made a television commercial for the city's Off-Track Betting Corporation, in which listeners were urged to bet on the Kentucky Derby at offices of the OTB, some of whose revenues come to the city. In his TV pitch, the Mayor sang "My Old Kentucky Home," wearing an impish grin to remind listeners that the place where he was born—the Bronx—is nothing like the Bluegrass State. In recent weeks, the Mayor also played the role of a fight promoter in "Terrible Joe Moran," the television film starring James Cagney. His reviews were not uniformly good, but so far he has not proposed to buy network time to attack unenthusiastic critics to see if they can take it. There was less artistic challenge in another recent television assignment: he was invited to play the mayor of New York on the soap opera "All My Children"—a role he also fills in the new Muppets movie.

Koch recently played a critic of sorts himself, in a commercial for which he did not have to make a personal appearance. Jody Powell, Jimmy Carter's former press secretary, writes harshly of Koch in his new book, "The Other Side of the Story," assailing the Mayor for what he regards as his treacherous treatment of Carter in the 1980 Presidential campaign. (Koch doesn't speak well of Powell in "Mayor," either.) Comparing Koch unfavorably with Lester Maddox, the neo-Know-Nothing former Georgia governor, Powell wrote, "If I had to loan one five dollars or ask one to watch my house while I was on vacation, I'd go with Lester every time." When the passage was mentioned to him by a reporter, Koch said of Powell, "You know where he comes from, don't you? You wouldn't want to live there." That comment, delivered in Koch's unmistakable New York accent, is now part of a radio commercial for "The Other Side of the Story"—apparently on the ground that such an arrant appeal to regional prejudice could make the book appealing to book buyers in the Southern part of the country, which has regional prejudices of its own. Early this month, the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists announced that the Mayor had been getting so much work as a performer that he would have to obtain a union card, at a cost of six hundred dollars.



The day after the Mayor presented his full budget, which was a Friday, his schedule was not as crowded as it has been on many days lately. Friday events, after all, make the Saturday papers, which are the least read of the week. (For this very reason, of course, news that someone hopes will not be closely attended to is sometimes re-

T es ith cream.
er-Lapost
CREME
FRANCE
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
BOTTLED IN FRANCE
CREME
DE
Grand Marnier
Liqueur
34 Proof

For delivery a call 800 prohibited by law)

This is Minton. It says so on both sides.

The distinctive design on the face of a Minton bone china plate is as recognizable as the hallmark on the back. Our newest pattern "Consort," reflects an English tradition which began in 1793. For the complete Minton pattern brochure and historical booklet, send 50¢ to Minton, Dept. 737, 700 Cottontail Lane, Somerset, N.J. 08873. **Minton**

Member Royal Doulton Group

CONSORT
MINTON
1793
FINE BONE CHINA
MADE IN ENGLAND
© ROYAL DOULTON
TABLEWARE LTD 1981

leased on a Friday, preferably late in the afternoon. The Human Resources Administration had planned to release its report on the Levin charges at four-thirty on a Friday, until Michael Goodwin, the *Times* City Hall bureau chief, informed the Mayor's press office that reporters would properly interpret this as an attempted cover-up.) The Mayor's official public schedule that Friday began with a nine-forty-five press conference, at which he proclaimed New York Organ Donation Awareness Week and ended with a six-fifteen P.M. drop-in at a reception to celebrate the eighty-fifth anniversary of Catholic Charities. In between, there was a press conference with Senator D'Amato, another to present the members of Koch's new Commission to Study Special Education in the City, and still another—his fourth of the day—with City Hall reporters who wanted to know if he was serious about the plan to put the city's homeless on ships. He told them he was serious. There were also photo opportunities with members of the New York Housing Authority Police Department and with a delegation from the Firemen's Honor Legion. Along the way, as happens most days, there was a television appearance—in this case on a local call-in show—during which he could be sure that there would be numerous favorable references to his book, and there was an event that allowed him to refer to his prospective long tenure at City Hall. In midmorning, the Mayor had celebrated Arbor Day by joining Parks Commissioner Henry Stern and State Environmental Conservation Commissioner Henry Williams at a grassy spot a few hundred feet from City Hall and about the same distance from the Brooklyn Bridge. After some appropriate speeches, the men picked up shovels painted gold for the occasion and, for the photographers' benefit, shovelled some dirt on a small magnolia tree that had already been planted. Williams had brought a special gift for the Mayor—a Norway spruce about a foot tall. Koch told the crowd at the scene that although this was a personal gift for him, he would have it planted in City Hall Park, since, he said, perhaps jocularly, he expected to be mayor when the tree was big enough to serve as the city's official Christmas tree. Last year, the city tree was forty feet tall. According to the Parks Department, the little Norway spruce should reach that height in about forty years.
—ANDY LOGAN

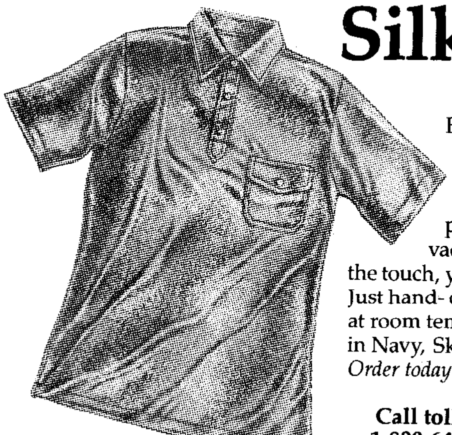
The beautiful look in home refrigeration

SUB-ZERO

SUB-ZERO FREEZER CO.
P.O. Box 4130
Madison, WI 53711
608/271-2233

send for colorful brochure

Elegant yet versatile, the all refrigerator and all freezer Sub-Zero models featured above are true built-ins that fit flush with base cabinets. Providing a combined storage capacity of 41 cu. ft., these like all Sub-Zero built-in units will blend with any interior by accepting front and side panels to complement any decor. Other combination models, up to 31 cubic feet, are available including side-by-side, over-n-under in widths of 30″ to 48″. Sub-Zero also offers several undercounter models and ice-makers. All units are factory tested for total performance. Available in Canada.



Silk Polo Shirts!

For men and women

For golf, tennis, sailing . . . and weekends. A classic summer shirt in our softest 100% pure knitted silk. Generously cut, luxuriously cool in warm weather. 3-button placket and front button pocket. Great for vacations or traveling. Knitted silk is delicate to the touch, yet superbly long lasting. Easy to care for, too: Just hand- or machine wash, like wool. Dries overnight at room temperature. Men's/Ladies' S–XL unisex sizes in Navy, Sky Blue, Maroon and dazzling Kelly Green. *Order today!*

$26.95 ea.
in quantities of 2 or more
1 for $28.50
Price guaranteed to May 30, 1984

Call toll-free:
1-800-648-7455
Alaska, Hawaii or Wisconsin:
1-608-241-2225

	S	M	L	XL
Men's	34-36	38-40	42-44	46-48
Ladies'	8-10	12-14	16-18	20

Guarantee: If not fully satisfied, return in as-new condition within 30 days of our shipping date for exchange, credit or refund of item purchase price (S & H charge not refundable). Sorry, we do not accept C.O.D. packages.

Qty.	Size	1st Color Choice	2nd Color Choice	Description	Price Each	Total
				Silk "Polo Shirts" (Navy, Sky Blue, Maroon, Kelly Green)	$26.95 / $28.50	
				Silk "Prospector Shirts" (not shown—Navy or Fuchsia)	$29.50	

☐ Check ☐ Visa ☐ Master Card ☐ Amer. Exp.

Shipping and Handling	$3.25
5% Tax for Wis. Addresses	
Total Enclosed	

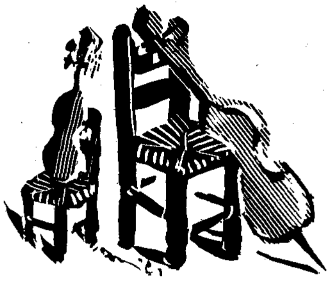
Card No. __________
We ship UPS whenever possible. Be sure to give your complete street address.
Exp. ______
Name __________
Address __________
City __________ State ______ Zip ______

The White Pine Company 2038 Pennsylvania Ave., Dept. D62, Madison, WI 53704

MUSICAL EVENTS

Voices of Rome

TWO seventeenth-century Roman sopranos have been in the news lately: Marc'Antonio Pasqualini and Loreto Vittori. Both began their careers as choirboys and went on to fame in Urban VIII's papal choir and also on the operatic stage—notably in the splendid productions of Cardinal Antonio Barberini, Urban's nephew. They seem to have been the Faustina and Cuzzoni or Callas and Tebaldi of their day, their names linked in several memoirs. John Evelyn, in his diary, placed Pasqualini first in his list of Rome's "chiefe Masters of Music," and Vittori second. But when Luigi Rossi's seven-hour Ariosto opera "Il Palazzo Incantato" was presented at the Barberini theatre, in 1642, Vittori (the Angelica), not Pasqualini (the Bradamante), was adjudged the star of the show.



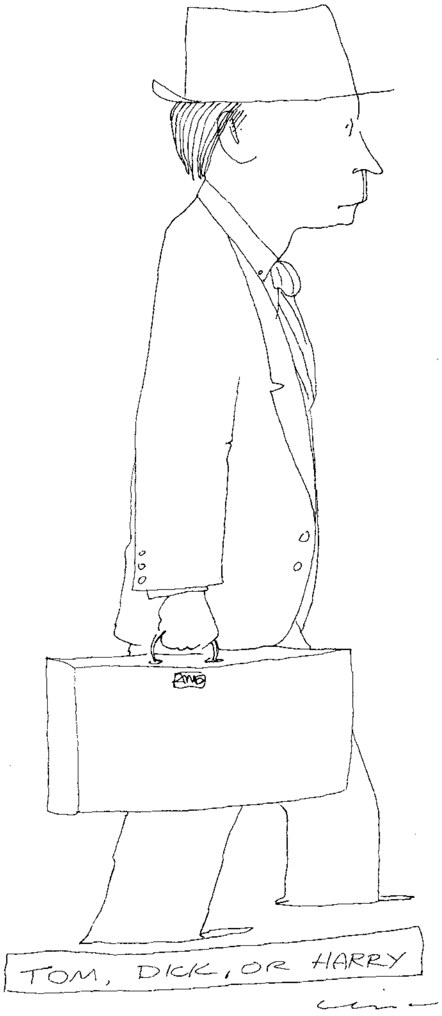
Pasqualini, born in Rome in 1614, was the younger of the two singers, and a favorite of Antonio Barberini. One day when Vittori complained it was so cold in St. Peter's that he had no spirit to sing, Pasqualini had simply skipped the service and was elsewhere with his "Signor Cardinal Protettore;" Margaret Murata, in a 1980 *Analecta Musicologica* article, records this and other occasions (noted in the Sistine Chapel *Diario*) when Pasqualini showed up late or not at all and often gave as an excuse that he was otherwise engaged with the Cardinal. (They seem to have been a lively bunch, these papal choristers; the soprano Angelo Ferrotti—he played the allegorical figure of Magic in "Il Palazzo Incantato"—once "with his wonted merriment" provoked a shocking outburst of giggles during the recessional.) Iconography as well as documents and the music written by and for these seventeenth-century musicians helps to bring them to life. The Metropolitan Museum has recently acquired the celebrated and splendid life-size portrait of Pasqualini painted by Andrea Sacchi. Pasqualini (who was short, and once referred to "my genius contained within a small frame") stands on the left of the picture, looking out at the spectator with calm, confident intelligence in his clear features. A leopard skin is draped over his white surplice; his right hand rests on the keyboard of a clavicytherium, or upright harpsichord. A tall, blond nude Apollo, derived from the Belvedere figure, stands center, a lyre in his left hand, in his right a laurel wreath, which he holds above Pasqualini's head. On the right, an open-mouthed, discomfited Marsyas is bound to a tree. The prospect behind may be of the Alban hills. In the February *Early Music*, Terence Ford assembles some facts about the picture and follows Sacchi's biographer Ann Harris in suggesting that Giulio Rospigliosi (the librettist of "Il Palazzo Incantato," and later Pope Clement IX) was probably its original owner. It seems to me a thoroughly Barberini picture in scale, spirit, and detailed content. A black-and-white reproduction in *Early Music* gives but small idea of its strange, arresting power.

Pasqualini left nearly fifty solo cantatas, "in which more grace and facility appear than force and learning" (Burney's History), "which excel in grace and charm" (Gloria Rose in the New Grove). Those I have seen are indeed graceful and charming. Vittori (who was born in Spoleto in 1600 and as a boy sang in the cathedral there when the future Urban VIII was bishop) composed on a larger scale, but the music of all save one of his dramatic works has been lost. The survivor is the opera "La Galatea," published in Rome in 1639, with a dedication to Antonio Barberini. No evidence of a Roman performance survives, but it was produced in Naples in 1644, and it was produced in New York last month and this by the Mannes Camerata, in Christ Church United Methodist, a picturesque building on Park Avenue. "La Galatea" has had a good press through the centuries. In 1711, Andrea Adami, a papal soprano and a music historian, told of its success, and Burney's History has kept the report before the eyes of opera lovers. In 1921, the French musicologist Romain Rolland called it "the finest lyric drama of the first half of the seventeenth century"—a remark given prominence in Donald Grout's "Short History of Opera," where it has astonished generations of Monteverdi admirers. In 1939, the Italian musicologist Francesco Vatielli called it "one of the best examples of Roman seventeenth-century opera, for its magnificent scenario, the deftness of the scenic action, the happy distribution of solo arias and ensembles, the effective use of choral sections," and continued, "The last act is a true masterpiece for its nobility of expression and grandeur of design." His observations were given prominence in Loewenberg's "Annals of Opera." And the New Grove tells us that on occasion Vittori surpassed Monteverdi: "Vittori's recitative style is, on the whole, blander than those of Peri and Monteverdi, but moments such as Galatea's [*recte*, Acis'] lament 'Pur mi lasci, crudele' (in Act 3 scene i) are more intense." All this made one eager to hear the piece. The Mannes performance was no disappointment.

Vittori, his own librettist, seems to have made a conscious attempt at a "reform" opera: a return to tight, moving music drama such as Peri's "Euridice" (1600; produced by the Mannes Camerata last year), Monteverdi's "Orfeo," and Gagliano's "Dafne" (1608; produced by the Camerata in 1982) had been—in contrast to spectacular extravaganzas such as "Il Palazzo Incantato." The plot is the familiar one told by Ovid and treated by Handel—the Galatea-Acis-Polyphemus triangle—with the addition of Venus and Cupid and of Cloris (an elderly nymph) and Lucindo (a young shepherd) as participants in the action. Neptune, Jove, and Proteus also put in appearances. The chorus plays sylvans, tritons, and satyrs. The plot spans a day by the Sicilian shore, below Mount Etna. Verbal and musical imagery are vivid; the immortals seem to arrive as embodiments both of smiling, bounteous Nature and of forces within human nature which move men and women to enjoyment or, beneath lust's lash, to perfidy and unkindness. At the start, Acis and Galatea meet eagerly in the sparkling dawn; but Galatea reveals the vein of swift jealousy that (in Vittori's version of the tale) precipitates the tragedy. At the close—after misunderstandings, murder, metamorphosis, and reconciliation—Acis and Galatea join with Proteus in a serene sunset trio. The music is varied in tone—tender, sensuous, merry, poignant, angry—and in its vocal textures. The alternation of dramatic declamation with aria, strophic set piece, or chorus is sure. The emotional climax is "Pur mi lasci." (It was sung with feeling by William Mitchell.) Galatea, too easily persuaded that Acis is untrue, has spurned him cruelly; the faithful, bewildered youth pours out his grief and swoons beneath the weight of it. There follows a monologue for Polyphemus—a little absurd (the Cyclops has combed and adorned his shaggy locks, and trimmed his beard, for Galatea's sake), a little touching, and more than a little alarming in its portrayal of impatient brute violence. Polyphemus comes upon Acis' senseless form and crushes him beneath a rock. The opera moves to its close with a great exequy—choruses and solos as character after character joins the company—enshrining an impassioned lament from Galatea. The flow of music passes, at Jove's decree, into Acis' fluvial transformation and to rejoicing. The physical aspect of the tale—Galatea, a water nymph, can now bathe in her lover, and he envelop her—receives more sensual expression than in any other handling I know. All in all, "La Galatea" is the work of a highly intelligent dramatist and composer, alert both to theatrical technique and to psychological nuance. Martin Morrell, in a program note for the Mannes production, suggests that Cupid would have been Vittori's role had he taken part in a performance. It is more tempting to cast him as Galatea—his singing of a plaint of Mary Magdalen was famous—and the saucy little Pasqualini as Cupid, the breaker of hearts.

The performance was staged and conducted by Paul Echols, the director of the Mannes Camerata, and his presentation was imaginative. Ralph Adam Cram's Christ Church (1932), romantic-Romanesque in manner, is aptly described by the A.I.A. Guide as "an archeological and eclectic stage set." Before the opera began, conches sounded on all sides from the shadows, heralding the arrival of Neptune, who prefaces the opera with a plot summary in five strophes. The band was a consort of strings (both violin and viol families) and organ on one side; on the other, a continuo group of lutes, harp, and harpsichord, with recorders, flutes, shawms, dulcians, a cornet, a sackbut, and percussion to color the various episodes appropriately. The singing, acting, playing, and dancing were, by and large, modestly accomplished—stylish in manner and good enough in execution to let the work come through. The piece was sung in Italian; a bilingual libretto was provided.

THE concerts of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center (sometimes dubbed the Sight-Reading Society of Lincoln Center), in Alice Tully Hall, have seldom in my experience maintained a consistently high level, although individual works on a program have on occasion been well performed, with character and conviction. On the whole, the fare has been agreeable and unexacting, offered to an unexigent audience by expert players functioning at reduced voltage. I simply stopped going, preferring to pick out any works or performers of special interest from the WNYC broadcasts of the concerts (at noon on Sundays) and to listen to the masterpieces of the chamber repertory in a chamber more intimate than Tully Hall, performed by artists playing as if their lives, and not simply a livelihood, depended on the result. But the Society looms large on the New York scene: fourteen programs (thirty-five concerts) a season; occasional repeats in Washington; occasional previews elsewhere; nationwide broadcasts. Three premières—commissions from John McCabe, John Harbison, and Ellen Taaffe Zwilich—appear on the 1984-1985 bill. The Society can't just be ignored. I attended the final program, last month, of the 1983-84 season, which was played by the Emerson String Quartet. (In 1982, the Society decided to engage a quartet-in-residence, instead of entrusting a major part of the chamber repertory to ad-hoc foursomes drawn from the team of Society players, and chose the Emerson.) The concert began with Mozart's late C-Major Quartet, the "Dissonanzen," K. 465. I like the Emerson's thin, refined tone, its careful balance, and its elegant sense of rhythm. I admired those qualities when it played the "Dissonanzen" in Tully Hall five years ago, the year after it won the Naumburg, but complained then that the reading lacked force, that even in violent episodes it remained gentle to the point of blandness. Nothing much had changed: once again the dynamic contrasts were reduced; once again we glided over the grit that should make the work ever-startling.



There followed the première of George Tsontakis's String Quartet, commissioned by the Society. It's a four-movement piece, entitled "Emerson"—not with any Transcendentalist intent, it seems, but simply for its first performers. In a program note, the composer described his work as "severely introspective, consistent with a clear reaction to our times; unleashed, relentless, with no editing or tempering of fears and frustrations save careful thought to balance and form." I couldn't engage with it at all—it seemed to me a construction, not an eloquent work of art. But I'll give it another try when it's broadcast. The second movement made interesting sounds: Beethoven's "Muss es sein?" question, posed here by viola and cello, was answered by faint, glinting strains from the violins, damped by metal practice mutes ("like stars" is the instruction in the score), while viola and cello, sometimes in octaves, sometimes diverging, continued a dramatic recitative.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

A brand new elegant group of 12 luxury 2 bedroom 2 bath condominiums overlooking one of the Caribbean's most breathtaking view including stove, refrigerator, dishwasher.—*Adv. in the St. Thomas (V.I.) Daily News.*

We know that view.

BOOKS

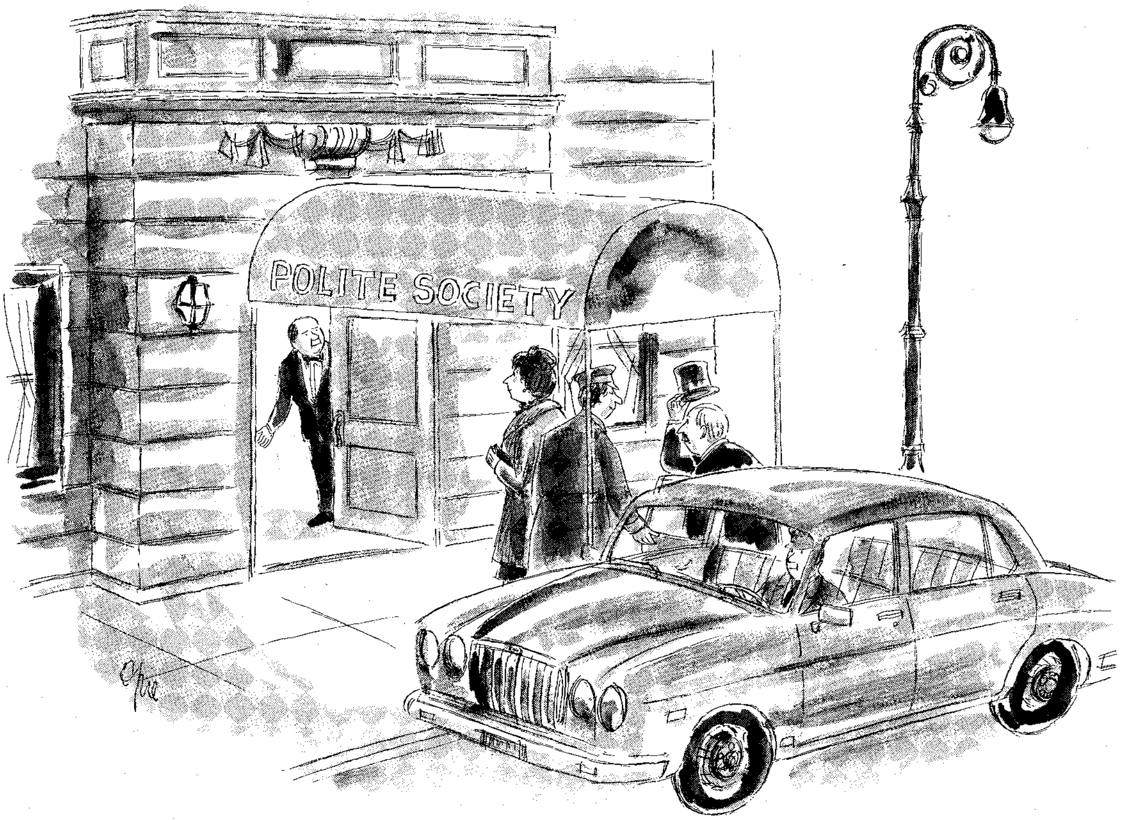
Chronicles of Love and Loss

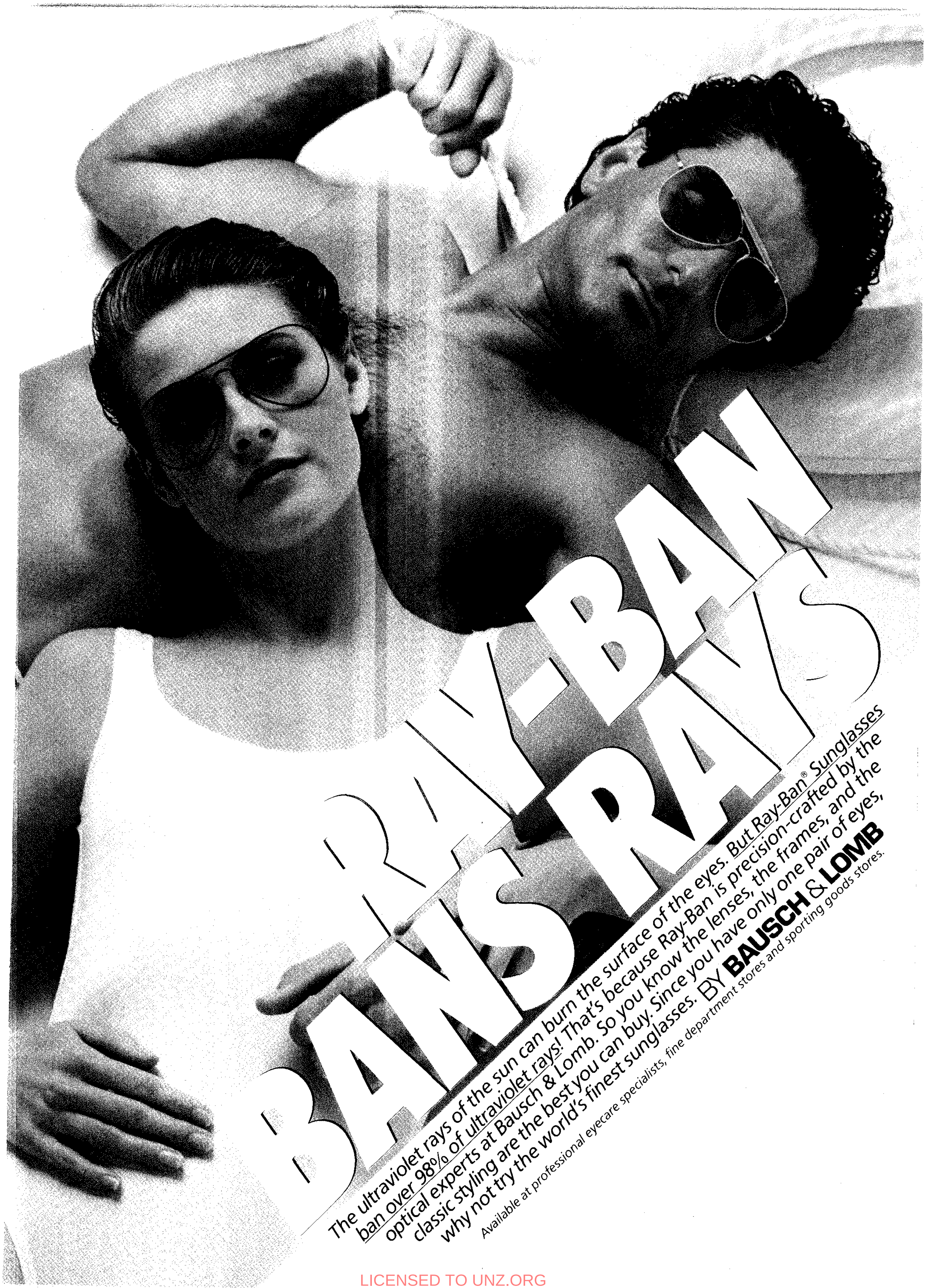
“From the First Nine: Poems 1946-1976” (Atheneum; $20), by James Merrill, brings together the poems Merrill has decided to save (a few of them reworked) from thirty years of writing. They are as ravishing in the rereading as in the reading. (Atheneum has also issued Merrill’s complete trilogy-in-verse, “The Changing Light at Sandover,” but since the trilogy has received the lion’s share of attention I am confining myself here to the lyrics, Merrill’s “chronicles of love and loss,” which in any case I prefer.) Eventually, there will be a “Collected Poems,” with variants and juvenilia and a chronology; even now there is a need for a concordance; but, putting scholarly wishes aside, one can have no complaints with such a profusion of deeply satisfying work.

In spite of Merrill’s limits, real or putative (of which more later), no reader of this book can depart from it without a sense of a firmly idiosyncratic poet writing at the top of his form ever since his twenties. Merrill’s own metaphors for his work, which are unusually discerning ones, suggest that it is a festive combination of a banquet, a son et lumière, a theatrical performance, a travel narrative, and an embrace. The “sense of the sleight-of-hand man,” to use Stevens’ phrase, accompanies Merrill’s lines. Often, perhaps even too often, Merrill refuses the potential transparency of the written word, and reminds his readers that this is writing they are reading, not a window they are privileged to see through. This is in part a form of honesty but in part also a defense against the magic realism of writing. In his attacks of honesty, Merrill would almost have us believe that there is something of chicanery in all fictions, and that the more realistic the fiction the more suspect it becomes. In his cruellest exposure of the mimetic “charade” of art, Merrill describes an entire fake tribal childbirth that was staged for him and another credulous foreigner in Isfahan: they watch while in the dark the “mother” shrieks in pain; then she rises, totters forward with a swaddled shape in her arms. But this “mother” is a male house servant, the “baby” is the house puppy, and the impresario of this trick is Merrill’s host (for whom the poem, “Chimes for Yahya,” is an elegy). If this episode exposes an unexpected barbarity in the otherwise sophisticated host, it is no more, Merrill suggests, than the barbarity of the author of any fiction, who would have us believe that he is feeling pain or giving birth when in reality he is concocting puns.

Merrill’s “postmodernist” insistence on the conscious artificiality of his art is one way of avoiding bad faith and illusionist deception, and it is by no means a postmodernist invention, since Merrill’s version of it comes straight out of Byron’s “Don Juan.” However, Merrill has it both ways—by also representing himself, over and over, as the erotic innocent who is taken in yet once more by the heart’s deceptions. Or, at least, such was his characteristic posture well into his forties. It may remind some readers of George Herbert’s recurrent portrait of himself as the naïve sinner who, though he knows better, falls again and again into vanity and sin. Like Merrill, Herbert lets his reader know, by his intricate verse texture and his backward looks, that writing is art’s jewelled reprise of life’s bloody page; such self-conscious artists are especially unsettling to readers who want art to offer them the pleasure of dissolving in an (apparently unmediated) alternative experience.

No doubt we all begin as naïve consumers of art, and there are certainly versions of every art which exist to provide direct substitutive experience. But every art, not only literature, has an inescapable reflexivity built into its constituting medium. Sculpture, the most mimetic of the arts, is—in a shock frequently exploited thematically by sculpture itself—unmoving and cold to the touch, thereby belying its imitation of flesh; painting, by its frequent incorporation of maps, windows, and mirrors,





The ultraviolet rays of the sun can burn the surface of the eyes. But Ray-Ban® Sunglasses ban over 98% of ultraviolet rays! That's because Ray-Ban is precision-crafted by the optical experts at Bausch & Lomb. So you know the lenses, the frames, and the classic styling are the best you can buy. Since you have only one pair of eyes, why not try the world's finest sunglasses. BY **BAUSCH & LOMB**

Available at professional eyecare specialists, fine department stores and sporting goods stores.

SEIKO
QUARTZ
WED 2
SPORTS
100
SEIKO
QUARTZ
WED 2

Making news:
The rich look. The racy look. The Seiko look.

Designs as different as day and night. Sharing the flair, the famous technology that will let them outlive fashion to be elegant for all time. The Sports 100s, hers the first ever for women. Bold, black, dramatic. Water-tested to 300 feet. The gleaming Ultra-Thins with finely woven bracelets—triumphs of workmanship. They join the most sought-after watch collection in the world. You get the best of Seiko only where you see this sign.

SEIKO
AUTHORIZED DEALER

SEIKO
Setting the standard for the world, for the future.

For free Seiko color brochure write to Seiko Time Corporation, Dept. NY-1114, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019

reflects on its own impenetrable plane; music, by its occasional departures into narrative "program," places more plainly in relief its basic programlessness, its own independent, intramusical code. Of all the arts, though, literature is the least susceptible to unreflective versions of itself, since its medium, language, is the medium by which we do our second-order thinking about primary-level experience, or, to put it differently, the medium by which we constitute the flux of first-order perceptions.

Most of the resistance to Merrill comes from those who hate reflexivity in art, and its attendant irony. When the sleight-of-hand man unmasks his effect, the spectator is offended; when irony becomes "camp" (that is, disintegrative and humorous, and even arch), it causes real discomfort to the earnest reader, who is far more receptive to sardonic or vengeful forms of irony than to airy and self-deprecating ones. Merrill's case, for these readers, is not helped by what they are likely to refer to as his tendency to "coterie verse," by which they mean a verse freely referring to anything Merrill happens to have seen or read about—chiefly things they have neither read about nor seen. The discreet but open references to homosexuality make yet other readers uneasy, and the absence of any but casual references to world events makes some readers suspect that Merrill is not serious. Our American sense of poetry is still deeply Arnoldian, and Arnoldian poetry does not flaunt its own confection. Merrill, for better or worse, takes his constitution as a writer from his habit of going in and out of his illusionist effects while, as a character in his own fictions, he falls in and out of love, hope, travel, and belief. The two phases are roughly proportional: the medium is "transparent" during sensual, religious, or intellectual intoxication but becomes "opaque" and "visible" in the aftermath, when analysis succeeds experience.

The typical curve of experience in Merrill follows the pattern of Romantic illusion and disillusion which we know at its bitterest in "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." But because Merrill is, unlike Keats, a poet of comic and social forms, the castles in air so catastrophically destroyed often take on the brittle or dissolving atmosphere of ironic comedy. In this characteristic passage, for example, a withered romantic past briefly dreams itself alive again and then declines into a dry Hardyesque toast to the future:

> Book by loaf a whole life dreams
>   itself
> From the foundation, from that
>   withered rose
> Mounted in antlers, up past the first
>   morning
> Glory's grasp of lightning rod,
> Labor, cost, frostbite, bedazzlement,
> Down to the last friend's guitar and
>   stories,
> Name called in sleep, fingers
>   unclenching
> In a long bath, its tepid amber inch
> And dry bouquet—the future,
>   gentlemen!

This headlong collapse represents Merrill's knowingness, an aspect of his work necessarily more apparent in age: "Tomorrow's cabin, who knows where, will seem/ A shade sobered." But an opposite tendency—to warm the past in his hands until it shines, glows, and lives again—is equally strong in Merrill, and becomes the source of a powerful tenderness.

"Lost in Translation" (1976), Merrill's most brilliant recent lyric, brings together with remarkable ease his detached reflectiveness and his lyric kindling of the past; as he often does, he moves serenely in and out of rhyme. In this mid-length poem (six pages), Merrill can bring into play his gift for a rich contextual fabric—here the fabric of Merrill's own half-privileged, half-impoverished childhood as the son of rich but often absent parents. Alone for a summer with his half-German, half-English governess—she is the widow of a Frenchman and is herself pretending to be French, because this is 1939—he awaits the arrival of a promised rental puzzle ("a thousand hand-sawn/ Sandal-scented pieces"). Finally, it comes, and he and his polyglot Mademoiselle put it together, musing over its many shaped pieces: "witch on broomstick, ostrich, hourglass"—the limited repertoire of the puzzlemaker. Eventually, in a process recalling the way in which words with identities of their own become subsumed in the verbal universe of the poem, these shaped pieces lose their anterior identity as they become part of the blue sky or the yellow tent of the puzzle. The subject of the puzzle (as of all art) is scandalous: something about "a Sheik with beard/ And flashing sword hilt" and "a dark-eyed woman veiled in mauve," who is arriving to join his harem—"hardly a proper subject for the Home." The world of sheik and houri (part of that Byronic Orientalism which Merrill adopts as an alternative to both America and Europe) is summoned up in a passage of elegant *aaba* quatrains, marked by a reduction in scale alerting us to a framed "view"—"that piece of Distance deep in which lies hid/ Your tiny apex sugary with sun,/ Eternal Triangle, Great Pyramid!" Dynasties dwindle to the tiny compass of the eye in this poem-within-a-poem, the visual puzzle within the verbal puzzle. The puzzle picture is itself the reduction of a history painting by "a minor lion attending on Gérôme," that painting, in turn, the miniaturization of a full-scale event in life. Even words on a page are not the ultimate reduction, Merrill suggests, as he recalls a poem by Valéry translated by Rilke (and later translated by Merrill himself), a poem about a coconut palm. In order to be faithful to the outline and meaning of the poem, Rilke, in translating into German, had to strip the poem of its alluring Romance words; and this process mimics the translation—by Merrill himself, among others—of life into art:

>   [I] know
> How much of the sun-ripe original
> Felicity Rilke made himself forego
> (Who loved French words—verger,
>   mûr, parfumer)
> In order to render its underlying
>   sense.
> Know already in that tongue of his
> What Pains, what monolithic
>   Truths
> Shadow stanza to stanza's
>   symmetrical
> Rhyme-rutted pavement. Know that
>   ground plan left
> Sublime and barren, where the warm
>   Romance
> Stone by stone faded, cooled; the
>   fluted nouns
> Made taller, lonelier than life
> By leaf-carved capitals in the after-
>   glow.
> The owlet umlaut peeps and hoots
> Above the open vowel. And after
>   rain
> A deep reverberation fills with stars.

The bittersweet afterglow of cooled passion, where tears turn to stars, represents for Merrill a danger that he does not always avoid—the danger of the sentimental or the self-enhancing. But it is easy, remembering the sentiment, to forget Merrill's harsher side, his irritable moments of contemptuous self-exposure. The commerce of his "love" with bribery is not omitted, for instance. In another poem, Merrill's Greek ex-lover, once the blindness of romance has died, is rendered in full vulgarity, exposing his greed and Merrill's mortification:

> "Remember what you wrote
> *In answer to my asking for a loan?*
> I tore up your address—though you
> were right!—
> Then sold the cufflinks and the
> black trenchcoat."

And the whole transaction of "love" is summoned up in the central aphorism of "Days of 1964":

> Her face was painted
> Clown-white, white of the moon by
> daylight,
> Lidded with pearl, mouth a poinsettia
> leaf,
> *Eat me, pay me*—the erotic mask
> Worn the world over by illusion
> To weddings of itself and simple need.

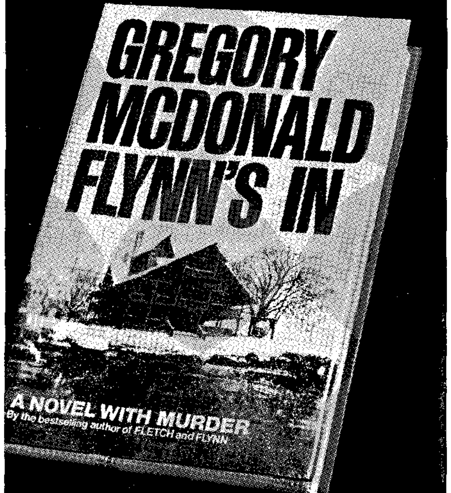
Passages like these are Merrill's armor against melting remembrance.

Merrill's poetry is unashamedly literary. For all its allusions to foreigners (Proust, Cavafy, Rilke, Valéry, Baudelaire, Goethe, and so on), it is squarely English and American (out of Herbert, Pope, Byron, Auden, Eliot, and James). Until recently, Merrill lived for part of each year in Greece, and his international self ("exotic at home and American abroad," he once said in an interview) gives him somewhat the air of one of James' shocked innocents abroad. (One poem is called "Flying from Byzantium," as though that were what any respectable American would do, no matter what golden Irish poets might recommend.) But an effervescent Byronic comic relish of social variety tends to mitigate the corruption of the Old World. These qualities are mixed in Merrill with an Audenesque love of aphorism, a punning wit that would not be out of place in "The Rape of the Lock," and a Herbertian plangency; when these notes are sounded in sequence or almost in unison, the mixture becomes less any of its elements and more a new compound, which we can call Merrillesque. This style is sometimes too gently tempered, or too precious in its pathos; it has, in short, the defects of its manners. It wants to be, above all, courteous, and not to have the sun go down on its wrath. There is a mention of tirades torn up and never sent; tirades are outside the aesthetic of Merrill's verse—they would break its eardrums. The lessons of his trilogy, he writes with self-deprecating modesty,

TOMORROW I DIE
By Mickey Spillane
The first book in 10 years from the author of 6 of the top 7 all-time mystery best sellers! A chilling short novel plus the only Mike Hammer short story—and even one that stars Spillane himself.
$14.95

LEVINE
By Donald E. Westlake
Author of THE HOT ROCK
Abe Levine—a Brooklyn detective whose good heart is in bad condition—confronts the deadly forces around him and the dying force within.
$14.95

"A SMALL MASTERPIECE
of macabre wit and screaming tensions"
–Publishers Weekly



FLYNN'S IN by Gregory Mcdonald, Author of FLETCH and FLYNN. No hero is in like Inspector Francis Xavier Flynn. Now Flynn's in hardcover for the first time in the U.S., uncovering a murderous coverup among the nation's elite. $15.95

Discover the clue to great mysteries.
MYSTERIOUS PRESS
DISTRIBUTED BY FARRAR STRAUS GIROUX

Can't Lose Weight?

You try diet after diet, and nothing works. Those last pounds just won't come off, so you give up. Again.

Recent research has indicated that irregular metabolism can inhibit and even prevent weight loss. At the Behavioral Institute, we know exactly how the metabolism functions and how to regulate it through self-management and nutritional education. The result of this is a definitive book on the subject, **The Hilton Head Metabolism Diet.**

Learn a lifetime of good habits in our 26-day program. Call for more information.

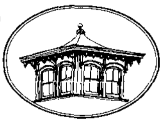
The Sea Pines Behavioral Institute
Dept. NYR
Sea Pines Resort, Hilton Head Island, SC 29928
(803) 671-6181

24K GOLD PLATED BLAZER BUTTONS

Distinguish your blazer. Superbly crafted reproductions of Bengal Lancers, (British India). Israeli Defence Force, Israeli Sharpshooter's Badge Button, Royal Flying Corps (England). Also sports designs; golf, hunt, polo, sail, yacht. Satisfaction guaranteed. $40.00 U.S. duty and postage included. Cuff-link Set $22.00 U.S. Cheque, Money Order, American Express (Send Credit Card Number and Expiry Date). Indicate style and number of sets required.
Each set includes 3 large, 6 small buttons.

HISTORICAL EMBLEM SOCIETY
1155 Sherbrooke Street West, Suite 1407, Dept #4
Montreal, Quebec H3A 2W1

A Country Getaway
Just 40 minutes from Manhattan, the world is greening. Greet spring at The Homestead Inn. Superlative French cuisine and 13 of the most charming guestrooms in New England.



THE HOMESTEAD INN
420 Field Point Road
Greenwich, Connecticut
(203) 869-7500

Lello Ristorante
"A Fine Balance of Northern and Southern Italian Specialties . . . Polished and Sophisticated."
NY Times March 19, 1982, By Mimi Sheraton
Private Room For Parties
65 East 54th St., NYC • Tel. 751-1555

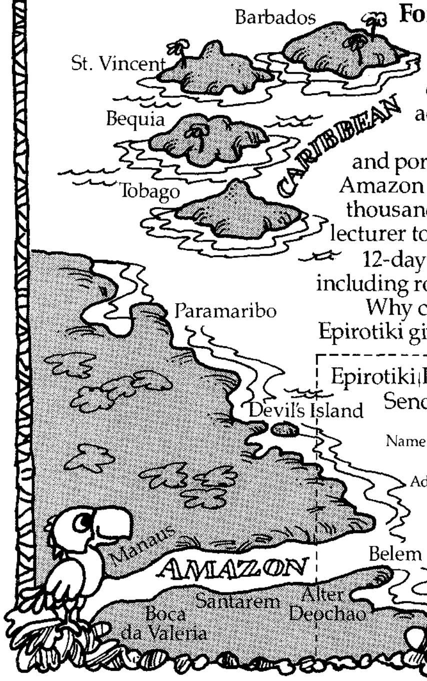
are given "at the salon level;" and conversation—Merrill's model for this exquisitely written verse—can only be conducted "at the salon level" as well.

There are, of course, other dimensions to poetic utterance—prophecy, meditation, commination, and so on—but these are not the languages one uses to a moral and social equal. Merrill presumes a listener with whom the only possible wavelength of communication is the assumption of perfect equality. (In this, he is far more "democratic" than many of our hortatory poets, who presume to tell us our sins.) In a sense, Merrill can tell his reader nothing that the reader does not already know, and this tone is a great compliment to us. We are meant to understand the jokes, the puns, the allusions, and the level of experience invoked. We are not being exhorted, instructed, or condemned; we are being conversed with. The effect of reading Merrill's lyrics—so companionable, so touching, so vivid—is to make many other poets seem either loud and brutal, on the one hand, or parsimonious and pallid, on the other.

Merrill's language, always witty and mercurial, has become denser and less explicitly "pretty" over the years. There are several interestingly "difficult" poems in the later books, daunting, or even confusing, at first reading (though lucid, I find, in the long run). A few of these dense poems have American settings, as though Wyoming or New Mexico—those unfamiliar and harsh landscapes—provoked a new tension in rendering. I prefer these poems ("In Nine Sleep Valley," "Under Libra: Weights and Measures") to ones that too predictably melt to a reconciling sunset. To draw the poem out to an elegiac sweetness of sleep, or music, or twilight has been Merrill's temptation in closure, but these poems resist sweetness. It may be true that "all things in time grow musical," but they should not do so too soon. Merrill is, of course, ahead of us in self-criticism—as in the excellent poem "Yánnina," where in a magician's tent a woman is sawed in two and then miraculously emerges whole:

> A glittering death
> Is hefted, swung. The victim smiles
> consent.
> To a sharp intake of breath she
> comes apart . . .
> Then to a general exhalation heals
> Like anybody's life.

In his trilogy, Merrill has taken more time with what does not heal,

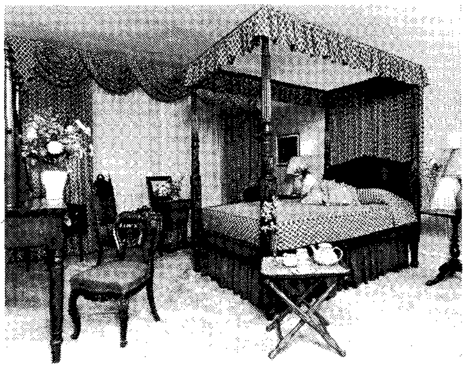


THE CARIBAZON CRUISE

For the price of the Caribbean, Epirotiki also gives you the Amazon.
Next winter, Epirotiki combines the height of luxury in the Caribbean with high adventure on the fascinating Amazon.
You'll call at the choicest tropical islands and ports. Then cruise a thousand miles up the fabled Amazon with its breathtaking fauna and flora, its thousand years of history and legend. With an expert lecturer to help you capture every engrossing moment.
12-day cruises begin Dec. 22, 1984 from $1,850 including roundtrip airfare.
Why consider an ordinary Caribbean cruise when Epirotiki gives you the Caribazon?

Epirotiki Lines, 551 5th Ave., New York, NY 10176
Send color brochure at once.
Name
Address
City/State/Zip
Travel Agent
NY-5/21/84

EPIROTIKI
A WORLD OF CRUISES.
A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE.



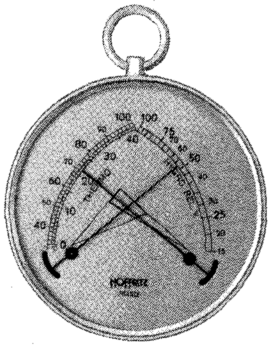
The American Stanhope

The American Stanhope Hotel stands at the foot of Museum Mile on Fifth Avenue. Each newly redecorated room is furnished with original 19th Century art and antiques. *Saratoga* (the restaurant); *Red Jacket* (the bar); *The Furnished Room* (for tea); and *The Terrace*—New York's first outdoor cafe. Also are *Santa Fe, Topeka, Atchison* and *Wichita* for private parties and meetings.
Complimentary mid-town limousine service weekdays from 7:30-10:30 a.m.

Corporate and private leases available monthly or yearly.

995 Fifth Avenue, across from the Metropolitan
Museum of Art, New York, N.Y. 10028, 212-288-5800
800-847-8483 • Cable Address: HOPESTAND
Telex: 224244

MAKE SOMEONE COMFORTABLE.



The Hoffritz Comfort Meter (71811) **$15.00**

Our comfort meter lets you know if the temperature and humidity are correctly balanced, so you save energy and feel better. It's a real precision instrument. Like everything else from Hoffritz.

HOFFRITZ®
PRECISELY

Mail Order: Shipping & handling: $2.50 per order. Add area sales tax. AE/MC/Visa/Diners/CB/Choice. Hoffritz. **Dept. C700,** 515 W. 24th St., New York, N.Y. 10011. **Call toll-free:** 1-800-972-1000, 24 hours a day. At all HOFFRITZ FOR CUTLERY stores.

notably death, and yet his prolongation of death into an afterlife of high conversation (the past recaptured) serves also to refuse the tragic, re-forming it into the comic pathetic and the vivacious sublime of divine comedy. Just as his buoyant sense of life—helplessly buoyant, even against his will—rebukes the gloom of much writing, so he is himself rebuked, externally, by the pure abruptness of tragedy, which refuses to have dealings with the social, and instead deals with absolutes. Tragedy and comedy cannot cohabit, because they are mutually displacing or alternative modes. There is no sustained tragedy in Merrill, though there is a great deal of pathos, together with tragic moments encapsulated in the general comedy.

As a historian of the phases of sensuality, Merrill is unequalled in our century. His best poetry (a prism of the opalescent spectrum of the sensual) describes moments so elusive to specification that his having found a music for them is a genuinely startling act. Episodes of intense sensation are extinguished as passion but sustained as art. Flashing with ironies and inventions, rapid in movement, intricate in language, these poems dazzle before they convince, and convince, subsequently, because of their dazzle (the right way for a poem to work). In "Willowware Cup," for instance, love undergone becomes a tattoo

like ink in flesh, blue anchor

Needled upon drunkenness while its
  destroyer
Full steam departs, the stigma
  throbbing, intricate—

Only to blend into a crazing texture.

In "Syrinx," art is like a flute passage

Whose silvery breath-tarnished tones
No longer rivet bone and star in place

Or keep from shriveling, leather
  round a stone,
The sunbather's precocious apricot

Or stop the four winds racing overhead

Nought
Waste   Eased
Sought

In such a passage we recognize echoes of Ovid, of pattern-poetry, of Herbert's "shrivelled heart" and his "I ease you," together with Shakespeare's "waste" of lust and something either French or Tennysonian in the extraordinary *trouvaille* of the precocious apricot as the sexual image.

Merrill's diction, though it can be fully literary, is also colloquial and topical, and in that way, though he

WINNER OF THE SCRIBNER CRIME NOVEL AWARD

"Gripping"

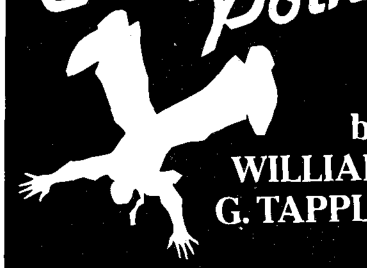
Murder in a prep school, "enlivened by the author's wit and description of Boston and its environs." —*Publishers Weekly*

"Harrowing."

—ALA *Booklist*

Death at Charity's Point

by WILLIAM G. TAPPLY



"Crackerjack entertainment

...Murder at an English boys school." —*Publishers Weekly*

"Uproarious parody...Barnard's best." —*Chicago Sun-Times*

School for Murder

by ROBERT BARNARD

SCRIBNERS

WE TREAT THE INDIVIDUAL WITH A RARE AND REFINED SPIRIT OF ENTHUSIASM.

A stay at the Alameda Plaza is an experience rich in luxury, the appreciation of service and attention to detail. A tradition of style that appreciates the individual. A style that busy individuals appreciate.

THE HOTEL OF KANSAS CITY.

alameda plaza®
Wornall at Ward Parkway
On the Country Club Plaza
Free Covered Parking
816-756-1500

Reservations: 800-821-5502.
In Missouri: 800-892-5990.
AAA 5-Diamond Award (1977–1984)

PH MEMBER PREFERRED HOTELS WORLDWIDE

Seclusion & Privacy in HAWAII

Nobody does it like Colony — suite elegance in small, exclusive resorts that really set you free.

colony resorts

See your Travel Agent or call Toll Free: 800-367-6046

THE QUEEN ANNE INN

Known for its pursuit of excellence. Elegant country inn & restaurant.

70 Queen Anne Rd., Chatham, MA 02633 Cape Cod. (617) 945•0394

1984
10.95 each

Country Inns and Back Roads

3 Exciting Books!
CIBR, North America • CIBR, Europe
CIBR, Britain & Ireland
Norman T. Simpson
THE BERKSHIRE TRAVELLER PRESS
Stockbridge, Massachusetts 01262

generally writes in metre, he writes in the current language of America. His many sonnets rank with Auden's and Lowell's in this century, and his rhymes are the cleverest the language has seen since Byron. His lyric work is remarkably free of conspicuous lapses and has improved over time (a gift reserved to a happy few—think of the later careers of Frost, Moore, Pound, and Roethke, to name only a few of the unfortunates). His long trilogy has occupied Merrill for several years, though not to the absolute exclusion of the lyric, since several notable lyrics—especially the beautiful "Samos"—are to be found within the long work. Merrill's earlier flirtations with the novel form—"The Seraglio," "The (Diblos) Notebook"—revealed him as a poet not satisfied to be simply lyric; he is, like so many other lyric poets, overcome by a hankering for a longer form and a larger canvas. The trilogy is a stubborn return to that play of voices possible only in a form more social than the lyric, governed by that conversation in which Merrill believes.

But it seems to me that Merrill's greatest gifts lie in that solitary form the lyric, where shimmer and light become native to words, and where the myth of the sensual or the solitary, rather than the myth of the social, animates the content. After all, Merrill's originating myth was that of Eros and Psyche. Readers who have not yet found Merrill's very Keatsian retelling of that myth (in "From the Cupola") might well begin their reading of his poetry there:

> Psyche, hush. This is me, James,
> Writing lest he think
> Of the reasons why he writes—
> Boredom, fear, mixed vanities and shames;
> Also love.

—HELEN VENDLER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SPECTACLE AT THE TOWER, by Gert Hofmann, translated from the German by Christopher Middleton (Fromm; $14.95). The unbearable mixture of dread and insight peculiar to nightmares permeates this surreal story, winner of Germany's Alfred Döblin prize in 1982. The narrator is an unhappy German vacationing in Sicily with his unhappy wife. She has just confessed that she may be pregnant and he has just confessed to fathering a bastard son when their car breaks down outside a "disease-ridden, filthy, fly-

When family or friends can't be there,
call Tender Loving Care™ Health Care Services, Inc.

Tender Loving Care provides the same personal home care that many of our patients once believed could only come from their family and friends. With the help of our skilled nurses and aides, the elderly and convalescing enjoy the comfort, security and independence of living at home. You will feel secure with Tender Loving Care because our home health care personnel are carefully screened as well as professionally trained and supervised.

Home health care is now covered by many major medical, Medicare/Medicaid and other insurance plans. Your available benefits will be maximized by Tender Loving Care's insurance verification experts.

Whatever your home health care needs are, from part-time asssistance for everyday chores to round-the-clock care by registered nurses,your local Tender Loving Care office is ready to help. For more information and a free brochure, call our toll free number, 24 hours-a-day. You will be assisted by a health care professional.

1-800-TLC-CARE
1-800-852-2273
(24 hours-a-day, 7 days-a-week)

Offices In: New York: Flushing, Hauppauge, Hicksville, Manhattan, Riverhead, White Plains. Connecticut: New Haven, Stamford. Ohio: Cleveland, Columbus. Other cities: Boston MA, Chicago IL, Hackensack NJ, Indianapolis IN, Philadelphia PA, Providence RI, Bettendorf IO, St. Ann MO.

Check your local listing

Marvellous possibilities for hiking and excursions - Renowned cuisine and wine cellar - Orchestra - Indoor swimming pool - Children's nursery - 1 indoor and 3 outdoor tennis courts with pro - 10 miles from golf course - Garage facilities for 80 cars

Summer season from June 8th to Oct. 20th

An extraordinary hotel with turn-of-the-century charms and modern-day comfort, beautifully located among the mountains and lakes of the Engadine Valley

HOTEL WALDHAUS CH-7514 SILS-MARIA (Engadine/Switzerland)
Personally managed by the owners R. Kienberger, F. Dietrich & Family
Phone: 01141-82-45 331 - Tx. 74 444
★★★★★

BASEBALL (spring fever)

This is the ultimate poster for the ultimate fan.
This handsome, fine art print with its tandem b&w poster is the history of baseball for the avid and knowledgeable fan, who has spring fever 365 days a year. It is a poster of the great boxscores.

Size of both posters 25" x 38".

Price is $12.50 — includes both posters, handling, postage & tax. We guarantee your money back if not satisfied.

Mail check or money order to:
The Photo-graphic Corporation of N.E.
404 Bunkerhill Street
Charlestown, MA 02129

RATED BEST* STEAK HOUSE IN NEW YORK CITY
*By BEST BUYS Magazine Survey
THE ASSEMBLY
MORE THAN A GREAT STEAKHOUSE!
16 West 51st Street, NYC, (212) 581-3580

The best of Vermont on all sides.

Lakeside, Poolside, Tableside, Courtside. And greenside on our 18-hole golf course, steps from your Main Lodge or country cottage accommodations. All beside Lake Champlain. On 700 scenic acres.

So sail, swim, dine, play tennis and golf. And enjoy traditional New England hospitality, a tradition here since 1882.

Call your travel agent or 802-475-2311 for special package information.

BASIN HARBOR
Box A, Vergennes, VT 05491

Our 30th Anniversary Guide—192 pages of detailed information & four-color photography is indispensable for planning a weekend, a vacation, a business trip. 337 of the world's most elegant and renowned hotels and restaurants, in 29 countries, are members of this unique chain. Also available, for the first time, imported and detailed maps of France & Britain—pinpointing *Relais et Châteaux* members—that can *only* be purchased with a guide.

Relais et Châteaux

☐ Please send the Guide. I enclose $8.50* ($7.00 + $1.50 postage and handling.)
☐ Please send one Guide & 2 maps—France and Britain—total $16.00* (guide $7.00 + 2 maps $6 + $3 Postage & handling.)
Name ______________
Address ______________
City ______________
State __________ Zip __________
*New York City and State residents please add appropriate sales tax.
David Mitchell, 200 Mad. Ave., NY, NY 10016

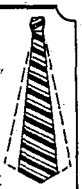
BOOKS ON TAPE
NEW!

In Search of EXCELLENCE
Lessons from America's Best-Run Companies
Thomas J. Peters and Robert H. Waterman Jr.

729 Farad St., Costa Mesa, CA 92627
- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Call for Free Brochure
- 1-800-626-3333

Or write Books on Tape, Inc. Dept. N.
P.O. Box 7900, Newport Beach, CA 92660

NECKTIES NARROWED
SAVE MONEY • CONVENIENT
We tailor your ties to the fashionable 3″ width or your preference.
$5.98/TIE–4 TIE MINIMUM. 6 FOR $35.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
Send for FREE shipper & full list of tie services or mail direct. Include payment with ties. Check or Visa-M/C no. & expiration date.



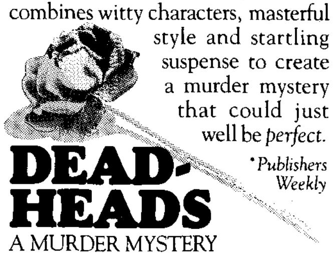
TIEMASTER TAILORS
Dept. 4 • P.O. Box 45 • Excelsior, MN 55331
612-474-1917

blown, rat-scuffling place" called D., where they are obliged to book a room for the night, and where a sweaty creature called "the supervisor," who happens to speak German, drags them off to witness a rite that Kafka and de Chirico might have conjured up. This is a story about unwanted children—and, by extension, about cultural corruption—and therefore about cruelty and depression. "Can't we, as visitors," the husband asks himself on the way to the spectacle at the tower, "be allowed here, as elsewhere, to stop at the surface of things?" It is, of course, too late to stop.

THE GODS, THE LITTLE GUYS AND THE POLICE, by Humberto Costantini, translated from the Spanish by Toby Talbot (Harper & Row; $14.95). Little do twelve untalented members of the Polimnia Group Villa del Parque Association of Poets, of Buenos Aires, know that on the evening of December 3, 1975, three Olympian deities, disguised as a virgin, a breeze, and a butterfly, have materialized at their weekly meeting. Little, also, do they know that Hades, furious over the assassination of a ruthless Argentine general ("a man after my own heart," Hades eulogizes), has sent four Ford Falcons racing toward Polimnia's headquarters, with orders to execute, in arbitrary revenge, the twelve would-be poets. In passages composed in mock-Homeric semi-verse, Humberto Costantini tells how the Olympians conspire to "deflect Hades' hand" and to outsmart Hades' allegorical minions, who include Professional Suspicion, Merit Promotion, Denunciation, and Prompt Execution. An eloquent, grimly funny fable, imbued with Homer's affection for his gods and goddesses, and with their affection for the little guys. Mr. Costantini is an exiled Argentine, now living in Mexico.

THE PAPER MEN, by William Golding (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $13.95). A feeble farce about an aging English writer named Wilfred Barclay and a smarmy ("You are part of the Great Pageant of English Literature") American would-be biographer, who play cat-and-mouse from Switzerland to Hawaii. Wilfred Barclay is also a drinking thinker. Drunk or sober, he thinks that his thoughts bear recording: thoughts about "coolth,"

"An almost criminal amount of reading pleasure."*
MURDER MOST ELEGANT
Is young, ambitious business executive Patrick Aldermann pruning some people along with his prized roses? Inspectors Dalziel and Pascoe think so, but they're in a thorny predicament: lots of clues, very little proof.
Reginald Hill joins the illustrious ranks of P. D. James, Ngaio Marsh, and Dorothy L. Sayers, as he combines witty characters, masterful style and startling suspense to create a murder mystery that could just well be *perfect*.
*Publishers Weekly



DEAD-HEADS
A MURDER MYSTERY
By REGINALD HILL
A Mystery Guild Main Selection
276 pages / $12.95
MACMILLAN

VERMONT

Mountain Top Inn
A warm New England Country Inn secluded on a 500 acre estate and nestled in the Green Mountains of Central Vermont. Scenic views, pristine lake, relaxing atmosphere and fine dining. Swimming, sailing, golf, fishing, canoeing, horseback riding, tennis, hiking, antiquing, sight seeing, heated pool, sauna & whirlpool. Call Toll Free: 1-800-445-2100, Mountain Top Inn, Box 446, Chittenden, Vt. 05737. In Vermont and Canada call 1-802-483-2311, collect please.

SETTLERS' BEACH 2-bedroom luxury villas great for families
Brochure: RALPH LOCKE ISLANDS, INC.
(212)535-2445 • (800)223-1108 • 315 E.72 ST. N.Y.C. 10021

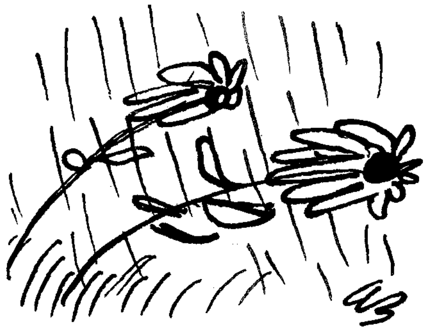
NANTUCKET, CLIFF AREA—just a few steps to Step Beach and a short walk to town. A beautiful new four bedroom house is available for season—Fully equipped—owner prefers family—no pets please—*Call 617-228-1451.*

say (appreciated in a dim church in sunny Sicily), and "isness" ("a word from the seamy side of speech for the involuntary act of awareness"). Wilfred Barclay and his biographer may deserve each other, but William Golding's reader deserves a better editor. Here is how the "isness" passage ends: "*Eh violà! Non, voici.*"

GENERAL

ADIEUX: A FAREWELL TO SARTRE, by Simone de Beauvoir, translated from the French by Patrick O'Brian (Pantheon; $19.95). "SARTRE: The cooking of a vegetable is the transformation of a given object without consciousness into another object equally devoid of consciousness." Pensées such as this might be made palatable with a dash of Gallic salt, but there is none used in this homage, even when Simone de Beauvoir remembers some sushi that gave Sartre nausea. In a series of interviews conducted in 1974, Sartre's best friend and kindest critic teases out his opinions of crustaceans (low) and the bourgeoisie (lower), and helps him persuade himself that his apparent vices (élitism, machismo, pettiness) are actually their virtuous opposites (egalitarianism, egalitarianism, egalitarianism). She lets Sartre's neologisms—"contingent viscosity," say, and "prefatigue"—pass unchallenged, and the translator often proves less than equal to his task, as when he has Mme. de Beauvoir say that "no matter who was as good as no matter who, and that you were no matter who yourself." A hundred-and-twenty-five-page introduction, chronicling Sartre's painful final decade, when a stroke maintained "a fixed smile of universal kindness on his lips," is composed in a style usually reserved for saints' lives.

ANTIPOLITICS, by George Konrád, translated from the Hungarian by Richard E. Allen (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95). This lucid



SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

1. NEW ORDER OR RENEWAL:

To start a subscription to The New Yorker, or to extend your current subscription, enter your name and address below, and check the subscription term you prefer.

Your Name
Address Apt.
City State Zip
☐ One year: $32 ☐ New subscriber
☐ Two years: $52 ☐ Renewal (attach mailing label)
Additional Postage: Canada $12.00 per year; other foreign $20.00 per year. (Please remit in U.S. funds.) 4214
☐ My check for $ ________ is enclosed.
Please bill my: ☐ Master Card ☐ American Express ☐ Visa
Account # ________
Signature ________

2. TO GIVE A GIFT:

Enter your name and address above and your recipient's name and address below.
☐ One year: $32 ☐ Two years: $52
To ________
Address Apt.
City State Zip
Gift card to read "From ________"

3. CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Please give us 4 weeks' notice. **Attach your magazine label here;** print your **new** address above in section 1. (If you have a question about your subscription, be sure to send us your label with your letter.)

Return this coupon to:

THE NEW YORKER

Subscription Department, 25 W. 43rd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10036
Or, phone toll-free 800-223-0200 (in N.Y. State 212-840-3800)

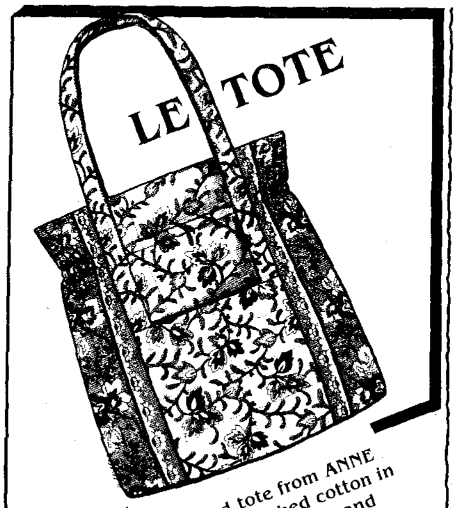
essay argues that the division of Europe not only threatens Europe but aggravates Cold War tensions. Mr. Konrád, the Hungarian novelist, talks of the need to develop an authentic peace movement in Eastern Europe, with the aim of persuading the Russians and the Americans to withdraw all their forces, and makes some practical suggestions about the ways that Eastern Europeans can help percolate the spirit of reform so that the Russians and their leaders will recognize the importance of liberty and standards of living and abate their preoccupation with armament. He also discusses the peculiarities of Hungarian government since 1956. It is a relatively relaxed dictatorship that retains a keen sense of the limits enforced by the Soviet Union. Mr. Konrád thinks that the way to widen those limits is not through confrontation but through increased attention to aspects of life that are private and nonpolitical; the oversimplifications of politics, he reminds us, are irrelevant to the complexity of human life. His argument is laced with wit and informed by a patriotism that is intense without being arrogant or exclusive. His vision of the desirable and the possible speaks for—and to—hope all over the world.

DANIEL H. SILBERBERG

Daniel H. Silberberg, who died a few days ago, at the age of eighty-three, was a close friend of Harold Ross, the founder and first editor of this magazine. Starting with the inaugural issue, in 1925, and for almost sixty years thereafter, Silberberg, a prominent broker in Wall Street, served as a financial adviser to the magazine (for a time he was on the company's board of directors, though he preferred to work behind the scenes), and during those years he was also a friend and ardent champion of generations of *New Yorker* writers and artists, starting with Alexander Woollcott, Marc Connelly, Robert Benchley, Ralph Barton, and Peter Arno, and continuing into the present.

Like so many of us, Silberberg was proud to be thought a New Yorker and no less proud of having been born somewhere else—in his case, in Kansas City, Missouri. (One of his grandfathers fought on the Union side in the Civil War, the other on the Confederate side.) Into old age, he continued prankishly to sign much of his personal correspondence "F.K.C.B.," which stood not for some high honor bestowed upon him by the British Crown but for "Former Kansas City Boy." He had come East to attend the Wharton School of Finance, at the University of Pennsylvania, and in the nineteen-twenties he became one of the most successful young brokers in New York. It was the era of F. Scott Fitzgerald and Flaming Youth, and Silberberg was soon living in a penthouse apartment overlooking Park Avenue, where at parties his friend George Gershwin, a lighted cigar in his left hand, would be found at the piano, surrounded by pretty girls and dark-blue smoke.

In his thirties, Silberberg married Dorothy Linder, a well-known interior designer and art collector. After the Second World War—during which Silberberg, having enlisted in the Army, rose to the rank of colonel—the Silberbergs entertained in two remarkable establishments: a big house on East Eighty-first Street, filled with exquisite paintings and furniture, and a villa at Saint-Tropez, which they fashioned out of a cluster of ancient, broken-down cottages that had once sheltered fishermen. The villa's garden, enclosed by battlements dating back to Roman times, looked out over a limitless expanse of sea and sky; all summer long, from a balcony overhanging the garden, Silberberg kept in touch daily by telephone with his office on Wall Street and with his friends on the magazine, remembering their birthdays and worrying, when need be, over the state of their health and their work. He was aware of his good fortune and was eager to share it personally and by means of innumerable philanthropies. In the course of making new friends among the young, he often cautioned them to learn how to leave parties without creating a great fuss over saying goodbye. When his wife died, eight years ago, he sold the villa at Saint-Tropez and retreated to the house on Eighty-first Street, where, little by little, with a stoic acceptance of the hurts and inconveniences imposed by age, he made ready to slip away as unobtrusively as possible.



12h x 14w x 5d
Luxurious open-topped tote from ANNE MARIE. Made of 100% polished cotton in imported French provencal prints and handcrafted in North Carolina. Outside pocket and velcro closure. Available in white, black, beige, blue, green and cinnamon. Brochure with additional styles and prints upon request.
Check, MC/Visa, or American Express $40 ppd.
js meier
400 Forum VI, Greensboro, NC 27408
(919) 852-3845

HAPPY B...
LOVE, GRANDMA

Have a banner day!SM

Actual Unretouched Photograph

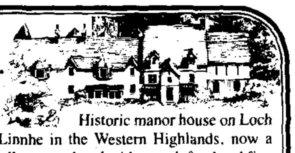
Order by Phone with VISA or MasterCard: (818) 716-0670 Outside California, call TOLL FREE: (800) 556-0670

Imagine their thrill receiving *your personal message* on a magnificent 15 foot long GiganticGram®! With red type on yellow paper, they're sensational for birthdays, weddings, anniversaries, or to say "I love you" in a big way! GiganticGrams are placed in the mail within 48 hours of receipt of order, unless a future mailing date is specified. *Satisfaction is unconditionally guaranteed.* Send name & address of recipient, message (up to 48 letters, spaces & hearts) and $8.95 for each banner, to: Computer Greetings Corp., Dept. D-40, 22019 Vanowen, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303.

Camden, Maine

A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Enjoy this magic and beauty at a historic inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits, tennis, sailing, boat cruises or quiet contemplation. Daily plane and direct bus service from New York and Boston.

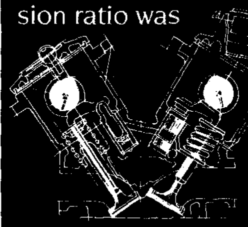
Whitehall Inn
Box NY, Camden, Maine 04843



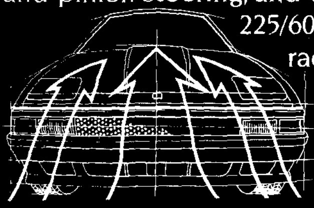
Come to Scotland… Come to Ardsheal House
Historic manor house on Loch Linnhe in the Western Highlands, now a small country hotel with superb food and fine wines. Write the Taylors for a brochure. Kentallen by Appin, Argyll PA38 4BX, Scotland, Tel. Duror (063174) 227.

© 1983 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

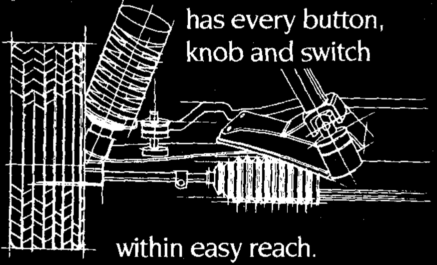
The Toyota Supra. A sleek and powerful driving machine. Smoldering beauty. Scorching performance. An automotive legend in just three years. How does a car earn such a glowing reputation? The answer begins under the hood, the heart of every performance car. For 1984, the 5-speed Supra has been refined, squeezing 10 more horsepower out of its already hot engine. The compression ratio was raised, the intake manifold enlarged for easier engine breathing and the exhaust system streamlined. As a result, the electronically fuel injected 2.8 litre Twin-Cam six propels Supra from 0-60 in less than 8.6 seconds.



In the handling department, standard features like independent rear suspension, MacPherson struts, variable assist power rack-and-pinion steering, and wide 225/60 HR14 radial tires on 14"x7" aluminum alloy wheels, give Supra superb cornering and precise control. A new front air dam was added to channel the wind for less resistance and even better road holding.



Inside the Supra, uncompromising attention has been paid to create the ultimate high performance environment. The Supra's now famous 8-way adjustable sport seat won't take a back seat to anybody else's. In a review of the ten best automotive features, Car and Driver Magazine rated the Supra driver's seat as the best in the business.* The driver's seat has a wide variety of adjustments from a unique pneumatic lumbar adjustment system to movable thigh support and side bolsters. The dash has every button, knob and switch within easy reach.



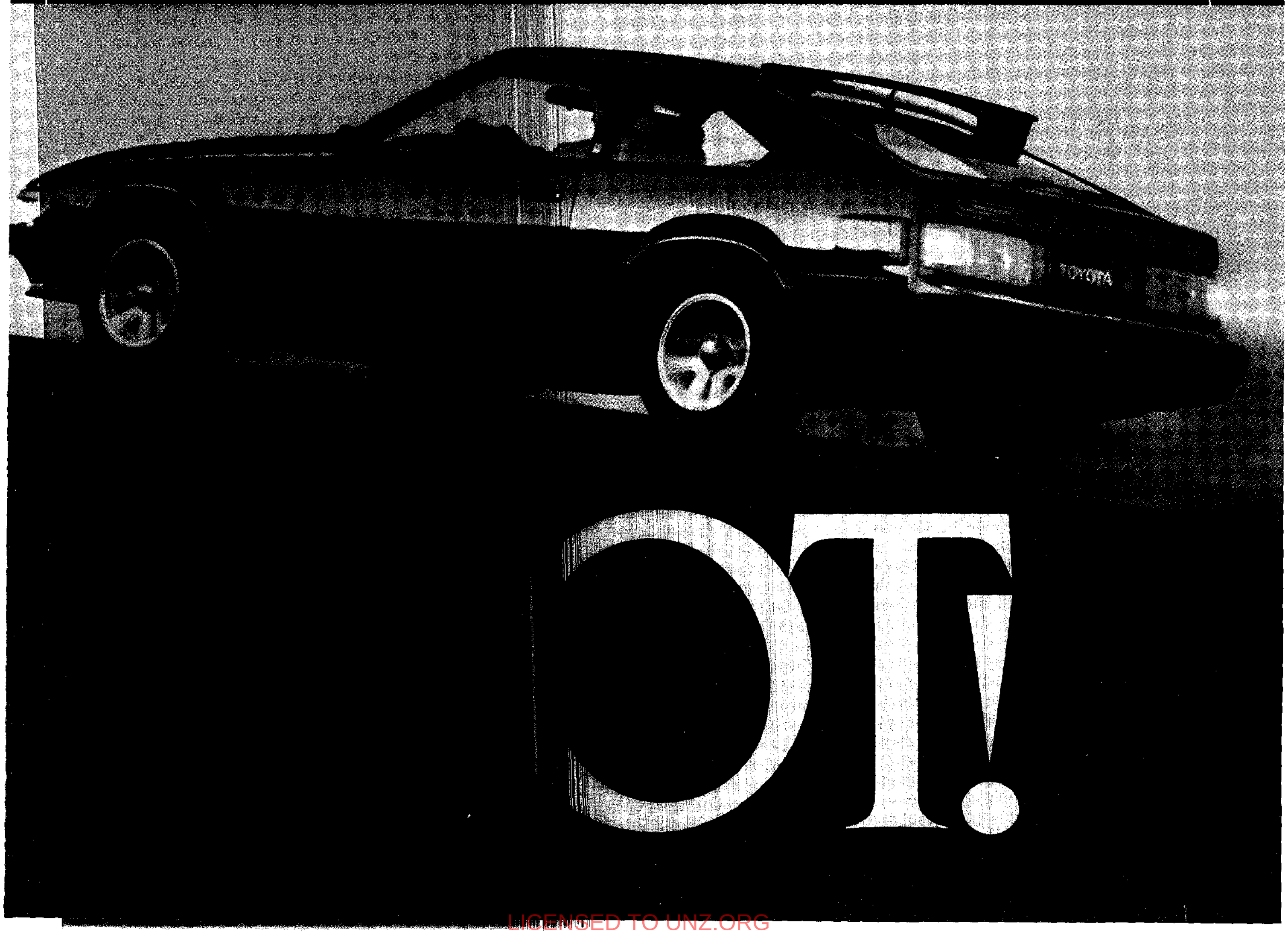
OH WHAT A FEELING!
TOYOTA

The 1984 Toyota Supra. Superb performance and stunning beauty. The right stuff to make a car a legend.

* Car and Driver Magazine, January 1983

BUCKLE UP—IT'S A GOOD FEELING!

SUPRA.
RE.



The trophies are few and the purses small, but the reason to run in the Glendevon sheepdog trials is as old as the Scottish hills themselves. Sooner or later, every dog has his day. The good things in life stay that way.
DEWAR'S
"White Label"
never varies.
White Label
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
PERTH SCOTLAND
750 ml (25.4 FL.OZ.)
86.8 PROOF
Authentic
The Dewar Highlander
Blended Scotch Whisky • 86.8 Proof • © 1984 Schenley Imports Co., N.Y., N.Y.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas